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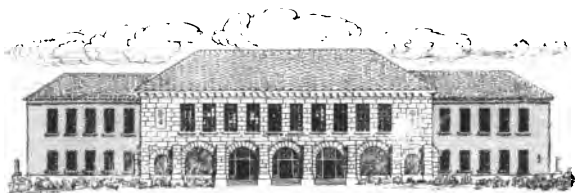
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Latter. Law provides but does
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making these ...
(thought-provoking ...)

The great men of ...
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ing. The still small ...
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universal ...
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that the ...

Virtue is the ...
influences - Religious ...
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Godly or Godless ...
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them ...
Religious instruction roots ...
churches & parents. There ...
abstract ...
These ...
Eternally ...

...small, habits of obedience to authority of school, most unity of all classes, common life, rich and earnest. ... out of fields & it is easy to plant.

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Schools. Nature is the best text book
Student needs a tasteful study of
nature. Nothing concerns
nothing. Natural curios proposed in
habits. Thought thereby incul-
cated. Discussion of method of Nature
The author says that the
method of pupils with too many
isolated facts, in favor of induction
Education with young people
Education with large pupils and
Education in Sciences in Schools. Emphasis
But teachers make errors
Methods of teacher. Long syllabus by super-
and nothing more. And Recreation
Education in system. Teacher's list of books
Education. Don't lose any thing. Body. No
Science teaching with inherent at heart.

Science may work not good. Remarks
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THE
HIGH SCHOOL SPEAKER:

A COLLECTION OF
DECLAMATIONS, POETIC PIECES AND DIALOGUES,

FOR THE USE OF
BOYS IN INTERMEDIATE SCHOOLS AND ACADEMIES.

BY
✓
PROF. J. C. ZACHOS, A. M.,
AUTHOR OF THE "NEW AMERICAN SPEAKER," "LYCEUM SPEAKER," ETC.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
OF THE
ELAND STANFORD JUNIOR UNIVERSITY

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P R E F A C E .

THIS book is intended for the use of boys from twelve to sixteen.

It is intermediate between the Primary School Speaker and the Lyceum Speaker, by the same Author.

An experience of some years in teaching boys Elocution, is embodied in this selection of pieces.

The age from twelve to sixteen is the turning period of a boy's life as to his becoming a speaker, or, indeed, any thing else. The pieces selected for them should be short, and chosen for their *high spirit* and *condensed power*.

Nothing *tame* will be accepted by a boy of this age. It is a great mistake to set him to commit any thing that has not *genius* and *fire* in it. This discourages him, and disgusts him with the exercise at the outset.

But not only must the sentiment be expressed with great force and eloquence, or with an ingenious turn of wit or humor, but the thought and feeling must be of that universal kind that owes its interest

to no mere local or *educational* associations, but to the common, *spontaneous* interests of the human heart.

It is with this idea in view that the following selections have been made. That it may usefully advance this noble art of speaking in schools of a country *where speaking is power*, is the earnest hope of the Author.

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THE HIGH SCHOOL SPEAKER.

PART. I.

DECLAMATION.

CHARACTER OF TRUE ELOQUENCE.

WHEN public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther, than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, *all* may aspire after it—they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbursting of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments, and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory con-

temptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, outrunning the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object—this, this is eloquence; or rather, it is something greater and higher than *all* eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, god-like action.

[Webster.]

PHILLIPS ON THE POLICY OF ENGLAND.

BUT what has England done for Europe? what has she achieved for man? Have morals been ameliorated? Has liberty been strengthened? Has any one improvement in politics or philosophy been produced? Let us see how. You have restored to Portugal a prince of whom we know nothing, except that, when his dominions were invaded, his people distracted, his crown in danger, and all that could interest the highest energies of man at issue, he left his cause to be combated by foreign bayonets, and fled with a dastard precipitation to the shameful security of a distant hemisphere! You have restored to Spain a wretch of even worse than proverbial princely ingratitude; who filled his dungeons, and fed his rack with the heroic remnant that braved war, and famine, and massacre beneath his banners; who rewarded patriotism with the prison, fidelity with the torture, heroism with the scaffold, and piety with the Inquisition; whose royalty was published by the signature of his death-warrants, and whose religion evapor-

ated in the *embroidering of petticoats for the Blessed Virgin!* You have forced upon France a family to whom misfortune could teach no mercy, or experience wisdom; vindictive in prosperity, servile in defeat, timid in the field, vacillating in the cabinet; suspicion amongst themselves, discontent amongst their followers; their memories tenacious but of the punishments they had provoked, their piety active but in subserviency to their priesthood, and their power passive but in the subjugation of their people! Such are the dynasties you have conferred on Europe. In the very act, that of enthroning three individuals of the same family, you have committed in politics a capital error; but Providence has countermined the ruin you were preparing, and whilst the impolicy presents the chance, their impotency precludes the danger of a coalition.

AMERICA — HER EXAMPLE.

AMERICANS! you have a country vast in extent, and embracing all the varieties of the most salubrious climes; held not by charters wrested from unwilling kings, but the bountiful gift of the Author of nature. The exuberance of your population is daily divesting the gloomy wilderness of its rude attire, and splendid cities rise to cheer the dreary desert. You have a government deservedly celebrated “as giving the sanctions of law to the precepts of reason;” presenting, instead of the rank luxuriance of natural licentiousness, the corrected sweets of civil liberty. You have fought the battles of freedom, and enkindled that *sacred flame* which now glows with vivid fervor through the greatest empire in Europe. We indulge the sanguine hope, that

her equal laws and virtuous conduct will hereafter afford examples of imitation to all surrounding nations ; that the blissful period will soon arrive when man shall be elevated to his primitive character ; when illuminated reason and regulated liberty shall once more exhibit him in the image of his Maker ; when *all* the inhabitants of the globe shall be freemen and fellow-citizens, and patriotism itself be lost in universal philanthropy. Then shall volumes of incense incessantly roll from altars inscribed to liberty. Then shall the innumerable varieties of the human race unitedly “ worship in her sacred temple, whose pillars shall rest on the remotest corners of the earth, and whose arch will be the vault of heaven.”

[Phillips.

IRELAND.

IRELAND, with her imperial crown, now stands before you. You have taken her Parliament from her, and she appears in her own person, at your bar. Will you dismiss a kingdom without a hearing? Is this your answer to her *zeal*, to her *faith*, to the blood that has so profusely graced your march to victory,—to the treasures that have decked your strength in peace? Is her name nothing,—her fate indifferent? are her contributions insignificant,—her six millions revenue,—her ten millions trade,—her two millions absentee,—her four millions loan? Is such a country not worth a hearing? Will you, can you dismiss her abruptly from your bar? You can not do it,—the instinct of England is against it. We may be outnumbered now and again; but in calculating the amount of the real sentiments of the people,

the ciphers that swell the evanescent majorities of an evanescent minister go for nothing.

Can Ireland forget the memorable era of 1788? Can others forget the munificent hospitality with which she then freely gave to her chosen hope all that she had to give? Can Ireland forget the spontaneous and glowing cordiality with which her favors were then received? Never! Never! Irishmen grew justly proud in the consciousness of being the subjects of a gracious predilection,—a predilection that required no apology, and called for no renunciation,—a predilection that did equal honor to him who felt it, and to those who were the objects of it. It laid the grounds of a great and fervent hope,—all a nation's wishes crowding to a point, and looking forward to one event, as the great coming, at which every wound was to be healed, every tear to be wiped away. The hope of that hour beamed with a cheering warmth and a seductive brilliancy. Ireland followed it with all her heart,—a leading light through the wilderness, and brighter in its gloom. She followed it over a wide and barren waste: it has charmed her through the desert; and now, that it has led her to the confines of light and darkness,—now, that she is on the borders of the promised land, is the prospect to be suddenly obscured, and the fair vision of *princely faith* to vanish forever!—I will not believe it,—I require an act of Parliament to vouch its credibility,—nay more, I demand a miracle to convince me that it is possible!

[Gretton.]

SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY,

Before the Virginia Convention of Delegates, March, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes

against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren till she transforms us into beasts. Is it the part of wise men, engaged in the great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future, but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know, what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house.

Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land.

Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation,—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other motive for it?

Has Great Britain any other enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and

armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministers have been so long forging.

And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer on the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer.

Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned,—we have remonstrated,—we have supplicated,—we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THEY tell us, sir, that we are weak,—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed; and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by

lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Beside, sir, we shall not fight alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us.

The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone,—it is to the active, the vigilant, the brave. Beside, sir, we have no election! If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat,—but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston. The war is inevitable,—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, *let* it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace! peace!—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Heaven!—I know not what course others may take, but as for me,—*give* me liberty, or *give* me death.

[Patrick Henry.]

BRUTUS JUSTIFYING THE ASSASSINATION
OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

Here comes his body, mourned by Marc Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,—a place in the commonwealth;

as which of you shall not? With this I depart; that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

[Shakspeare.

HAMLET'S ADDRESS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-criers spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagans; it out-herods Herod: I pray you avoid it. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theater of others. O! there be play-

ers, that I have seen play,—and heard others praise, and that highly,—not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

[Shakspeare.]

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

“TELL me, ye bloody butchers! ye villains high and low? ye wretches who contrived, as well as you who excuted, the inhuman deed! do you not feel the goads and stings of conscious guilt pierce through your savage bosoms? Though some of you may think yourselves exalted to a height that bids defiance to the arms of human justice, and others shroud yourselves beneath the mask of hypocrisy, and build your hopes of safety on the low arts of cunning, chicanery, and falsehood; yet do you not sometimes feel the gnawings of that worm which never dies? Do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks, and Carr, attend you in your solitary walks, arrest you even in the midst of your debaucheries, and fill even your dreams with terror?

“Ye dark, designing knaves! ye murderers! parricides! how dare you tread upon the earth which has drank in the blood of slaughtered innocents, shed by your wicked hands? How dare you breathe that air which wafted to the ear of Heaven the groans of those who fell a sacrifice to your accursed ambition? But, if the laboring earth does not expand her jaws; if the air you breathe is not commissioned to be the minister

of death; yet hear it, and tremble! the eye of Heaven penetrates the darkest chambers of the soul; traces the leading clew through all the labyrinths which your industrious folly has devised; and you, however you may have screened yourselves from human eyes, must be arraigned, must lift your hands, red with the blood of those whose deaths you have procured, at the tremendous bar of God."

[John Hancock.]

HANNIBAL TO THE CARTHAGINIAN ARMY.

ON what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength. A veteran infantry; a most gallant cavalry: you, my allies most faithful and valiant; you Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed you are come down upon Italy: you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds and spur you forward to revenge. First, they demanded me, that I, your general, should be delivered up to them; next, of all you who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal. You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace. You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you, you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed! "Pass not the Iberus." What next? "Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a step toward that city." Is it a small matter then, that you

have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain too. Well; we shall yield Spain, and then,—you will pass into Africa. Will pass, did I say?—this very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers; there is nothing left to us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on, then. Be men. The Romans may, with more safety, be cowards: they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to fly to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but, for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds: and once again I say, you are conquerors.

ADVOCATING THE REVOLUTION.

BE not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms “moderation and prudence,” tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavor to make us “perceive our inability to oppose our mother country,” let us boldly answer;—“In defense of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the *world*; with the God of armies on our side! even the God who fought our fathers’ battles! we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and *die* enthusiasts.”

O, my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they

find that we tamely gave away without one noble struggle, the *most invaluable* of earthly blessings? As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us! If we have any respect for things sacred,—any regard to the dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the whole world,—let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—*We will die, if we can not live freemen!*

While we have equity, justice, and *God* on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by *Englishmen*. [Quincy.]

ROLLA TO THE PERUVIANS.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame!—can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No!—You have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea, by which these bold invaders would delude you.—Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate,—we serve a monarch whom we love,—a God whom we adore. Where'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of

error!—Yes:—they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection!—Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs,—covering and devouring them! They call on us to barter all the good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this:—The throne we honor is the people's choice,—the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy,—the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them, too, we seek no change; and least of all, such change as they would bring us. [Sheridan.]

SPEECH OF BELIAL, DISSUADING WAR.

WHEREFORE cease ye then?

Say they, who counsel war—"We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined to eternal woe:
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What when we fled amain, pursued and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds! or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague? what if all

Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impending horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest, shall be hurled,
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds; or forever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapped in chains
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end?—this would be worse;
War, therefore, open and concealed, alike
My voice dissuades.

[Milton.]

CÆSAR'S TRIUMPHS.

To form a just estimate of Cæsar's aims, Mr President, look to his triumphs after the surrender of Utica—Utica, more honored in being the grave of Cato, than Rome in having been the cradle of Cæsar.

You will read, sir, that Cæsar triumphed four times. First, for his victory over the Gauls; secondly, over Egypt; thirdly, over Pharnaces; lastly, over Juba, the friend of Cato. His first, second, and third triumphs were, we are told, magnificent. Before him marched the princes and noble foreigners of the countries he had conquered: his soldiers, crowned with laurels, followed him; and the whole city attended with acclamations. This was well!—The conqueror should be honored. His fourth triumph approaches—as magnificent as the former ones. It does not want its royal captives, its soldiers crowned with laurels, or its flushed

conqueror, to grace it; nor is it less honored by the multitude of its spectators: but they send up no shout of exultation; they heave loud sighs; their cheeks are frequently wiped: their eyes are fixed upon one object, that engrosses all their senses,—their thoughts,—their affections,—it is the statue of Cato!—carried before the victor's chariot! It represents him rending open his wound, and tearing out his bowels; as he did in Utica, when Roman liberty was no more! Now, ask if Cæsar's aim was the welfare of his country!—Now, doubt if he was a man governed by a selfish ambition! Now, question whether he usurped, for the mere sake of usurping! He is not content to triumph over the Gauls, the Egyptians, and Pharnaces; he must triumph over his own countrymen! He is not content to cause the statue of Scipio and Petrius to be carried before him, but he must be graced by that of Cato! He is not content with the simple effigy of Cato; he must exhibit that of his suicide! He is not satisfied to insult the Romans with triumphing over the death of liberty; they must gaze upon the representation of her expiring agonies, and mark the writhings of her last,—fatal struggle!

[Knowles.]

REPLY TO THE REFLECTIONS OF MR. WALPOLE.

SIR, the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honorable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing,—that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth; and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining ; but surely, age may become justly contemptible,—if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object of either abhorrence or contempt ; and deserves not that his gray hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred,—who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation ; who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, sir, is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.

A theatrical part may either imply,—some peculiarities of gesture ; or, dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense the charge is too trifling to be counted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language : and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition, yet to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien ; however matured by age, or modeled by experience. If any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behavior, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain ; nor shall any protection

shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment; age which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure; the heat that offended them was the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice,—whoever may protect them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.

[Pia,

GRATTAN'S REPLY TO MR. CONRY.

HAS the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the house. But I did not call him to order,—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times, when the insignificance of the *accuser* is lost in

the magnitude of the *accusation*. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it when not made by an honest man.

The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him, it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward, who raises his arm to strike, but has not courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of Parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite, my answer would be a blow.

He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the house of lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee, there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

CATILINE, ON HEARING HIS SENTENCE OF
BANISHMENT.

BANISHED from Rome! What's banished, but set free
From daily contact of the things I loathe?

"Tried and convicted traitor!"—Who says this?

Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

Banished?—I thank you for 't. It breaks my chains!

I held some slack allegiance till this hour;

But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords;

I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,

Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,

I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,

To leave you in your lazy dignities.

But here I stand and scoff you:—here I fling

Hatred and full defiance in your face.

Your consul's merciful. For this all thanks.

He dares not touch a hair of Catiline.

"Traitor!" I go—but I return. This trial!—

Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs,

To stir a fever in the blood of age,

Or make the infant's sinew strong as steel.

This day's the birth of sorrows!—This hour's work

Will breed proscriptions. Look to your hearth's my
lords;

For there henceforth shall sit, for household gods,

Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes;

Wan Treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;

Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;

Naked Rebellion, with the torch and ax,

Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;

Till anarchy comes down on you like night,

And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave.

[Cicero.]

THE IRISH DISTURBANCE BILL.

I do not rise to fawn or cringe to this house; I do not rise to supplicate you to be merciful toward the nation to which I belong,—toward a nation which, though subject to England, yet is distinct from it. It is a distinct nation: it has been treated as such by this country, as may be proved by history, and by seven hundred years of tyranny. I call upon this house, as you value the liberty of England, not to allow the present nefarious bill to pass. In it are involved the liberties of England, the liberty of the press, and of every other institution dear to Englishmen.

Against the bill I protest in the name of the Irish people, and in the face of Heaven. I treat with scorn the puny and pitiful assertions that grievances are not to be complained of, that our redress is not to be agitated; for, in such cases, remonstrances can not be too strong, agitation can not be too violent, to show to the world with what injustice our fair claims are met, and under what tyranny the people suffer.

There are two frightful clauses in this bill. The one which does away with trial by jury, and which I have called upon you to baptize: you call it a *court-martial*,—a mere nickname; I stigmatize it as a *revolutionary tribunal*. What, in the name of Heaven, is it, if it is not a revolutionary tribunal? It annihilates the trial by jury; it drives the judge from his bench,—the man who, from experience, could weigh the nice and delicate points of a case,—who could discriminate between the straightforward testimony and the suborned evidence,—who could see, plainly and readily, the justice or injustice of the accusation. It turns out this man who is

free, unshackled, unprejudiced,—who has no previous opinions to control the clear exercise of his duty. You do away with that which is more sacred than the throne itself; that for which your king reigns, your lords deliberate, your commons assemble.

If ever I doubted before of the success of our agitation for repeal, this bill, this infamous bill, the way in which it has been received by the house, the manner in which its opponents have been treated, the personalities to which they have been subjected, the yells with which one of them has this night been greeted,—all these things dissipate my doubts, and tell me of its complete and early triumph. Do you think those yells will be forgotten? Do you suppose their echo will not reach the plains of my injured and insulted country; that they will not be whispered in her green valleys, and heard from her lofty hills? Oh! they will be heard there: yes, and they will not be forgotten. The youth of Ireland will bound with indignation; they will say, “We are eight millions: and you treat us thus, as though we were no more to your country than the isle of Guernsey or of Jersey!”

I have done my duty; I stand acquitted to my conscience and my country: I have opposed this measure throughout; and I now protest against it as harsh, oppressive, uncalled for, unjust, as establishing an infamous precedent by retaliating crime against crime; as tyrannous, cruelly and vindictively tyrannous.

[Daniel O’Connell.]

THE MISERIES OF IRELAND.

ENGLISHMEN, look at Ireland! what do you behold?—
a beautiful country, with wonderful agricultural and

commercial advantages,—the link between America and Europe,—the natural resting-place of trade, in its way to either hemisphere; indented with havens, watered by deep and numerous rivers, with a fortunate climate, and a soil teeming with easy fertility, and inhabited by a bold, intrepid, and,—with all their faults,—a generous and enthusiastic people.

Such is natural Ireland: what is artificial Ireland? Such is Ireland, as God made her: what is Ireland, as England made her?

This fine country is laden with a population the most miserable in Europe. Your domestic swine are better housed than the people. Harvests, the most abundant, are reaped by men with starvation in their faces; famine covers a fruitful soil; and disease inhales a pure atmosphere: all the great commercial facilities of the country are lost; the deep rivers, that should circulate opulence, and turn the machinery of a thousand manufactures, flow to the ocean without wafting a boat or turning a wheel; and the wave breaks in solitude in the silent magnificence of deserted and shipless harbors.

Instead of being a source of wealth and revenue to the empire, Ireland can not defray her own expenses, or pay a single tax. Instead of being a bulwark and fortress, she debilitates, exhausts, and endangers England, and offers an allurements to the speculators in universal ruin.

The great mass of her enormous population is alienated and dissociated from the state; the influence of the constituted and legitimate authorities is gone; a strange, anomalous, and an unexampled kind of government has sprung up from the public passions, and exercises a despotic sway over the great mass of the community; while

the class inferior in numbers, but accustomed to authority, and infuriated at its loss, are thrown into formidable reaction. The most ferocious passions rage from one extremity of the country to the other. Hundreds and thousands of men, arrayed with badges, gather in the south; and the smaller factions, with discipline and arms, are marshaled in the north. The country is strewn with the materials of civil commotion, and seems like one vast magazine of powder, which a spark might ignite into an explosion that would shake the whole fabric of civil society into ruin, and of which England would perhaps never recover from the shock.

[Shel.]

QUEER SERMON ON A QUEER TEXT.

BELoved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, come at a short notice, to preach a short sermon, from a short text, to a thin congregation, in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is *Malt*.

I can not divide it into sentences, their being none; nor into words, there being but one. I must, therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be these four,—M.A.L.T.

M—is Moral.

A—is Allegorical.

L—is Literal.

T—is Theological.

The moral is, to teach you rustics good manners; therefore, M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Leave off, T—Tippling.

The Allegorical is, when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the spirit of malt, which you rustics make

M—your Meat, A—your Apparel, L—your Liberty, T—your Trust.

The Literal is, according to the letters, M—Much, A—Ale, L—Little, T—Trust.

The Theological is, according to the effects it works: in some, M—Murder; in others, A—Adultery; in all, L—Looseness of Life; and in many, T—Treachery.

I shall conclude the subject,—First, by way of exhortation. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Listen, T—to my Text. Second, by way of caution. M—my Masters, A—All of you, L—Look for, T—the Truth. Third, by way of communicating the truth, which is this:

A Drunkard is the annoyance of modesty; the spoil of civility; the destruction of reason; the robber's agent; the alehouse benefactor; his wife's sorrow; his children's trouble; his own shame; his neighbor's scoff; a walking swill-tub; the picture of a beast; the monster of a man!

[Dodd.]

HUMOROUS ACCOUNT OF ENGLISH TAXES.

PERMIT me to inform you, my friends, what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory;—TAXES upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot,—*taxes* upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste,—*taxes* upon warmth, light, and locomotion,—*taxes* on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth,—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home,—*taxes* on the raw material,—*taxes* on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man,—*taxes* on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to

health,—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal,—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice,—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribbons of the bride,—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay.

The school-boy whips his taxed top,—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle on a taxed road;—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent.,—flings himself back upon his chintz-bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent.,—makes his will on an eight-pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers,—to be taxed no more!

[Sydney Smith.]

OUR REPUBLIC.

GREECE, lovely Greece, “the land of scholars and the nurse of arms,” where sister republics in fair procession chanted the praises of liberty and the gods,—where and what is she? For two thousand years the oppressor has bound her to the earth. Her arts are no more. The last sad relics of her temples are but the barracks of a ruthless soldiery; the fragments of her columns and her palaces are in the dust, yet beautiful in ruin. She fell not when the mighty were upon her. Her sons were united at Thermopylæ and Marathon; and the tide of her tri-

umph rolled back upon the Hellespont. She was conquered by her own factions. She fell by the hands of her own people. The man of Macedonia did not the work of destruction. It was already done, by her own corruptions, banishments, and dissensions.

Rome, republican Rome, whose eagles glanced in the rising and setting sun,—where and what is she? The Eternal City yet remains, proud even in her desolation, noble in her decline, venerable in the majesty of religion, and calm as in the composure of death. The malaria has but traveled in the paths worn by her destroyers. More than eighteen centuries have mourned over the loss of her empire. A mortal disease was upon her vitals before Cæsar had crossed the Rubicon. The Goths, and Vandals, and Huns, the swarms of the North, completed only what was already begun at home. Romans betrayed Rome. The legions were bought and sold, but the people offered the tribute-money. When we reflect on what has been, and is, how is it possible not to feel a profound sense of the responsibility of this Republic to all future ages! What vast motives press upon us for lofty efforts! What brilliant prospects invite our enthusiasm! What solemn warnings at once demand our vigilance, and moderate our confidence! [Judge Story.

SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS IN FAVOR OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote. It is true, indeed, that in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded

to her own interest, for our good, she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours.

Why, then, should we defer the Declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to its own life, and his own honor? Are not you sir, who sit in that chair,—is not he, our venerable colleague, near you,—are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of Parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit.

Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honor to Washington, when putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him in every extremity, with our fortunes and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground.

For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that GEORGE WASHINGTON be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for the

defense of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver in the support I give him.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

THE war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us: it will give us character abroad.

If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies, and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and can not be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the Declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

Read this Declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear

it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

THE SAME CONTINUED.

SIR, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this Declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven, that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I *do* live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, *be assured*, that this Declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that

I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment, — INDEPENDENCE NOW; AND INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!

BOBADIL'S MILITARY TACTICS.

I WILL tell you, sir, by the way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself; but were I known to his Majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects, in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever.

And how would I do it, think you? Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an *instinct*, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccato, your Imbrocato, your Passado, your Montanto;* till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us!

Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them* too: and thus would we kill, every man his twenty

* Terms of the fencing-school.

a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand,—forty times five, five times forty,—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practiced upon us,) by discreet manhood, that is, civilly, by the sword.

[Ben. Jenson,

SPEECH OBITUARY.

MR. SPEAKER: Sir,—Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon. He had the brown-creeters, (bronchitis was meant,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six year old, and was taken sick before he died, at his boarding-house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an *ingenus creetur*, and, in the early part of his life, had a father and mother.

He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bu'st in firing salutes.

Sir! Mr. Speaker: General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was, indeed, a first-rate good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and, though he was in favor of the United States' Bank, he was a friend of education; and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive, and had n't ha' died sometime beforehand. His death was considered, at the time, as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by a very hard cold.

Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this legislature, and adjourn until tomorrow morning, as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins, who is dead, and died of the brown-creaters yesterday in the forenoon!

[Clark's Knick-Knacks.]

THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON AND THE STAFF OF FRANKLIN.

The Sword of Washington! The Staff of Franklin! O, sir, what associations are linked in adamant with these names! Washington, whose sword was never drawn but in the cause of his country, and never sheathed when wielded in his country's cause! Franklin, the philosopher of the thunderbolt, the printing-press, and the plowshare! What names are these in the scanty catalogue of the benefactors of human kind! *Washington and Franklin!* What other two men whose lives belong to the eighteenth century of Christen

dom, have left a deeper impression of themselves upon the age in which they lived, and upon all after time?

WASHINGTON, the warrior and the legislator! In war, contending, by the wager of battle, for the independence of his country, and for the freedom of the human race, —ever manifesting, amid its horrors, by precept and by example, his reverence for the laws of peace, and for the tenderest sympathies of humanity;—in peace, soothing the ferocious spirit of discord, among his own countrymen, into harmony and union, and giving to that very sword, now presented to his country, a charm more potent than that attributed, in ancient times, to the lyre of Orpheus.

FRANKLIN! the mechanic of his own fortune; teaching, in early youth, under the shackles of indigence, the way to wealth, and, in the shade of obscurity, the path to greatness; in the maturity of manhood, disarming the thunder of its terrors, the lightning of its fatal blast; and wresting from the tyrant's hand the still more afflictive scepter of oppression: while descending the vale of years, traversing the Atlantic Ocean, braving, in the dead of winter, the battle and the breeze, bearing in his hand the Charter of Independence, which he had contributed to form, and tendering, from the self-created nation to the mightiest monarchs of Europe, the olive-branch of peace, the mercurial wand of commerce, and the amulet of protection and safety to the man of peace, on the pathless ocean, from the inexorable cruelty and merciless rapacity of war.

[John Quincy Adams.

THE AGE OF WASHINGTON.

GREAT generals have arisen in all ages of the world, and, perhaps, most in those of despotism and darkness. In times of violence and convulsion, they rise, by the force of the whirlwind, high enough to ride in it, and direct the storm. Like meteors, they glare on the black clouds with a splendor, which, while it dazzles and terrifies, makes nothing visible but the darkness. The fame of heroes, is, indeed, growing vulgar; they multiply in every long war; they stand in history, and thicken in their ranks, almost as undistinguished as their own soldiers.

But such a chief magistrate as Washington appears like the polar-star in a clear sky, to direct the skillful statesman. His Presidency will form an epoch, and be distinguished as the age of Washington. Like the milky way, it whitens along its allotted portion of the hemisphere. The latest generations of men will survey, through the telescope of history, the space where so many virtues blend their rays, and delight to separate them into groups and distinct virtues. As the best illustration of them, the living monument, to which the first of patriots would have chosen to consign his fame, it is my earnest prayer to Heaven, that our country may subsist, even to that late day, in the plentitude of its liberty and happiness, and mingle its mild glory with Washington's.

[Fisher Ames.]

ADAMS AND JEFFERSON.

No, fellow-citizens, we dismiss not Adams and Jefferson to the chambers of forgetfulness and death. What

we admired, and prized, and venerated in them, *can never* die, nor, dying, be forgotten. I had almost said that they are now beginning to live,—to live that life of unimpaired influence, of unclouded fame, of unmingled happiness, for which their talents and services were destined. They were of the select few, the least portion of whose life dwells in their physical existence; whose hearts have watched while their senses slept; whose souls have grown up into a higher being; whose pleasure is to be useful; whose wealth is an unblemished reputation; who respire the breath of honorable fame; who have deliberately and consciously put what is called life to hazard, that they may live in the hearts of those who come after. Such men do not, *can* not die.

To be cold, and motionless, and breathless; to feel not and speak not: this is not the end of existence to the men who have breathed their spirits into the institutions of their country, who have stamped their characters on the pillars of the age, who have poured their heart's blood into the channels of the public prosperity. Tell me, ye who tread the sods of yon sacred height, is Warren dead? Can you not still see him, not pale and prostrate, the blood of his gallant heart pouring out of his ghastly wound, but moving resplendent over the field of honor, with the rose of Heaven upon his cheek, and the fire of liberty in his eye?

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimage to the shades of Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house? That which made these men, and men like these, can not die. The hand that traced the charter of Independence is, indeed, motionless, the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed; but

the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, matured, maintained it, and which alone, to such men, "make it life to live," *these* can not expire:

"These shall resist the empire of decay,
When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away:
Cold in the dust the perished heart may lie,
But that which warmed it once, can never die."

[Edward Everett.]

WEBSTER'S REPLY TO HAYNE.

THIS interrogatory of the honorable member was only introductory to another. He proceeded to ask me, whether I had turned upon *him* in this debate, from the consciousness that I should find an overmatch, if I ventured on a contest with his friend from Missouri. If the honorable member, from modesty, had chosen thus to defer to his friend, and to pay him a compliment, without intentional disparagement to others, it would have been quite according to the friendly courtesies of debate, and not at all ungrateful to my own feelings. I am not one of those, who esteem any tribute of regard, whether light and occasional, or more serious and deliberate, which may be bestowed upon others, as so much unjustly withholden from themselves. But the tone and manner of the gentleman's question, forbid me that I thus interpret it. I am not at liberty to consider it as nothing more than a civility to his friend; it had an air of taunt and disparagement, a little of the loftiness of asserted superiority, which does not allow me to pass it over without notice. It was put as a question for me to answer, (and so put, as if it were difficult for me to answer,) whether I deemed the member from Missouri an overmatch for myself, in debate here. It seems to me, that

this is extraordinary language, and an extraordinary tone, for the discussion of this body! Matches and overmatches! Those terms are more applicable elsewhere than here, and fitter for other assemblies than this! The gentleman seems to forget where and what we are. This is a senate: a senate of equals; of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters: we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions. I offer myself as a match for no man: I throw the challenge of debate at no man's feet. But, then, since the honorable member has put the question, in a manner that calls for an answer, I will give him an answer; and I tell him, that holding myself to be the humblest of the members here, I yet know nothing in the arm of his friend from Missouri, either alone, or when aided by the arm of his friend from South Carolina, that need deter even me from espousing whatever opinions I may choose to espouse, from debating whatever I may choose to debate, or from speaking whatever I may see fit to say, on the floor of the senate.

CHATHAM ON THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

I CAN NOT, my lords, I *will not* join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment: it is not a time for adulation: the smoothness of flattery cannot save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne, in the language of TRUTH. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colors,

the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can Parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them,—measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt? But yesterday, “and England might have stood against the world,—now, none so poor to do her reverence.” The people we at first despised as *rebels*, but whom we now acknowledge as *enemies*, are abetted against you, supplied with every military store, their interests consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by your inveterate enemy; and our ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the English troops than I do: I know their virtue and their valor: I know they can achieve any thing except impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of English America is an impossibility. You *can not*, my lords, you CAN NOT conquer America. What is your present situation there? *We do not know the worst*, but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, and strain every effort, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the *shambles* of every *German* despot; your attempts forever will be vain and impotent; doubly so indeed from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed

in my country, I never would lay down my arms,—
NEVER! NEVER! NEVER!

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE.

It is now sixteen years since I saw the Queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more *delightful* vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she had just begun to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendor, and joy. O! what a revolution; and what a *heart* must I have, to contemplate without *emotion* that elevation and that fall!

Little did I dream that, when she added titles of veneration to those of enthusiastic, distant, respectful love, that she could ever be obliged to carry the sharp antidote against *disgrace* concealed in that bosom; little did I dream that I should live to see such *disasters* heaped upon her in a nation of *gallant* men, in a nation of men of *honor* and of *cavaliers*. I thought ten *thousand* swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a *look* that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry has gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is *extinguished* forever. Never, *never* more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an *exalted freedom*.

The unbought grace of life, the cheap defense of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone! It is gone, that *sensibility* of principle,

that chastity of honor, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which *vice itself* lost half its evil, by losing all its *grossness*.

[Burke.]

ADHERBAL AGAINST JUGURTHA.

Look down, illustrious Senators of Rome! from that height of power to which you are raised, on the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations of him who returns murder for adoption, prejudice your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has butchered the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the same throne with his own sons.

O! murdered, butchered brother! O! dearest to my heart,—now gone forever from my sight! But why should I lament his death? He is, indeed, deprived of the blessed light of heaven, of life, and kingdom, at once, by the very person who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life, in defense of any one of Micipsa's family. But, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these comforts, as delivered from terror, from flight, from exile, and the endless train of miseries which render life to me a burden.

He lies full low, gored with wounds, and festering in his own blood. But he lies in peace. He feels none of the miseries which rend my soul with agony and distraction, while I am set up a spectacle to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to punish his murderer, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from

being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome! the arbiters of nations! to you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children; by your love for your country; by your own virtues; by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth; by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you,—deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty. [Sallust.

THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON.

A GENTLEMAN, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! O! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience. 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder

as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused,—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

[Knowles.]

FROM CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

I ASK now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing exaggerated is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion

that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavins Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,—for his execution upon the cross!

O! liberty! O! sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O! sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then!—is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to

the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance?

MEETING OF DEATH AND SATAN.

"WHENCE, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass,
That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
Retire or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven!"

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, replied—
"Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heaven's sons
Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
Hell-doomed! and breath'st defiance here and scorn,
Where I reign king, and, to inflame thee more,
Thy king and lord! Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

[Milton.]

THE QUARREL OF ACHILLES AND ATRIDES.

INSATIATE king ! (Achilles thus replies),
Fond of the power, but fonder of the prize !
Would'st thou the Greeks their lawful prey should yield,
The due reward of many a well fought field ?
The spoils of cities razed, and warriors slain,
We share with justice, as with toil we gain :
But, to resume, whate'er thy avarice craves,
(That trick of tyrants) may be borne by slaves ;
Yet if our chief for plunder only fight,
The spoils of Illion shall thy loss requite,
Whene'er by Jove's decree our conquering powers
Shall humble in the dust her lofty towers.

Then thus the king : Shall I my prize resign
With tame content and thou possessed of thine ?
Great as thou art and like a god in fight,
Think not to rob me of a soldier's right.
At thy demand shall I restore the maid ?
First let the just equivalent be paid ;
Such as a king might ask ; and let it be
A treasure worthy her, and worthy me.
Or, grant me this, or with a monarch's claim
This hand shall seize some other captive dame ;
The mighty Ajax shall his prize resign,
Ulysses' spoils, e'en thy own be mine.
The man who suffers loudly may complain,
And rage he may, but he shall rage in vain.

At this Pelides, frowning stern, replied :
O ! tyrant, arm'd with insolence and pride !
Inglorious slave to interest ever joined
With fraud, unworthy of a royal mind !
What generous Greek, obedient to thy word,

Shall form an ambush, or shall lift the sword?
What cause have I to war at thy decree?
The distant Trojans never injured me;
To Phthia's realms no hostile troops they led;
Safe in her vales my warlike coursers fed;
Far hence removed, the hoarse resounding main
And walls of rocks secure my native reign;
Whose fruitful and luxuriant harvest grace,
Rich in her fruits and in her martial race.

[Pope.]

THE SAME, CONTINUED.

FLY, mighty warrior! fly,
Thy aid we need not and thy threats defy—
Want not there chiefs in such a cause to fight,
And Jove himself shall guard a monarch's right.
Of all the kings (the gods' distinguished care)
To power superior none such hatred bear;
Strife and debate thy restless soul employ,
And wars and horrors are thy savage joy.
If thou hast strength, 't was heaven that strength be
stow'd;
For know, vain man! thy valor is from God.
Haste, launch thy vessels, fly with speed away,
Rule thy own realms with arbitrary sway:
I heed thee not, but prize at equal rate
Thy short-lived friendship, and thy groundless hate.
Go, threat thy earth-born Myrmidons; but here
'T is mine to threaten, prince, and thine to fear.
Know, if the god the beauteous dame demand,
My barque shall waft her to her native land:
But then prepare imperious prince! prepare,
Fierce as thou art, to yield thy captive fair;

E'en in thy tent, I'll seize the blooming prize,
Thy loved Briseïs with the radiant eyes.
Hence shalt thou prove my might, and curse the hour
Thou stood'st a rival of imperial power ;
And hence to all our host it shall be known,
The kings are subject to the gods alone.
Achilles heard with grief and rage oppressed,
His heart swelled high, and labored in his breast.
Nor yet the rage his boiling breast forsook,
Which thus redoubling on Atrides broke.

THE SAME, CONTINUED.

O MONSTER ! mix'd of insolence and fear,
Thou dog in forehead, but in heart a deer !
When wert thou known in ambushed fights to dare,
Or nobly face the horrid front of war ?
'Tis ours the chance of fighting fields to try,
Thine to look on, and bid the valiant die.
So much 't is safer through the camp to go
And rob a subject than despoil a foe.
Scourge of thy people, violent and base !
Sent in Jove's anger on a slavish race,
Who, lost to sense of generous freedom past,
Are tamed to wrongs, or this had been thy last.
Now by this sacred sceptre let me swear,
Which never more shall leaves or blossoms bear,
Which severed from the trunk, (as I from thee),
On the bare mountains left its parent tree ;
This sceptre, formed by tempered steel to prove
An ensign of the delegates of Jove ;
By this I swear when bleeding Greece again

Shall call Achilles, she shall call in vain ;
When flushed with slaughter, Hector comes to spread
The purple shore with mountains of the dead,
Then shalt thou mourn the affront thy madness gave,
Forced to deplore, but impotent to save :
Then rage in bitterness of soul to know
This act has made the bravest Greek thy foe.

He spoke: and furious hurled against the ground
His sceptre starred with golden studs around.
Then sternly silent sat. With like disdain
The raging king returned his frowns again.

[Pope.]

EMPLOYMENT OF INDIANS IN CIVILIZED WARFARE.

I AM astonished!—shocked! to hear such principles confessed,—to hear them avowed in this house, or in this country,—principles equally unconstitutional, inhuman, and unchristian!

My lords, I did not intend to have encroached again upon your attention; but I cannot repress my indignation. I feel myself impelled by every duty. My lords, we are called upon as members of this house, as men, as Christian men, to protest against such notions standing near the throne, polluting the ear of majesty. “That God and nature put into our hands!”—I know not what ideas that lord may entertain of God and nature; but I know that such abominable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacre of the Indian scalping-knife,—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, roasting, and eating, literally, my lords, eating the mangled victims of his barbarous

battles ! Such horrible notions shock every precept of religion, divine or natural, every generous feeling of humanity, and every sentiment of honor.

These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend bench, those holy ministers of the gospel, and pious pastors of our church ; I conjure them to join in the holy work, and vindicate the religion of their God. I appeal to the wisdom and the law of this learned bench, to defend and support the justice of their country. I call upon the bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn ; upon the learned judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honor of your lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke the genius of the Constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestors of this noble lord frown with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain he led your victorious fleets against the boasted armada of Spain ; in vain he defended and established the honor, the liberties, the religion, the Protestant religion, of this country, against the arbitrary cruelties of Popery, and the Inquisition, if these more than popish cruelties and inquisitorial practices are let loose among us.—To turn forth into our settlements, among our ancient connections, friends, and relations, the merciless cannibal, thirsting for the blood of man, woman, and child ! to send forth the infidel savage,—against whom ? against your Protestant brethren ; to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and

name, with these horrible hell-hounds of savage war!—
hell-hounds, I say, of savage war.

[Otham.]

MOLOCH AND SATAN BEFORE THE POWERS
OF HELL.

ONE there was there, whose loud defying tongue
Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
Of overboiling malice. Utterance long
His passion mocked, and long he strove to tell
His laboring ire; still syllable none fell
From his pale quivering lip, but died away
For very fury; from each hollow cell
Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray.

“This comes,” at length burst from the furious chief,
“This comes of dastard counsels! Here behold
The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
Which coward policy would fain unfold
To soothe the powers that warred with heaven of old.
O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!
And lo! our prince,—the mighty and the bold,
There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air,
While heaven subverts his reign and plants her stand
ard there.”

Here, as recovered, Satan fixed his eye
Full on the speaker; dark as it was stern;
He wrapped his black vest round him gloomily
And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.
Him Moloch marked and strove again to turn
His soul to rage. “Behold, behold,” he cried,
“The lord of hell, who bade these legions spurn
Almighty rule,—behold he lays aside
The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied.”

Thus ended Moloch, and his burning tongue
Hung quivering, as if mad to quench its heat
In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
The famished tiger pants, when near his seat,
Pressed on the sands, he marks the traveler's feet.
Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
Of the arch-fiend, all turned with one accord,
As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde.

THE SAME, CONTINUED.

"YE powers of hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel, and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? He, who preys only on the defenseless,—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention! Away with the boaster who never joins in action; but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation. Let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counseled purposes determinately. In power, we have learned by that experiment which lost us heaven, that we are inferior to the thunder-bearer: in subtilty,—

in subtilty alone, we are his equals. Open war is impossible.

Thus shall we pierce our conqueror through the race
Which, as himself, he loves; thus, if we fall,
We fall not with the anguish, the disgrace
Of falling unrevenged. The stirring call
Of vengeance rings within me! Warriors all,
The word is vengeance, and the spur despair.
Away with coward wiles! Death's coal-black pall
Be now our standard! Be our torch, the glare
Of cities fired! our fifes, the shrieks that fill the air!"

[White.]

MARULLUS TO THE MOB.

WHEREFORE rejoice that Cæsar comes in triumph?
What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless
things!

O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers, and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath his bands,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now call out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in *his* way,
That comes in triumph over *Pompey's blood*?
Begone,—
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude. [Shakespeare.]

SPEECH OF RAAB KIUPRILI.

HEAR me,
Assembled lords and warriors of Illyria,
Hear, and avenge me! Twice ten years have I
Stood in your presence, honored by the king,
Beloved and trusted. Is there one among you,
Accuses Raab Kiuprili of a bribe?
Or one false whisper in his sovereign's ear?
Who here dares charge me with an orphan's rights
Outfaced, or widow's plea left undefended?
And shall I now be branded by a traitor,
A bought-bribed wretch, who, being called *my* son,
Doth libel a chaste matron's name, and plant
Hensbane and aconite on a mother's grave?
Th' underling accomplice of a robber,
That from a widow and a widow's offspring
Would steal their heritage? To God a rebel,
And to the common father of his country,
A recreant ingrate!—
What means this clamor? Are these madmen's
voices?
Or is some knot of riotous slanderers leagued
To infamize the name of the king's brother
With a black falsehood? Unmanly cruelty,

Ingratitude, and most unnatural treason?
What mean these murmurs? Dare then any here
Proclaim Prince Emerick a spotted traitor?
One that has taken from you your sworn faith,
And given you in return a 'Judas' bribe,
Infamy now, oppression in reversion,
And Heaven's inevitable curse hereafter?
Yet bear with me awhile. Have I for this
Bled for your safety, conquered for your honor?
Was it for this, Illyrians! that I forded
Your thaw-swollen torrents, when the shouldering ice
Fought with the foe, and stained its jagged points
With gore from wounds I felt not? Did the blast
Beat on this body, frost and famine-numbed,
Till my hard flesh distinguish'd not itself
From the insensate mail, its fellow-warrior?
And have I brought home with me Victory,
And with her, hand in hand, firm-footed Peace,
Her countenance twice lighted up with glory,
As if I had charmed a goddess down from heaven?
But these will flee abhorrent from the throne
Of usurpation! Have you then thrown off shame,
And shall not a dear friend, a loyal subject,
Throw off all fear? I tell ye, the fair trophies
Valiantly wrested from a valiant foe,
Love's natural offerings to a rightful king,
Will hang as ill on this usurping traitor,
This brother-blight, this Emerick, as robes
Of gold plucked from the images of gods
Upon a sacrilegious robber's back.

[Coleridge.]

PRINCE LEWIS' ANSWER TO THE POPE'S LEGATE.

YOUR grace shall pardon me, I will not back ;
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a secondary at control,
Or useful serving-man, and instrument,
To any sovereign state throughout the world.
Your breath first kindled the dead coal of wars,
Between this chastised kingdom and myself,
And brought in matter that should feed this fire ;
And now 't is far too huge to be blown out
With that same weak wind which enkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with interest to this land,
Yea, thrust this enterprise into my heart ;
And come you now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome ? What is that peace to me ?
I, by the honor of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine ;
And, now it is half conquered, must I back,
Because that John hath made his peace with Rome ?
Am I Rome's slave ? What penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition sent,
To underprop this action ? is't not I
That undergo this charge ? Who else but I,
And such as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this business, and maintain this war ?
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roi ! as I have banked their towns ?
Have I not here the best cards for the game,
To win this easy match played for a crown ?
And shall I now give o'er the yielded set ?
No, on my soul, it never shall be said.

[Shakespeare.]

THE MURDERER'S SECRET.

THE deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness, equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances, now clearly in evidence, spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room was uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper was turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, showed him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he yet plies the dagger, though it was obvious that life had been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he

came in, and escapes. He has done the murder,—no eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe nowhere. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner, where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that Eye which glances through all disguises, and beholds every thing, as in the splendor of noon,—such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by man. [Wehster.

THE TOMAHAWK SUBMISSIVE TO ELOQUENCE.

TWENTY tomahawks were raised; twenty arrows drawn to their head. Yet stood Harold, stern and collected,—at bay,—parleying only with his sword. He waved his arm. Smitten with a sense of their cowardice, perhaps, or by his great dignity, more awful for his very youth, their weapons dropped, and their countenances were uplifted upon him, less in hatred than in wonder.

“Warriors!” he said, “Brethren!”—(their tomahawks were brandished simultaneously, at the sound of his terrible voice, as if preparing for the onset). His tones grew deeper, and less threatening. “Brothers! let us talk together of Logan! Ye who have known him, ye aged men! bear ye testimony to the deeds of his strength. Who was like him? Who could resist him? Who may abide the hurricane in its volley? Who may withstand the winds that uproot the great trees of the mountain? Let him be the foe of Logan. Thrice in one day hath he given battle. Thrice in one day hath he come back victorious. Who

may bear up against the strong man, the man of war? Let them that are young, hear me. Let them follow the course of Logan. He goes in clouds and whirlwind,—in the fire and in the smoke. Let them follow him. Warriors! Logan was the father of Harold!”

They fell back in astonishment, but they believed him; for Harold's word was unquestioned, undoubted evidence, to them that knew him.

[Neal.

PUBLIC DISHONESTY.

WHEN a whole people, united by a common disregard of justice, conspire to defraud public creditors; and States vie with States in an infamous repudiation of just debts, by open or sinister methods; and nations exert their sovereignty to protect and dignify the knavery of the commonwealth; then the confusion of domestic affairs has bred a fiend before whose flight honor fades away, and under whose feet the sanctity of truth and the religion of solemn compacts are stamped down and ground into the dirt. Need we ask the cause of growing dishonesty among the young, the increasing untrustworthiness of all agents, when States are seen clothed with the panoply of dishonesty, and nations put on fraud for their garments.

Absconding agents, swindling schemes, and defalcations, occurring in such melancholy abundance, have, at length, ceased to be wonders, and rank with the common accidents of fire and flood. The budget of each week is incomplete without its mob and run-away cashier,—its duel and defaulter; and as waves which roll to the shore are lost in those which follow on, so

the villainies of each week obliterate the record of the last.

Men of notorious immorality, whose dishonesty is flagrant, whose private habits would disgrace the ditch, are powerful and popular. I have seen a man stained with every sin, except those which required courage; into whose head I do not think a pure thought has entered for forty years; in whose heart an honorable feeling would droop for very loneliness; in evil he was ripe and rotten; hoary and depraved in deed, in word, in his present life and in all his past; evil when by himself, and viler among men; corrupting to the young; to domestic fidelity, a recreant; to common honor, a traitor; to honesty, an outlaw; to religion, a hypocrite; base in all that is worthy of man, and accomplished in whatever is disgraceful; and yet this wretch could go where he would; enter good men's dwellings, and purloin their votes. Men would curse him, yet obey him; hate him, and assist him; warn their sons against him, and lead them to the polls for him. A public sentiment which produces ignominious knaves, can not breed honest men.

[Henry Ward Beecher.]

THE PERFECT ORATOR.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject! Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate?—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance

of the subject for a while superseded by the admiration of his talents. With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions! To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence they are melted into one mass,—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is,—“Let us march against Philip,—let us fight for our liberties,—let us conquer,—or die.”

[Anonymous.]

REPLY TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

MY LORDS, I am amazed; yes, my lords, I am amazed at his grace's speech. The noble duke can not look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this house to his successful exertion in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honorable

to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an *accident*? To all these noble lords, the language of the noble duke is as applicable and as insulting as it is to myself. But I do not fear to meet it single and alone. No one venerates the peerage more than I do; but, my lords, I must say, that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage.

Nay, more,—I can say, and will say, that as a peer of parliament, as speaker of this right honorable house, as keeper of the great seal, as guardian of his majesty's conscience, as lord high chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which the noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which character none can deny *me*,—as a MAN, I am, at this time, as much respected as the proudest peer I now look down upon.

[Thurlow. .

NECESSITY OF A PURE NATIONAL MORALITY.

THE crisis has come. By the people of this generation, by ourselves, probably, the amazing question is to be decided,—whether the inheritance of our fathers shall be preserved or thrown away; whether our sabbaths shall be a delight or a loathing; whether the taverns, on that holy day, shall be crowded with drunkards, or the sanctuary of God with humble worshipers; whether riot and profaneness shall fill our streets, and poverty our dwellings, and convicts our jails, and violence our land; or whether industry, and temperance, and righteousness, shall be the stability of our times; whether mild laws shall receive the cheerful submission of freemen, or the iron rod of a tyrant compel the trembling homage of slaves. Be not deceived. The rocks and hills of New England will remain till

the last conflagration. But let the sabbath be profaned with impunity, the worship of God be abandoned, the government and religious instruction of children neglected, and the streams of intemperance be permitted to flow, and her glory will depart. The wall of fire will no longer surround her, and the munition of rocks will no longer be her defense. The hand that overturns our doors and temples, is the hand of death unbarring the gate of pandemonium, and letting loose upon our land the crimes and miseries of hell. If the Most High should stand aloof and cast not a single ingredient into our cup of trembling, it would seem to be full of superlative woe. But he will not stand aloof. As we shall have begun an open controversy with him, he will contend openly with us. And, never, since the earth stood, has it been so fearful a thing for nations to fall into the hands of the living God.

[Beecher.]

THE FEDERAL UNION.

WHILE the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that, I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant, that, in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant, that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, now known and

honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto, no such miserable interrogatory as, *What is all this worth?*—nor those other words of delusion and folly, *Liberty first, and Union afterward*; but everywhere spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds as they float over the sea, and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart:—LIBERTY AND UNION, NOW AND FOREVER, ONE AND INSEPARABLE. [Webster.]

SPECIMEN OF THE ELOQUENCE OF JAMES OTIS.

ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life,—another his crown,—and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

We are two millions,—one-fifth fighting men. We are bold and vigorous, and we call no man master. To the nation, from whom we are proud to derive our origin, we were ever, and we ever will be, ready to yield unforced assistance; but it must not, and it never can be extorted.

Some have sneeringly asked, “Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?” No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the

right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust. True, the spectre is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly, it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the faggot and torch were behind us. We have waked this new world from its savage lethargy; forests have been prostrated in our path; towns and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics; and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her,—to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

MASSACHUSETTS.

MR. PRESIDENT, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts,—she needs none. There she is,—behold her and judge for yourselves. There is her history,—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every

State, from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever.

And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it,—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure, it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm with whatever of vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

[Wehster.]

THE RIGHT OF ENGLAND TO TAX AMERICA.

“BUT, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America.” Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence, which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America, the noble lord tells us, therefore we ought to tax America. This

is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded. But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off his cheats on this house, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities the punishment they deserve.

[Burke.]

CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

HE is fallen! We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered amongst us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne a sceptered hermit, wrapped in the solitude of his own originality. A mind, bold, independent, and decisive,—a will, despotic in its dictates,—an energy that distanced expedition, and a conscience pliable to every touch of interest, marked the outline of this extraordinary character,—the most extraordinary, perhaps, that in the annals of this world, ever rose, or

reigned, or fell. Flung into life, in the midst of a revolution that quickened every energy of a people who acknowledge no superior, he commenced his course, a stranger by birth, and a scholar by charity! With no friend but his sword, and no fortune but his talents, he rushed in the list where rank, and wealth, and genius had arrayed themselves, and competition fled from him as from the glance of destiny. He knew no motive but interest,—he acknowledged no criterion but success,—he worshiped no God but ambition, and with an eastern devotion he knelt at the shrine of his idolatry. Subsidiary to this, there was no creed that he did not profess, there was no opinion that he did not promulgate; in the hope of a dynasty, he upheld the crescent; for the sake of a divorce, he bowed before the cross: the orphan of St. Louis, he became the adopted child of the republic: and with a parricidal ingratitude, on the ruins both of the throne and the tribune, he reared the throne of his despotism. A professed Catholic, he imprisoned the pope; a pretended patriot, he impoverished the country; and in the name of Brutus, he grasped without remorse, and wore without shame, the diadem of the Cæsars!

[Phillips.]

A POLITICAL PAUSE.

“But we must pause!” says the honorable gentleman. What! must the bowels of Great Britain be torn out,—her best blood be spilled,—her treasures wasted,—that you may make an experiment? Put yourselves, O! that you would put yourselves on the field of battle, and learn to judge of the sort of horrors that you excite. In former wars a man might, at least, have some feel-

ing, some interest, that served to balance in his mind the impressions which a scene of carnage and of death must inflict.

But if a man were present now at the field of slaughter, and were to inquire for what they were fighting,—“Fighting!” would be the answer; “they are not fighting; they are pausing.” “Why is that man expiring? Why is that other writhing with agony? What means this implacable fury?” The answer must be,—“You are quite wrong, sir, you deceive yourself,—they are not fighting,—do not disturb them,—they are merely pausing! This man is not expiring with agony,—that man is not dead,—he is only pausing! Lord help you, sir! they are not angry with one another: they have now no cause of quarrel; but their country thinks that there should be a pause. All that you see, sir, is nothing like fighting,—there is no harm, nor cruelty, nor bloodshed in it, whatever; it is nothing more than a political pause! It is merely to try an experiment,—to see whether Bonaparte will not behave himself better than heretofore; and in the meantime we have agreed to a pause, in pure friendship!”

And is this the way, sir, that you are to show yourselves the advocates of order? You take up a system calculated to uncivilize the world,—to destroy order,—to trample on religion,—to stifle in the heart, not merely the generosity of noble sentiment, but the affections of social nature; and in the prosecution of this system, you spread terror and devastation all around you.

[See.]

PREVALENCE OF WAR.

WAR is the law of violence. Peace the law of love. That law of violence prevailed without mitigation from the murder of Abel to the advent of the Prince of Peace.

We might have imagined, if history had not attested the reverse, that an experiment of four thousand years would have sufficed to prove, that the rational and valuable ends of society can never be attained, by constructing its institutions in conformity with the standard of war. But the sword and the torch had been eloquent in vain. A thousand battle-fields, white with the bones of brothers, were counted as idle advocates in the cause of justice and humanity. Ten thousand cities, abandoned to the cruelty and licentiousness of the soldiery, and burnt, or dismantled, or razed to the ground, pleaded in vain against the law of violence. The river, the lake, the sea, crimsoned with the blood of fellow-citizens, and neighbors, and strangers, had lifted up their voices in vain to denounce the folly and wickedness of war. The shrieks and agonies, the rage and hatred, the wounds and curses of the battle-field, and the storm and the sack, had scattered in vain their terrible warnings throughout all lands. In vain had the insolent Lysander destroyed the walls and burnt the fleets of Athens, to the music of her own female flute-players. In vain had Scipio, amid the ruins of Carthage, in the spirit of a gloomy seer, applied to Rome herself the prophecy of Agamemnon :

"The day shall come, the great avenging day,
Which Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay;
When Priam's power, and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

[Grimke.]

PHILLIPS ON THE WRONGS OF IRELAND.

You traverse the ocean to emancipate the African; you cross the line to convert the Hindoo; you hurl your thunder against the savage Algerine; but your own brethren at home, who speak the same tongue, acknowledge the same king, and kneel to the same God, can not get one visit from your *itinerant humanity*! Oh, such a system is almost too abominable for a name; it is a monster of impiety, impolicy, ingratitude, and injustice! The pagan nations of antiquity scarcely acted on such barbarous principles. Look to ancient Rome, with her sword in one hand, and her constitution in the other, healing the injuries of conquest with the embrace of brotherhood, and wisely converting the captive into the citizen. Look to her great enemy, the glorious Carthaginian, at the foot of the Alps, ranging his prisoners round him, and by the politic option of captivity or arms, recruiting his legions with the very men whom he had literally conquered into gratitude? They laid their foundations deep in the human heart, and their success was proportionate to their policy. You complain of the violence of the Irish Catholic: can you wonder he is violent? It is the consequence of your own infliction,—

“The flesh will quiver where the pincers tear,
The blood will follow where the knife is driven.”

Your friendship has been to him worse than hostility; he feels its embrace but by the pressure of his fetters! I am only amazed he is not more violent. He fills your exchequer, he fights your battles, he feeds your clergy from whom he derives no benefit, he shares your burdens, he shares your perils, he shares everything except your

privileges,—*can you wonder he is violent?* No matter what his merit, no matter what his claims, no matter what his services: he sees himself a nominal subject, and a real slave; and his children, the heirs, perhaps of his toils, perhaps of his talents, certainly of his disqualifications,—*can you wonder he is violent?* He sees every pretended obstacle to his emancipation vanished; Catholic Europe your ally, the Bourbon on the throne, the emperor a captive, the pope a friend; the aspersions on his faith disproved by his allegiance to you against, alternately, every Catholic potentate in Christendom, and he feels himself branded with hereditary degradation,—*can you wonder, then, that he is violent?* He petitioned humbly; his tameness was construed into a proof of apathy. He petitioned boldly; his remonstrance was considered as an impudent audacity. He petitioned in peace; he was told it was *not the time*. He petitioned in war; he was told it was *not the time*. A strange interval, a prodigy in politics, a pause between peace and war, which appeared to be just made for him, arose; I allude to the period between the retreat of Louis and the restoration of Bonaparte: he petitioned then, and was told it was *not the time*. Oh, shame! shame! shame! I hope he will petition no more to a parliament so equivocating. However, I am not sorry they did so equivocate, because I think they have suggested one common remedy for the grievances of both countries, and that remedy is, a REFORM OF THAT PARLIAMENT.

SALATHIEL TO TITUS.

SON of Vespasian, I am at this hour a poor man, as I may in the next be an exile or a slave: I have ties

to life as strong as ever were bound round the heart of man: I stand here a suppliant for the life of one whose loss would imbitter mine! Yet, not for wealth unlimited, for the safety of my family, for the life of the noble victim that is now standing at the place of torture, dare I abandon, dare I think the impious thought of abandoning the cause of the City of Holiness.

Titus! in the name of that Being, to whom the wisdom of the earth is folly, I adjure you to beware. Jerusalem is sacred. Her crimes have often wrought her misery,—often has she been trampled by the armies of the stranger. But she is still the City of the Omnipotent; and never was blow inflicted on her by man, that was not terribly repaid.

The Assyrian came, the mightiest power of the world: he plundered her temple, and led her people into captivity. How long was it before his empire was a dream, his dynasty extinguished in blood, and an enemy on his throne?—The Persian came: from her protector, he turned into her oppressor; and his empire was swept away like the dust of the desert!—The Syrian smote her: the smiter died in agonies of remorse; and where is his kingdom now?—The Egyptian smote her: and who now sits on the throne of the Ptolemies?

Pompey came: the invincible, the conqueror of a thousand cities, the light of Rome; the lord of Asia, riding on the very wings of victory. But he profaned her temple; and from that hour he went down,—down, like a millstone plunged into the ocean! Blind counsel, rash ambition, womanish fears, were upon the great statesman and warrior of Rome. Where does he sleep? What sands were colored with his blood? The universal conqueror died a slave, by the hand of a

slave! Crassus came at the head of the legions: he plundered the sacred vessels of the sanctuary. Vengeance followed him, and he was cursed by the curse of God. Where are the bones of the robber and his host? Go, tear them from the jaws of the lion and the wolf of Parthia,—their fitting tomb!

You, too, son of Vespasian, may be commissioned for the punishment of a stiff-necked and rebellious people. You may scourge our naked vice by force of arms; and then you may return to your own land exulting in the conquest of the fiercest enemy of Rome. But shall you escape the common fate of the instrument of evil? Shall you see a peaceful old age? Shall a son of yours ever sit upon the throne? Shall not rather some monster of your blood efface the memory of your virtues, and make Rome, in bitterness of soul, curse the Flavian name?

[Cressy.]

PART II.

POETIC PIECES.

"I DON'T CARE."

OLD "Don't Care" is a murderer foul,

Yes, a murderer foul is he ;

He beareth a halter in his hand,

And his staff is the gallows-tree ;

And slyly he follows his victim on,

Through high degree and low,

And strangles him there when least aware,

And striketh the fatal blow,—

Hanging his victim high in the air,

A villain strong, is old "DON'T CARE!"

He looks on the babe at its mother's breast,

And blighteth that blossom fair ;

For its young buds wither, and fade, and die,

'Neath the gaze of old "Don't Care!"

And in place of these there springeth up

Full many a poisonous weed,

And their tendrils coil around the victim's heart,—

A rank and loathsome breed :

Blighting the spirit young and fair,

A villain, in truth, is old "DON'T CARE!"

He meeteth bold manhood on his way,
And wrestleth with him there ;
He falls a sure and an easy prey
To the strength of old "Don't Care :"
Then he plants his foot on the victim's breast,
And shouteth with demon joy,
And treadeth the life from his panting heart,
And exulteth to destroy,—
Crushing bold manhood everywhere ;
A villain, indeed, is old "DON'T CARE !"

THE KAISER.

THE Kaiser's hand from all his foes
Had won him glory and repose ;
Richly through his rejoicing land
Were felt the blessings of his hand ;
And when at eve he sought his rest,
A myriad hearts his slumbers blessed.

In midnight's hush a tempest broke ;—
Throughout his realm its myriads woke ;
And by the lightning's rapid flash,
And 'mid the thunder's bellowing crash,
In faith to heaven their prayers they spake,
For Christ's and for the Kaiser's sake.

But with a start, and with a pang,
Up from his couch the Kaiser sprang ;
What ! feareth he who never feared
When bloody deaths through hosts careered ?
What ! can the tempest's passing sound
That heart of battles thus confound ?

No ! no ! But in its deepest deep
It wakes a cry no more to sleep ;

And there! and there! in wrath begin
The pangs,—the power of secret sin.
A blow is dealt,—a strife is stirred,—
Without, the storm may pass unheard!

And, therefore, from his palace door
He passed into the loud uproar;
In wildest wind, and blackest night,
He passed away in sudden flight:
'Mid lightning, rain; and thunder's roll,
He went,—a fire within his soul.

The Kaiser went in storm and night,
But ne'er returned in peace and light;
Astonished thousands asked his lot,
Love sought, and sought, but found him not;
But conscience did what conscience would,
And sealed its errand,—blood for blood!

[W. Howitt.]

BERNARDINE DU BORN.

KING HENRY sat upon his throne,
And, full of wrath and scorn,
His eye a recreant knight surveyed,—
Sir Bernardine du Born.
And he that haughty glance returned,
Like lion in his lair,
And loftily his unchanged brow
Gleamed through his crisped hair.

"Thou art a traitor to the realm!
Lord of a lawless band!
The bold in speech, the fierce in broil,
The troubler of our land!

Thy castles and thy rebel towers
Are forfeit to the crown ;
And thou beneath the Norman axe
Shall end thy base renown !

“Deign’st thou no word to bar thy doom,—
Thou with strange madness fired ?
Hath reason quite forsook thy breast ?”
Plantagenet inquired.
Sir Bernard turned him toward the king,
And blenched not in his pride ;
“My reason failed, most gracious liege,
The year Prince Henry died.”

Quick, at that name, a cloud of woe
Passed o’er the monarch’s brow ;
Touched was that bleeding chord of love,
To which the mightiest bow.
And backward swept the tide of years ;
Again his first-born moved,—
The fair, the graceful, the sublime,
The erring, yet beloved.

And ever, cherished by his side,
One chosen friend was near,
To share in boyhood’s ardent sport,
Or youth’s untamed career ;
With him the merry chase he sought,
Beneath the dewy morn,
With him in knightly tourney rode .
This Bernardine du Born.

Then in the mourning father’s soul
Each trace of ire grew dim,
And what his buried idol loved
Seemed cleansed of guilt to him ;—

And faintly through his tears he spoke,
"God send his grace to thee!
And, for the dear sake of the dead,
Go forth, unscathed and free."

[Sigourney.]

THE AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.

HARK! hear ye the sounds that the winds on their pinions
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'T is Columbia calls on her sons to be free!

Behold on yon summits, where heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud inaccessible seat;
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song
From the rock to the valley re-echo,—“Awaken,
Awaken, ye hearts that have slumbered too long!”

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us,
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw [them;
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confines
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think, with the chains they have broken, to bind them.

[Anonymous.]

THE FLIGHT OF XERXES.

I SAW him on the battle-eve,
When, like a king, he bore him,—
Proud hosts in glittering helm and greave,
And prouder chiefs before him:

The warrior, and the warrior's deeds,—
The morrow, and the morrow's meeds,—
No daunting thoughts came o'er him;
He looked around him, and his eye
Defiance flashed to earth and sky.

He looked on ocean,—its broad breast
Was covered with his fleet;
On earth:—and saw, from east to west,
His bannered millions meet:
While rock, and glen, and cave, and coast,
Shook with the war-cry of that host,
The thunder of their feet!
He heard the imperial echoes ring,—
He heard,—and felt himself a king.

I saw him next alone:—nor camp,
Nor chief, his steps attended;
Nor banner blazed, nor courser's tramp
With war-cries proudly blended.
He stood alone, whom fortune high
So lately seemed to deify;
He, who with heaven contended,
Fled like a fugitive and slave!
Behind,—the foe;—before,—the wave:

He stood;—fleet, army, treasure, gone,—
Alone, and in despair!
But wave and wind swept ruthless on,
For they were monarchs there;
And Xerxes, in a single barque,
Where late his thousand ships were dark,
Must all their fury dare:—
What a revenge,—a trophy, this,—
For thee, immortal Salamis!

[Miss Jewsbury.]

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

UNDER a spreading chestnut tree,
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat ;
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week out, week in, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You hear him swing his heavy sledge
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the old kirk chimes
When the evening sun is low.

And children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door :
They love to see a flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks, that fly
Like chaff from a thrashing-floor.

He goes, on Sunday, to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard rough hand he wipes
A tear from out his eyes.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes :
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught !
Thus, at the flaming forge of Life,
Our fortunes must be wrought ;
Thus, on its sounding anvil shaped,
Each burning deed and thought. [Longfellow.

BERNARDO AND KING ALPHONSO.

With some good ten of his chosen men,
Bernardo hath appeared,
Before them all in the palace hall,
The lying king to beard ;
With cap in hand and eye on ground,
He came in reverend guise,
But ever and anon he frowned,
And flame broke from his eyes.

"A curse upon thee," cries the king,
"Who com'st unbid to me !
But what from traitor's blood should spring,
Save traitor like to thee ?

His sire, lords, had a traitor's heart,—
Perchance our champion brave
May think it were a pious part
To share Don Sancho's grave.”

“Whoever told this tale,
The king hath rashness to repeat,”
Cries Bernard,—“here my gage I fling
Before the liar's feet.
No treason was in Sancho's blood,—
No stain in mine doth lie:
Below the throne, what knight will own
The coward calumny?”

“Ye swore upon your kingly faith,
To set Don Sancho free;
But, curse upon your paltering breath!
The light he ne'er did see:
He died in dungeon cold and dim,
By Alphonso's base decree;
And visage blind, and mangled limb,
Were all they gave to me.

“The king that swerveth from his word
Hath stained his purple black:
No Spanish lord will draw his sword
Behind a liar's back.
But noble vengeance shall be mine;
And open hate I'll show;—
The king hath injured Carpio's line,
And Bernard is his foe!”

“Seize,—seize him!” loud the king doth scream:
“There are a thousand here;
Let his foul blood this instant stream;—
What! caitiffs, do you fear?”

Seize,—seize the traitor !” But not one
To move a finger dareth :
Bernardo standeth by the throne,
And calm his sword he bareth.
He drew the falchion from its sheath,
And held it up on high ;
And all the hall was still as death :—
Cries Bernard, “ Here am I ;
And here’s the sword that owns no lord,
Excepting heaven and me :
Fain would I know who dares its point,—
King, condé, or grandee.”

Then to his mouth his horn he drew,—
It hung below his cloak ;
His ten true men the signal knew,
And through the ring they broke,
With helm on head, and blade in hand,
The knights the circle break,
And back the lordlings ’gan to stand,
And the false king to quake.

“ Ha ! Bernard !” quoth Alphonso,
“ What means this warlike guise ?
Ye know full well I jested ;—
Ye know your worth I prize !”
But Bernard turned upon his heel,
And, smiling, passed away.
Long rued Alphonso and Castile
The *jesting* of that day !

i Lockhart.

THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

WIDE o’er Bannock’s heathy wold
Scotland’s deathful banners roll’d,
And spread their wings of sprinkled gold
To the purpling east.

Freedom beamed in every eye ;
Devotion breathed in every sigh ;
Freedom heaved their souls on high,
And steeled each hero's breast.

Charging then the coursers sprang,
Sword and helmet clashing rang,
Steel-clad warriors' mixing clang
Echoed round the field.

Deathful see their eyeballs glare !
See the nerves of battle bare !
Arrowy tempests cloud the air,
And glance from every shield.

Hark ! the bowman's quivering strings !
Death on gray-goose pinions springs !
Deep they dip their dappled wings
Drunk in heroes' gore.

Lo ! Edward, springing on the rear,
Plies his Caledonian spear :
Ruin marks his dread career,
And sweeps them from the shore

See how red the streamlets flow !
See the reeling, yielding foe,
How they melt at every blow !
Yet we shall be free !

Darker yet the strife appears ;
Forest dread of flaming spears !
Hark ! a shout the welkin tears !
Bruce has victory !

HENRY V. AT THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility ;

But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger :
Stiffen the sinews,—summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage ;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon.

Now set the teeth and stretch the nostrils wide,
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height !—On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Be copy now for men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war ; and you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture : let us swear
That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not:
For there is none of you so mean and base
That hath not noble luster in your eye :
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot ;
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge,
Cry, Heaven for Harry, England and St. George !

[Shakspeare.]

HENRY V. ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wishes for more men from England ?
My cousin Westmoreland ! No, my fair cousin,
If we are marked to die, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men the greater share of honor :
Heaven's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.
In truth I am not covetous of gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honor,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, my good lord, wish not a man from England :
Heaven's peace ! I would not lose so great an honor
As one more man, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Wish not one more :
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian ;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
Then he will strip his sleeve and show his scars.—
This story shall the good man teach his son ;
And Crispian, Crispian, ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered !
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ! [Shakespeare.]

NEW ENGLAND'S DEAD.

"The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every State, from New England to Georgia ; and there they will remain forever."—WEBSTER.

NEW ENGLAND'S dead !—New England's dead !
On every hill they lie ;
On every field of strife made red
By bloody victory.

Each valley, where the battle poured
Its red and awful tide,
Beheld the brave New England sword,
With slaughter deeply dyed.
Their bones are on the northern hill,
And on the southern plain,
By brook and river, lake and rill,
And by the roaring main.

The land is holy where they fought,
And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!

They left the plowshare in the mold,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn, half-garnered on the plain,
And mustered in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,—
To perish or o'ercome the foe.

O! few and weak their numbers were,—
A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

[M'Lellan.]

ARNOLD WINKELREID.

"MAKE way for liberty!"—he cried;
Made way for liberty, and died!—
It must not be: this day, this hour,
Annihilates the oppressor's power!

All Switzerland is in the field,
She will not fly, she cannot yield,—
She must not fall; her better fate
Here gives her an immortal date.
Few were the numbers she could boast;
But every freeman was a host,
And felt as though himself were he,
On whose sole arm hung victory.

It did depend on one indeed;
Behold him,—Arnold Winkelreid!
There sounds not to the trump of fame
The echo of a nobler name.
Unmarked he stood amid the throng,
In rumination deep and long,
Till you might see, with sudden grace,
The very thought come o'er his face;
And, by the motion of his form,
Anticipate the bursting storm;
And, by the uplifting of his brow,
Tell where the bolt would strike, and how.

But 'twas no sooner thought than done!
The field was in a moment won:—
“Make way for liberty!” he cried,
Then ran, with arms extended wide,
As if his dearest friend to clasp;
Ten spears he swept within his grasp:
“Make way for liberty!” he cried,
Their keen points met from side to side;
He bowed amongst them like a tree,
And thus made way for liberty.

Swift to the breach his comrades fly:
“Make way for liberty!” they cry,
And through the Austrian phalanx dart,
As rushed the spears through Arnold's heart;

While instantaneous as his fall,
Rout, ruin, panic, scattered all:
An earthquake could not overthrow
A city with a surer blow.
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty!

[Montgomery.]

“LOOK NOT UPON THE WINE.” (v)

Look not upon the wine when it
Is red within the cup!
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up!
Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And merry on the brain;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain.
Ay,—but within its glowing deeps
A stinging serpent, unseen, sleeps.

Its rosy lights will turn to fire,
Its coolness change to thirst;
And, by its mirth, within the brain
A sleepless worm is nursed.
There's not a bubble at the brim
That does not carry food for him.

Then dash the brimming cup aside,
And spill its purple wine;
Take not its madness to thy lip,—
Let not its curse be thine.
'Tis red and rich,—but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below.

[Willis.]

THE VENGEANCE OF MUDARA.

To the chase goes Rodrigo, with hound and with hawk ;
But what game he desires is revealed in his talk :
“ O ! in vain have I slaughtered the Infants of Lara ;
There ’s an heir in his hall,—there ’s the bastard Mudara,—
There ’s the son of the renegade,—spawn of Mahoun :
If I meet with Mudara, my spear brings him down.”

While Rodrigo rides on in the heat of his wrath,
A stripling, armed cap-à-pie, crosses his path :
“ Good morrow, young esquire.” — “ Good morrow, old knight.”

“ Will you ride with our party, and share our delight ? ” —
“ Speak your name, courteous stranger,” the stripling replied ;
“ Speak your name and your lineage, ere with you I ride.” —

“ My name is Rodrigo,” thus answered the knight ;
“ Of the line of old Lara, though barred from my right ;
For the kinsman of Salas proclaims for the heir
Of our ancestor’s castles and forestries fair,
A bastard, a renegade’s offspring,—Mudara,—
Whom I ’ll send, if I can, to the Infants of Lara.” —

“ I behold thee, disgrace to thy lineage !—with joy
I behold thee, thou murderer ! ” answered the boy :

“ The bastard you curse, you behold him in me ;
But his brothers’ avenger that bastard shall be.
Draw ! for I am the renegade’s offspring, Mudara ;
We shall see who inherits the life-blood of Lara ! ” —

“ I am armed for the forest chase,—not for the fight ;
Let me go for my shield and my sword,” cries the knight.—

“ Now the mercy you dealt to my brothers of old,
Be the hope of that mercy the comfort you hold :
Die, foeman to Sancha,—die, traitor to Lara ! ” —
As he spoke, there was blood on the spear of Mudara.

[Lockhart,

THE FIREMAN.

HOARSE wint'ry blasts a solemn requiem sung
To the departed day,

Upon whose bier

The velvet pall of midnight had been flung,

And nature mourned through one wide hemisphere.

Silence and darkness held their cheerless sway,

Save in the haunts of riotous excess;

And half the world in dreamy slumbers lay,

Lost in the maze of sweet forgetfulness.

When lo! upon the startled ear,

There broke a sound so dread and drear,—

As, like a sudden peal of thunder,

Burst the bands of sleep asunder,

And filled a thousand throbbing hearts with fear.

Hark! the faithful watchman's cry

Speaks a conflagration nigh!—

See! yon glare upon the sky,

Confirms the fearful tale.

The deep-mouthed bells, with rapid tone,

Combine to make the tidings known;

Affrighted silence now has flown,

And sounds of terror fright the chilly gale!

At the first note of this discordant din,

The gallant fireman from his slumber starts;

Reckless of toil and danger, if he win

The tributary meed of grateful hearts.

From pavement rough, or frozen ground,

His engine's rattling wheels resound,

And soon before his eyes

The lurid flames, with horrid glare,

Mingled with murky vapors rise,

In wreathy folds upon the air,

And veil the frowning skies!

Sudden a shriek assails his heart,—
A female shriek, so piercing wild,
As makes his very life-blood start :—
“ My child ! Almighty God, my child ! ”
He hears,
And 'gainst the tottering wall,
The ponderous ladder rears ;
While blazing fragments round him fall,
And crackling sounds assail his ears.

His sinewy arm, with one rude crash,
Hurls to the earth the opposing sash ;
And heedless of the startling din,—
Though smoky volumes round him roll,
The mother's shriek has pierced his soul,
See ! see ! he plunges in !
The admiring crowd, with hopes and fears,
In breathless expectation stands,
When lo ! the daring youth appears,
Hailed by a burst of warm, ecstatic cheers,
Bearing the child triumphant in his hands !

[Anonymous.]

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again ;
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark !—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No; 't was but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying fleet.—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat.
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is,—it is,—the cannon's opening roar!

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness:
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated,—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips,—“The foe! they come!
they come!”

[Byron.]

THE POUNDER.

THE Christians have beleaguered the famous walls of Xeres,
Among them are Don Alvar and Don Diego Perez,
And many other gentlemen, who, day succeeding day,
Give challenge to the Saracen and all his chivalry.

When rages the hot battle before the gates of Xeres,
By trace of gore ye may explore the dauntless path of Perez.
No knight like Don Diego,—no sword like his is found
In all the host, to hew the boast of paynims to the ground.

It fell one day when furiously they battled on the plain,
Diego shivered both his lance and trusty blade in twain ;
The Moors that saw it shouted, for esquire none was near,
To serve Diego at his need with falchion, mace, or spear.

Loud, loud he blew his bugle, sore troubled was his eye,
But by God's grace before his face there stood a tree full
nigh,—

An olive-tree with branches strong, close by the wall of
Xeres,—

“Yon goodly bough will serve, I trow,” quoth Don Diego
Perez.

A gnarled branch he soon did wrench down from that olive
strong,

Which o'er his head-piece brandishing, he spurs among the
throng.

God wot ! full many a pagan must in his saddle reel !—

What leech may cure, what beadsman shrive, if once that
weight ye feel ?

But when Don Alvar saw him thus bruising down the foe,
Quoth he, “I've seen some flail-armed man belabor barley so,
Sure mortal mold did ne'er enfold such mastery of power ;
Let's call Diego Perez **THE POUNDER**, from this hour.”

[Lockhart.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power :

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;

In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,—
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king :
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,

Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band ;
True as the steel to their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.

There had the Persian thousands stood,—
There had the glad earth drank their blood,

On old Platea's day ;
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on : the Turk awoke ;
That bright dream was his last ;
He woke,—to hear his sentry's shriek,
"To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"
He woke,—to die 'midst flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast,
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;
And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band,—

"Strike,—till the last armed foe expires ;
Strike,—for your altars and your fires ;
Strike,—for the green graves of your sires ;
God,—and your native land !"

They fought,—like brave men, long and well ;
They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;

They conquered,—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won ;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.
Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
Come to the mother, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath ;—
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke,
And crowded cities wail its stroke ;—
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm ;—
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible : the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.
But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Bozzaris ! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee,—there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
For thou art freedom's now, and fame's,—
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,—
But we left him alone with his glory! [WOLF.]

THE SPIDER AND THE BEE.

WITH viscous thread, and finger fine,
The spider spun his filmy line;
The extremes with stronger cordage tied,
And wrought the web from side to side.

Beneath the casement's pendant roof,
He hung aloft the shadowy woof:—
There in the midst compressed he lies,
And patient waits the expected prize.

When, lo! on sounding pinion strong,
A bee, incautious, rushed along;
Nor of the gauzy net aware,
Till all entangled in the snare.

Enraged, he plies his buzzing wings,
His far-resounding war-song sings;
Tears all that would his course control,
And threatens ruin to the whole.

With dread, with gladness, with surprise,
The spider saw the dangerous prize;
Then rushed relentless on his foe,
Intent to give the deadly blow.

But as the spider came in view,
The bee his poisoned dagger drew;—
Back at the sight the spider ran,
And now his crafty work began.

With lengthened arms the snares he plied,
And turned the bee from side to side ;
His legs he tied, his wings he bound,
And whirled his victim round and round.

And now with cautious steps and slow,
He came to give the fatal blow ;
When, frightened at the trenchant blade,
The bee one desperate effort made.

The fabric breaks,—the cords give way ;
His wings resume their wonted play ;
Far off on gladsome plume he flies,
And drags the spider through the skies.

Shun vice's snares ;—but if you're caught,
Boldly resist, and parley not ;
Then, though your foe you can not kill,
You'll lead him captive where you will.

[Anonimo]

DEATH-SONG OF OUTALISSI.

"AND I could weep ;"—the Oneida chief
His descant wildly thus begun ;
"But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son !
Or bow this head in woe ;
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath !
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms and death),
Shall light us to the foe :
And we shall share, my Christian boy !
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy !

"But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep:—

Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will thy father's spirit grieve
To see thee, on the battle's eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave

Of her who loved thee most:
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun,—thy heaven,—of lost delight!—

"To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurled,
Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?—

Seek we thy once loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!

And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

"But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
Even from the land of shadows now

My father's awful ghost appears,
Amid the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst,
He bids me dry the last,—the first,—
The only tear that ever burst

From Outalissi's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian chief."

[Campbell.]

THE BENDED BOW.

THERE was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
And a voice was poured on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sound of war:

“Heard ye not the battle horn?
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven;
Swords must flash, and spears be riven:
Leave it for the winds to shed,—
Arm! ere Britain’s turf grow red!”
And the reaper armed, like a freeman’s son;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Hunter! leave the mountain chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day;
Leave him for a nobler prey!
Let the deer ungalled sweep by,—
Arm thee! Britain’s foes are nigh!”
And the hunter armed, ere the chase was done;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased:
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fire gives ruddy light,
Leave the hearth and leave the hall,—
Arm thee! Britain’s foes must fall!”
And the chieftain armed, and the horn was blown;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“Prince! thy father’s deeds are told
In the bower and in the hold!
Where the goatherd’s lay is sung,
Where the minstrel’s harp is strung!

Foes are on thy native sea,—
Give our bards a tale of thee ! ”
And the prince came armed, like a leader’s son ;
And the bended bow and the voice passed on.

“ Mother ! stay thou not thy boy !
He must learn the battle’s joy.
Sister ! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer !
Maiden ! bid thy lover part ;
Britain calls the strong in heart ! ”
And the bended bow and the voice passed on ;
And the bards made song of a battle won.

[Mrs. Hemans.]

LOCHINVAR.

OH, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He staid not for brake, and he stopped not for stone,
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none ;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented, the gallant came late ;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
’Mong bride’s-men, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all :
Then spoke the bride’s father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
“ O ! come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar ? ”

“I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied ;—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,—
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet ; the knight took it up,
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar :—
“Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace ;
While her mother did fret and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume ;
And the bride-maidens whispered, “’T were better by far,
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar.”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, where the charger stood
near ;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung !
“She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur :
They ’ll have fleet steeds that follow,” quoth young Loch-
invar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby clan ;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode, and they ran ;
There was racing and chasing on Canoby lea,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see. [Scot.

THE VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

THE king was on his throne,
The satraps thronged the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deemed divine,—
Jehovah's vessels,—hold
The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man,—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless waxed his look,
And tremulous his voice:—
“Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,
But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
Untold and awful still.
And Babel's men of age
Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
They saw,—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king's command,
He saw that writing's truth ;
The lamps around were bright,
The prophecy in view ;
He read it on that night,—
The morrow proved it true.

“ Belshazzar's grave is made,
His kingdom passed away ;
He, in the balance weighed,
Is light and worthless clay.
The shroud his robe of state,
His canopy the stone ;
The Mede is at his gate !
The Persian on his throne ! ”

[Byron.]

WAR-SONG OF THE GREEKS, 1822.

AGAIN to the battle, Achaians !
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance ;
Our land,—the first garden of Liberty's tree,—
It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free ;
For the cross of our faith is replanted,
The pale dying crescent is daunted,
And we march that the footprints of Mahomet's slaves,
May be washed out in blood from our forefathers' graves ;
Their spirits are hovering o'er us,
And the sword shall to glory restore us.

Ah ! what though no succor advances,
Nor Christendom's chivalrous lances
Are stretched in our aid ?—Be the combat our own !
And we'll perish or conquer more proudly alone :

For we 've sworn by our country's assaulters,
By the virgins they 've dragged from our altars,
By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
That living, we will be victorious,
Or that dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

A breath of submission we breathe not ;
The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not ;
Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
Earth may hide,—waves engulf,—fire consume us,
But they shall not to slavery doom us :
If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves ;—
But we 've smote them already with fire on the waves,
And new triumphs on land are before us.
To the charge !—Heaven's banner is o'er us !

[Campbell.]

WHAT IS TIME?

I ASKED an aged man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs :
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "oh, tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it *well* !"
I asked the ancient, venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who had bled :
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flowed,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode !"
I asked a dying sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his reins : "Time !" he replied ;
"I 've lost it ! Ah, the treasure !"—and he died.
I asked the golden sun and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years :
They answered, "Time is but a meteor glare !"
And bade us for *eternity* prepare.

I asked the seasons, in their annual round,
 Which beautify, or desolate the ground :
 And they replied (no oracle more wise),
 " 'Tis folly's blank, and wisdom's highest prize !"
 I asked a spirit lost : but oh, the shriek
 That pierced my soul ! I shudder while I speak !
 It cried, "A particle, a speck, a mite
 Of endless years, duration infinite !"
 Of things inanimate, my dial I
 Consulted, and it made me this reply :
 " Time is the season fair of *living* well,
 The path of glory, or the path of hell."
 I asked my Bible : and methinks it said,
 " Time is the *present hour*,—the past is fled ;
 Live ! live to-day !—to-morrow never yet
 On any human being rose or set."
 I asked old father Time himself, at last,
 But in a moment he flew swiftly past :
 His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
 His noiseless steeds, which left no trace behind.

[Marsden.]

 B O A D I C E A .

WHEN the British warrior queen,
 Bleeding from the Roman rods,
 Sought, with an indignant mien,
 Counsel of her country's gods ;
 Sage, beneath a spreading oak,
 Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
 Every burning word he spoke,
 Full of rage and full of grief :—
 " Rome shall perish,—write that word
 In the blood that she has spilt ;
 Perish hopeless and abhorred,
 Deep in ruin as in guilt.

“Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier’s name,
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

“Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

“Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway,
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.”

Such the bard’s prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire;
Bending as he swept the chords,
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch’s pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow,—
Rushed to battle, fought and died,—
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

“Ruffians! pitiless as proud!
Heaven awards the vengeance due!
Empire is on us bestowed,—
Shame and ruin wait on you!”

[Gowper.]

THE GRAVE OF THE GREYHOUND.

THE spearmen heard the bugle sound,
And cheerly smiled the morn,
And many a dog and many a hound
Obeyed Lewellyn’s horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a lustier cheer,—
“Come, Gelert, thou wert ne’er the last,
Lewellyn’s horn to hear.

“O! where does faithful Gelert roam,
The flower of all his race?
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!”

In sooth he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John;
But now, no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as o’er the rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdon’s craggy chaos yells
The many mingled cries.

That day Lewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,—
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Lewellyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood;
The hound all o’er was smeared with gore,
His lips, his fangs ran blood.

Lewellyn gazed with fierce surprise,
Unused such looks to meet;
His favorite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Lewellyn pass'd,
And on went Gelert too,
And still where'er his eyes he cast,
Fresh blood-drops shocked his view.

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
With blood-stained covert rent;
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent.

He called his child,—no voice replied;
He searched with terror wild:
Blood, blood, he found on every side,
But nowhere found his child.

“Hell-hound! my child's by thee devoured,”
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side.

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart,
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer wakened nigh,
What words the parent's joy could tell,
To hear his infant cry.

Concealed beneath a tumbled heap,
His hurried search had missed;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
The cherub boy he kissed.

No wound had he, nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath,
Lay a gaunt wolf, all torn and dead,
Tremendous still in death.

Ah, what was then Lewellyn's pain?
For now the truth was clear;
His gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Lewellyn's heir.

[Sponser.]

THE MUMMY.

And thou hast walked about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendous,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous.

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy,
Thou hast a tongue, come let us hear its tune:
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground, Mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses of the moon;
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us,—for doubtless thou canst recollect,
To whom should we assign the sphynx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a Mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the mysteries of thy trade,
Then say what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest,—if so, my struggles
Are vain;—Egyptian priests ne'er owned their juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a half-penny in Homer's hat,
Or doffed thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled :—
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended;
New worlds have risen,—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
While not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyzes,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb, with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Memnon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold;—
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled :—
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that
face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statue of flesh,—immortal of the dead !
Imperishable type of evanescence !
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warn-
ing. [Smith.]

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

WHEN Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there !
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light ;
Then from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen band !

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
Who rearest aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest trumping loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When stride the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven !
Child of the sun ! to thee 't is given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,—
The harbingers of victory.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave,
 When Death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back,
 Before the broadside's reeling rack ;
 The dying wand'rer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly,
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

[Dr. Drake]

PARTING OF DOUGLAS AND MARMION.

Not far advanced was morning day,
 When Marmion did his troops array,
 To Surrey's camp to ride ;
 He had safe-conduct for his band,
 Beneath the royal seal and hand,
 And Douglas gave a guide ;
 The ancient Earl, with stately grace,
 Would Clara on her palfrey place,
 And whispered, in an under tone,
 "Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
 The train from out the castle drew ;
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu :—
 "Though something I might plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I staid,
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble Earl, receive my hand."—
 But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke :
 "My manors, halls, and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,

To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation stone,—
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame with ire,
And,—“This to me!” he said,—
“An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
And, first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He, who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate;
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
Even in thy pitch of pride,
Here in thy hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword,)
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!”
On the Earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
Fierce he broke forth,—“And dar'st thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by St. Bride of Bothwell, no!—

Up drawbridge, grooms,—what, warder, ho!

Let the portcullis fall.”—

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,

And dashed the rowels in his steed,

Like arrow through the archway sprung,

The ponderous grate behind him rung:

To pass there was such scanty room,

The bars, descending, razed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,

Just as it trembled on the rise;

Not lighter does the swallow skim

Along the smooth lake’s level brim.

And when Lord Marmion reached his band,

He halts, and turns with clenched hand,

And shout of loud defiance pours,

And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

“Horse! horse! the Douglas cried, “and chase!”

But soon he reined his fury’s pace:

“A royal messenger he came,

Though most unworthy of the name.—

Saint Mary mend my fiery mood!

Old age ne’er cools the Douglas blood;

I thought to slay him where he stood.—

’Tis pity of him too,” he cried;

“Bold can he speak, and fairly ride:

I warrant him a warrior tried.”—

With this his mandate he recalls,

And slowly seeks his castle halls.

[Scott.]

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!

When fond recollection presents them to view;

The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild-wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew;

The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well;
The old oaken bucket,—the iron-bound bucket,—
That moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket,—the iron-bound bucket,—
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full, blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from that loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket,—the iron-bound bucket,—
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

[Woodworth.]

WARREN'S ADDRESS.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it,—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're a-fire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may,—and die we must:—
But, oh! where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

[Pierpont.]

THE GIPSY WANDERER.

'T was night, and the farmer, his fireside near,
O'er a pipe quaffed his ale, stout and old;
The hinds were in bed, when a voice struck his ear,—
“Let me in, I beseech you!” just so ran the prayer,—
“Let me in!—I am dying with cold.”

To his servant, the farmer cried,—“Sue, move thy feet,
Admit the poor wretch from the storm;
For our chimney will not lose a jot of its heat,
Although the night wanderer may there find a seat,
And beside our wood embers grow warm.

At that instant a gipsy girl, humble in pace,
Bent before him, his pity to crave :
He, starting, exclaimed, " Wicked fiend, quit this place !
A parent's curse light on the whole gipsy race !
They have bowed me almost to the grave ! "

" Good sir, as our tribe passed the churchyard below,
I just paused, the turf graves to survey,—
I fancied the spot where my mother lies low,—
When suddenly came on a thick fall of snow,
And I know not a step of my way."

" This is craft ! " cried the farmer,— " if I judge aright,
I suspect thy cursed gang may be near ;
Thou wouldst open the doors to the ruffians of night ;
Thy eyes o'er the plunder now rove with delight,
And on me with sly treachery leer ! "

With a shriek,—on the floor the young gipsy girl fell ;
" Help," cried Susan, " your child to uprear !
Your long stolen child !—she remembers you well,
And the terrors and joys in her bosom which swell,
Are too mighty for nature to bear ! " [Anonymous.

G L E N A R A .

O ! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;
And her sire and her people are called to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud ;
Her kinsmen they followed, but mourned not aloud ;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;
They marched all in silence,—they looked to the ground.

In silence they passed over mountain and moor,
To a heath where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar :—
“Now here let us place the gray-stone of her cairn ;—
Why speak ye no word ?” said Glenara the stern.
“And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ?”
So spake the rude chieftain : no answer is made,
But each mantle, unfolding, a dagger displayed.
“I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;
“And empty that shroud and that coffin did seem :
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”
O ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween !
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen :
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,—
’Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn :—
“I dreamed of my lady, I dreamed of her grief,
I dreamed that her lord was a barbarous chief ;
On the rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem :
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”
In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert revealed where his lady was found :
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne :
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn.

[Campbell.]

C A S A B I A N C A .

“Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.”

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled ;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm ;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud though childlike form.

The flames rolled on,—he would not go,
Without his father's word ;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud :—" Say, father, say
If yet my task is done ?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

" Speak, father !" once again he cried,
If I may yet be gone !
And"—but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
" My father, must I stay ?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,.
They streamed above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound,—
The boy,—oh ! where was he ?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strewed the sea,—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part,—
But the noblest thing that perished there,
Was that young faithful heart. [Mrs. Hemans.

THE SONG OF CONSTANCE.

WHERE shall the lover rest,
Whom the fates sever,
From his true maiden's breast,
Parted forever?
Where through groves deep and high
Sounds the far billow,
Where early violets die,
Under the willow,
Soft shall be his pillow.
There, through the summer day,
Cool streams are laving;
There, while the tempests sway,
Scarce are boughs waving;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
Parted forever;
Never again to wake,—
Never, oh, never!

Where shall the traitor rest,
He the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying,
There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the raven flap
O'er the false-hearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
Ere life be parted.
Shame and dishonor sit
By his grave ever :
Blessings shall hallow it
Never ! oh, never !

[Book.]

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB.

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold ;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the s
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen ;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed ;
And the eyes of the sleeper waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever were still !

And there lay the steed with his nostrils all wide,
But through them there rolled not the breath of his pride,
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray on the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider, distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord. [Byron.]

THE BATTLE OF BUSACO.

BEYOND Busaco's mountains dun
When far had rolled the sultry sun,
And night her pall of gloom had thrown
On nature's still convexity ;

High on the heath our tents were spread,
The cold turf was our cheerless bed,
And o'er the hero's dew-chilled head
The banners flapped incessantly.

The loud war-trumpet woke the morn,—
The quivering drum, the pealing horn,—
From rank to rank the cry is borne,
“Arouse for death or victory !”

The orb of day, in crimson dye, .
Began to mount the morning sky ;
Then, what a scene for warrior's eye
Hung on the bold declivity !

The serried bayonets glittering stood,
Like icicles on hills of blood ;
An aerial stream, a silver wood,
Reeled in the flickering canopy.

Like waves of ocean rolling fast,
Or thunder-cloud before the blast,
Massena's legions, stern and vast,
Rushed to the dreadful revelry.

The pause is o'er : the fatal shock
A thousand thousand thunders woke ;
The air grows thick ; the mountains rock ;
Red ruin rides triumphantly.

Light rolled the war-cloud to the sky,
In phantom towers and columns high,
But dark and dense their bases lie
Prone on the battle's boundary.

The thistle waved her bonnet blue,
The harp her wildest war-notes threw,
The red rose gained a fresher hue,
Busaco, in thy heraldry.

Hail, gallant brothers ! Woe befall
The foe that braves thy triple wall !—
Thy sons, O wretched Portugal !
Roused at their feats of chivalry.

[Anonymous.]

PULASKI'S BANNER.

"The standard of Count Pulaski, the noble Pole, who fell in the attack on Savannah, during the American Revolution, was of crimson silk, embroidered by the Moravian nuns of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania."

WHEN the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowléd head,
And the censer burning swung,
Where before the altar hung
That round banner, which, with prayer,
Had been consecrated there ;
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while
Sung low in the deep mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner. May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave,
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,
When the clarion's music thrills
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner ; and beneath
The war-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it till our homes are free,—
Guard it,—God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner. But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight,
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him ; by our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him ; he our love hath shared,
Spare him,—as thou wouldst be spared.

"Take thy banner ; and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee !"
And the warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud.

[Anonymous.]

GINEVRA.

SHE was an only child, her name Ginevra,
The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francisco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

She was all gentleness, all gayety,
Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And in the luster of her youth she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francisco.

Great was the joy; but at the nuptial feast,
When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting,
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
“’Tis but to make a trial of our love!”

And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

’T was but that instant she had left Francisco,
Laughing and looking back and flying still,
Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger;
But, now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed,
But that she was not!

Weary of his life,
Francisco flew to Venice, and embarking,
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
The father lived, and long might you have seen
An old man wandering as if in quest of something,—
Something he could not find, he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained awhile:
Silent and tenantless,—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,

When on an idle day, a day of search,
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That moldering chest was noticed, and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
"Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
'Twas done as soon as said, but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo! a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.
All else had perished,—save a wedding ring
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both, "Ginevra."
There then she had found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
When a spring lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down forever!

[Rogers.]

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE.

BUT meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.
"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all:
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.

But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream :
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane :
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free ;
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind ;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.
“Down with him !” cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
“Now yield thee,” cried Lars Porsena,
“Now yield thee to our grace.”

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see ;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he ;

But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home ;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome :

“ O ! Tiber ! father Tiber !
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day ! ”
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank ;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank ;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain :
And fast his blood was flowing ;
And he was sore in pain,
And heavy with his armor,
And spent with changing blows :
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.
Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing place :

But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

“Curses on him!” quoth false Sextus;
“Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!”
“Heaven help him!” quoth Lars Porsena,
“And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.”

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands:
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands:
And now with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

[Macaulay]

A ROMAN BATTLE.

RIGHT glad were all the Romans
Who, in that hour of dread,
Against great odds bare up the war
Around Valerius dead,
When from the south, the cheering
Rose with a mighty swell,—
“Herminius comes! Herminius,
Who kept the bridge so well!”

Mamilius spied Herminius,
And dashed across the way,—
“Herminius! I have sought thee
Through many a bloody day.
One of us two, Herminius,
Shall never more go home:
I will lay on for Tusculum,
And lay thou on for Rome!”

All round them paused the battle,
While met in mortal fray
The Roman and the Tusculan,
The horses black and gray.
Herminius smote Mamilius
Through breastplate and through breast,
And fast flowed out the purple blood
Over the purple vest.

Mamilius smote Herminius
Through head-piece and through head;
And side by side those chiefs of pride
Together fell down dead.
Down fell they dead together
In a great lake of gore;
And still stood all who saw them fall
While men might count a score.

Fast, fast, with heels wild spurning,
The dark-gray charger fled:
He burst through ranks of fighting men,
He sprang o'er heaps of dead.
His bridle far out-streaming,
His flanks all blood and foam,
He sought the southern mountains,
The mountains of his home.

The pass was steep and rugged,
The wolves they howled and whined;
But he ran like a whirlwind up the pass,
And he left the wolves behind.
Through many a startled hamlet
Thundered his flying feet;
He rushed through the gate of Tusculum,
He rushed up the long white street;
He rushed by tower and temple,
And paused not from his race
Till he stood before his master's door
In the stately market-place.
And straightway round him gathered
A pale and trembling crowd,
And when they knew him, cries of rage
Broke forth, and wailing loud:
And women rent their tresses
For their great prince's fall;
And old men girt on their old swords,
And went to man the wall.

But like a graven image,
Black Auster kept his place,
And ever wistfully he looked
Into his master's face.
The raven mane that daily,
With pats and fond caresses,
The young Herminia washed and combed,
And twined in even tresses,
And decked with colored ribbons,
From her own gay attire,
Hung sadly o'er her father's corpse
In carnage and in mire.
Forth with a shout sprang Titus,
And seized black Auster's rein.

Then Aulus swore a fearful oath,
And ran at him amain :—
“The furies of thy brother
With me and mine abide,
If one of your accursed house
Upon black Auster ride!”
As on an Alpine watch-tower
From heaven comes down the flame,
Full on the neck of Titus
The sword of Aulus came;
And out the red blood spouted,
In a wide arch and tall,
As spouts a fountain in the court
Of some rich Capuan’s hall.
The knees of all the Latines
Were loosened with dismay,
When dead, on dead Herminius,
The bravest Tarquin lay.
And Aulus, the dictator,
Stroked Auster’s raven mane,
With heed he looked unto the girths,
With heed unto the rein :—
“Now bear me well, black Auster,
Into yon thick array;
And thou and I will have revenge
For thy good lord this day.”

[Macaulay.]

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight,—a storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light, and the thunder echoed by.
The torrent swept the glen, the ocean lashed the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men, to make their bed in gore!
Swift from the deluged ground three hundred took the shield;
Then in silence gathered round the leader of the field!

All up the mountain's side, all down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide waved the Persian banners pale.
And foremost from the pass, among the slumbering band,
Sprang King Leonidas, like the lightning's living brand.
Then double darkness fell, and the forest ceased its moan ;
But there came a clash of steel, and a distant dying groan.
Anon, a trumpet blew, and a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw a blood-red canopy.
A host glared on the hill ; a host glared by the bay ;
But the Greeks rushed onward still, like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell, and the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel on the silken turbans came ;
And still the Greek rushed on, where the fiery torrent rolled,
Till like a rising sun, shone Xerxes' tent of gold.
They found a royal feast, his midnight banquet there ;
And the treasures of the East lay beneath the Doric spear.
Then sat to the repast the bravest of the brave !
That feast must be their last, that spot must be their grave.
Up rose the glorious rank, to Greece one cup poured high,
Then hand in hand they drank, " To immortality ! "

Fear on King Xerxes fell, when, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet knell, he saw the warriors come.
But down swept all his power, with chariot and with charge ;
Down poured the arrows' shower, till sank the Spartan targe.
Thus fought the Greek of old ! thus will he fight again !
Shall not the self-same mold bring forth the self-same men ?

[Grosy.]

SONG OF MAC MURROUGH.

Mist darkens the mountains, night darkens the vale,
But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael :
A stranger commanded,—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumbed every hand !

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but reddened with rust;
On the hill, or the glen, if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse !
Be mute every string, and be hushed every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown.

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are past,
The morn on our mountains is dawning at last ;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the blaze.

O high-minded Moray !—the exiled !—the dear !—
In the blush of the dawning the standard uprear,
Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh !

Ye sons of the strong, when the dawning shall break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake ?
That dawn never beamed on your forefathers' eye
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or die.

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the lake !
'T is the bugle,—but not for the chase is the call ;
'T is the pibroch's shrill summons,—but not to the hall.

'T is the summons of heroes to conquest or death,
When the banners are blazing on mountain and heath ;
They call to the dirk, the claymore, the targe,
To the march and the muster, the line and the charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his ire !
May the blood through his veins flow like currents of fire !
Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of yore,
Or die like your sires and endure it no more !

[Scott.]

ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW WITH GOD.

ON Horeb's rock the prophet stood,—
The Lord before him passed ;
A hurricane in angry mood
Swept by him strong and fast ;
The forest fell before its force,
The rocks were shivered in its course,—
God was not in the blast :
Announcing danger, wreck, and death,
'T was but the whirlwind of his breath.

It ceased. The air grew mute,—a cloud
Came, muffling up the sun ;
When, through the mountain, deep and loud
An earthquake thundered on ;
The frightened eagle sprang in air,
The wolf ran howling from his lair,—
God was not in the storm :
'T was but the rolling of his car,
The trampling of his steeds from far.

'T was still again, and nature stood
And calmed her ruffled frame ;
When swift from heaven a fiery flood
To earth devouring came ;
Down to the depth the ocean fled ;
The sickening sun looked wan and dead,—
Yet God filled not the flame :
'T was but the terror of his eye
That lightened through the troubled sky.

At last a voice all still and small
Rose sweetly on the ear,
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all
In heaven and earth might hear :
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,
It spoke as angels speak above,—
And God himself was there ;
For oh ! it was a Father's voice,
That bade the trembling world rejoice.

[Campbell.]

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY AND OF HOME.

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons imparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole :
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While, in his softened looks, benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.

Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy country*, and that spot *thy home*.

[Montgomery.]

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

CHAINED in the market-place he stood,
A man of giant frame,
Amid the gathering multitude
That shrunk to hear his name,—
All stern of look and strong of limb,
His dark eye on the ground;
And silently they gazed on him,
As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
He was a captive now;
Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
Was written on his brow:
The scars his dark broad bosom wore
Showed warrior true and brave:
A prince among his tribe before,
He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake,—
“My brother is a king:
Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold dust from the sands.”

“Not for thy ivory nor thy gold
Will I unbind thy chain ;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee ;
For thou shalt be the Christian’s slave,
In land beyond the sea.”

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away,
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the platted locks, and long,
And deftly hidden there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

“Look, feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need :
Take it,—thou askest sums untold,—
And say that I am freed.
Take it,—my wife, the long, long day,
Weeps by the cocoa-tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me.”

“I take thy gold,—but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long.”
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive’s frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken,—crazed his brain,—
At once his eye grew wild :
He struggled fiercely with his chain,
Whispered,—and wept,—and smiled ;
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands,
The foul hyena's prey.

[Bryant,

GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

YOUNG Harry was a lusty drover,
And who so stout of limb as he ?
His cheeks were red as ruddy clover,
His voice was like the voice of three.
Auld Goody Blake was old and poor,
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ;
And any man who passed her door,
Might see how poor a hut she had.

Now when the frost was past enduring,
And made her poor old bones to ache,
Could anything be more alluring
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?
And now and then it must be said,
When her old bones were cold and chill,
She left her fire, or left her bed,
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected
This trespass of old Goody Blake,
And vowed that she should be detected,
And he on her would vengeance take.
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,
And to the fields his road would take,
And there, at night, in frost and snow,
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once behind a rack of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand ;
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble land.
—He hears a noise,—he's all awake,—
Again!—on tiptoe down the hill
He softly creeps,—'Tis Goody Blake !
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her :
Stick after stick did Goody pull ;
He stood behind a bush of elder,
Till she had filled her apron full.
When with her load she turned about,
The by-road back again to take ;
He started forward with a shout,
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,
And by the arm he held her fast,
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"
'Then Goody, who had nothing said,
Her bundle from her lap let fall ;
And kneeling on the sticks, she prayed
To God that is the Judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm,—
"God ! who art never out of hearing,
O may he never more be warm!"
The cold, cold moon above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,
Young Harry heard what she had said,
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow,
 That he was cold and very chill;
 His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
 Alas that day for Harry Gill!
 That day he wore a riding coat,
 But not a whit the warmer he:
 Another was on Thursday brought,
 And ere the sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,
 And blankets were about him pinned:
 Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
 Like a loose casement in the wind.
 And Harry's flesh it fell away;
 And all who see him say 'tis plain,
 That live as long as live he may,
 He never will be warm again. [Wordsworth.

WHAT'S HALLOWED GROUND.

WHAT's hallowed ground? Has earth a clod
 Its Maker meant not should be trod
 By man, the image of his God,
 Erect and free,
 Unscourged by superstition's rod
 To bow the knee?

That's hallowed ground,—where, mourned and missed,
 The lips repose our love has kissed;—
 But where's their memory's mansion? Is't
 Yon churchyard's bowers?
 No! in ourselves their souls exist,
 A part of ours.

What hallows ground where heroes sleep?
 'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap:

In dews that heavens far distant weep
 Their turf may bloom ;
Or genii twine beneath the deep
 Their coral tomb.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right ?
He's dead alone that lacks her light !
And murder sullies in heaven's sight,
 The sword he draws :—
What can alone ennoble fight ?
 A noble cause !

Give that : and welcome war to brace
Her drums ! and rend heaven's reeking space !
The colors planted face to face,
 The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
 Shall still be dear.

What's hallowed ground ? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth !
Peace ! Independence ! Truth ! go forth
 Earth's compass round ;
And your high-priesthood shall make earth
 All hallowed ground !

[Campbell.]

THE SEMINOLE'S REPLY.

Blaze, with your serried columns !
I will not bend the knee !
The shackles ne'er again shall bind
The arm which now is free.
I've mailed it with the thunder,
When the tempest muttered low ;
And where it falls, ye well may dread
The lightning of its blow !

I've scared ye in the city,
I've scalped ye on the plain ;
Go, count your chosen, where they fell
Beneath my leaden rain !
I scorn your proffered treaty !
The pale-face I defy !
Revenge is stamped upon my spear,
And blood my battle-cry !

Some strike for hope of booty,
Some to defend their all,—
I battle for the joy I have
To see the white man fall :
I love, among the wounded,
To hear his dying moan,
And catch, while chanting at his side,
The music of his groan.

Ye've trailed me through the forest,
Ye've tracked me o'er the stream ;
And struggling through the everglade,
Your bristling bayonets gleam ;
But I stand as should the warrior,
With his rifle and his spear ;
The scalp of vengeance still is red,
And warns ye,—Come not here !

I loathe ye in my bosom,
I scorn ye with mine eye,
And I'll taunt ye with my latest breath,
And fight ye till I die !
I ne'er will ask ye quarter,
And I ne'er will be your slave ;
But I'll swim the sea of slaughter,
Till I sink beneath its wave ! [G. W. Fatten.

SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM.

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,—

“This is my own,—my native land!”
Whose heart hath ne’er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him,—no minstrel raptures swell!

High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung!

[Sir Walter Scott.]

THE LIFE-BOAT.

THE thunder-spirits sound on high
The storm’s wild tocsin, loud and deep,
And winds and waves, with maddening cry,
Fierce at the summons leap.

Wide flashed through heaven the lightning’s wing
The blinding rain did swiftly pour;
And the noble ship, a helpless thing,
Lay tossing toward the shore!

Then shrieked the crew, “In mercy save!”
And rushing headlong to her side,
They launch the life-boat on the wave,
And tempt the fearful tide.

And there was He, *above* the storm,
Who smiled upon the shallop light,
And sent an angel's viewless form
To guide the bark aright!

Boy! in the storms that shake the *soul*,
Quail not! there's still a life-boat nigh;
And there may Angel-Faith's control,
Grief's wildest waves defy!

[Mrs. Osgood.]

T A K E H E E D .

I KNEW him when a little *child*,
As opening rosebud fair;
He seemed an angel when he smiled,
So *pure* a light was there.

I knew him when a brave, bright *boy*,
With spirit like a bird's;
His heart a gushing fount of joy,
And music all his words.

I knew him when a noble *youth*,
With fame-aspiring eye;
His very *look* was that of truth,—
The *truth beyond the sky*.

I knew him when young *manhood* came,—
How proud the wreath he wore!
To *every* heart his gifted name
Virtue's bright promise bore.

I knew him when his youthful *bride*,
Joyous he came to wed;
The country's flower, the country's pride,—
“*God bless them!*” thousands said.

I knew him when he stooped to kiss,—
How sweet that kiss must be!—
The *pledges* of his wedded bliss,
Bright, blessed *cherubs three*.

I knew him at the *holy shrine*,—
The altar of his God :
I saw him take the *bread* and *wine*,
And pure the path he trod,—

I knew him this,—I knew him *all*
The fondest heart could crave ;
And yet, oh God ! his blackened pall
Covers a *drunkard's grave* !

[J. E. L.]

FLIGHT OF THE MUSKOGEE INDIAN.

On the shores of Carolina an Indian warrior stood,
A captive of the Shawnees, and reddened with their blood ;
Strange arts of varied torture his conquerors tried in vain ;
Like a rock that stands the billows, he dashed them off again.

He shouted, and the echo shrill returned the lengthened
shriek,

“I have rent you as the eagle rends the dove within his
beak ;

And ye give me women's tortures ; see, I lightly cast
them by.

As the Spirit of the storm-cloud throws the vapor from
the sky.”

“Ye are women !” the wild echo came wilder on the air,—

“I will show a worthy trial for a Muskoguee to bear ;

Let me grasp a heated gun in this raw and bloody hand,

And ye shall not see an eyelash move to shame my father-
land.”

They gave the glowing steel. He took it with a smile,
And held it as a plaything ;—they stood in awe the while ;
Then springing like an antelope, he brandished it around,
And toward the beetling eminence* upstarted with a bound.

One leap, and he is over ! fierce, dashing through the stream,
And his massy form lies floating 'neath the clear and sunny
beam ;

A hundred arrows sped at once, but missed that warrior bold,
And his mangled arms, ere set of sun, his little ones enfold.

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim ;
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

Above his head in air,
The savage war-club swung,
The frantic girl, in wild despair,
Her arms about him flung.
Then shook the warriors of the shade,
Like leaves on aspen limb,
Subdued by that heroic maid
Who breathed a prayer for him.

“Unbind him !” gasped the chief,
“Obey your king's decree !”
He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.

* A bluff near Augusta, ninety feet high.

'Tis ever thus, when in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer for him.

[George P. Morris.]

THE MOTHERS OF THE WEST.

THE mothers of our forest-land !
Stout-hearted dames were they ;
With nerve to wield the battle-brand,
And join the border fray.
Our rough land had no braver,
In its days of blood and strife,—
Aye ready for severest toil,
Aye free to peril life.

The mothers of our forest-land !
On old Kentucky's soil
How shared they, with each dauntless band,
War's tempest and life's toil !
They shrank not from the foeman,—
They quailed not in the fight,—
But cheered their husbands through the day,
And soothed them through the night.

The mothers of our forest-land !
Their bosoms pillowed men !
And proud were they by such to stand,
In hammock, fort, or glen,
To load the sure old rifle,—
To run the leaden ball,—
To watch a battling husband's place,
And fill it, should he fall !

The mothers of our forest-land !
They sleep in unknown graves :

And had they borne and nursed a band
Of ingrates, or of slaves,
They had not been more neglected !
But their graves shall yet be found,
And their monuments dot here and there
"The Dark and Bloody Ground."

[William D. Gallagher.]

THE TREAD OF TIME.

HARK ! I hear the tread of Time,
Marching o'er the fields sublime.
Through the portals of the past,
When the stars by God were cast
On the deep, the boundless vast.
Onward, onward still he strides,
Nations clinging to his sides :
Kingdoms crushed he tramples o'er :
Fame's shrill trumpet, battle's roar,
Storm-like rise, then speak no more.
Lo ! he nears us,—awful Time,—
Bearing on his wings sublime
All our seasons, fruit and flower,
Joy and hope, and love and power :
Ah ! he grasps the present hour.
Underneath his mantle dark,
See, a specter grim and stark,
At his girdle like a sheath,
Without passion, voice, or breath,
Ruin dealing : Death,—'t is Death !
Stop the ruffian, Time !—lay hold !—
Is there then no power so bold ?—
None to thwart him in his way ?—
Wrest from him his precious prey,
And the tyrant robber slay ?

Struggle not, my foolish soul;
Let Time's garments round thee roll.
Time, God's servant,—think no scorn,—
Gathers up the sheaves of corn
Which the specter, Death, hath shorn.

Brightly through the orient far
Soon shall rise a glorious star;
Cumbered then by Death no more,
Time shall fold his pinions hoar,
And be named the Evermore.

[Thomas Cole.]

THE YOUNG AMERICAN.

Scion of a mighty stock!
Hands of iron, hearts of oak,—
Follow with unflinching tread
Where the noble fathers led!
Craft and subtle treachery,
Gallant youth, are not for thee,
Follow thou in words and deeds
Where the God within thee leads!

Honesty, with steady eye,
Truth and pure simplicity,
Love that gently winneth hearts,—
These shall be thy only arts.

Prudent in the council train,
Dauntless on the battle plain,
Ready at thy country's need
For her glorious cause to bleed.

Where the dews of night distill
Upon Vernon's holy hill,—
Where above it gleaming far
Freedom lights her guiding star,—

Thither turn the steady eye,
Flashing with a purpose high!
Thither, with a devotion meet,
Often turn the pilgrim feet!

[Alexander H. Everett.]

DEGENERACY OF MODERN GREECE.

THE Isles of Greece, the Isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The mountain looks on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And, musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A King sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men and nations,—all were his!
He counted them at break of day,—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now,—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
 Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
 Of two such lessons, why forget
 The nobler and the manlier one?
 You have the letters Cadmus gave,—
 Think ye he meant them for a slave?

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel, at least, a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks, a blush,—for Greece, a tear!

Must we but weep o'er days more blest?
 Must we but blush? Our fathers bled.
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred, grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ!

What! silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—*we come, we come!*"
 'Tis but the *living* who are dumb.

[Byron.]

HOHENLINDEN.

ON Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When beat the drum at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And, furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

[Thomas Campbell.]

THERMOPYLÆ.

'T WAS an hour of fearful issues,
When the bold three hundred stood,
For their love of holy freedom,
By that old Thessalian flood,—

When, lifting high each sword of flame,
They called on every sacred name,
And swore, beside those dashing waves,
They never, never would be slaves!

And, O! that oath was nobly kept!
From morn to setting sun
Did desperation urge the fight
Which valor had begun;
Till, torrent-like, the stream of blood
Ran down and mingled with the flood,
And all, from mountain-cliff to wave,
Was Freedom's, Valor's, Glory's grave

O, yes! that oath was nobly kept,
Which nobly had been sworn,
And proudly did each gallant heart
The foeman's fetters spurn;
And firmly was the fight maintained,
And amply was the triumph gained;
They fought, fair Liberty, for thee:
They fell,—TO DIE IS TO BE FREE!

[George W. Doane.]

THE INDIAN'S REVENGE.

The following lines were written on a tradition of an Indian's revenge for his murdered family.

THE Indian stood in stately pride,
His eyeballs rolling wild and wide,
And glaring on his prostrate foe,
Writhing beneath the expected blow;
His teeth were clinched, his nostrils wide,
And ever and anon he cried:—
“My father, wife, and children died
By thee, thou cruel one;

My cherished hopes of years are o'er,
My friends are bleeding on the shore,
Thy hands are reeking with their gore,
And I am all undone.

"And shall they unavenged still sleep,
And I still linger there to weep?
Nay, nay, I swear by sea and land,
The hour of vengeance is at hand;
Thou 'st robbed me of a father, wife,
And children. What to me is life?
A desert wild, a waste of years,
A scene of trouble and of tears;
My children, slain by thy white hand,
Are waiting in yon distant land:
I come, I come, with vengeance dread;
White man, I go when thou art dead."

He said, and seized his foe,
Rushing upon the rocky height,
That overhung the abyss of night,
Where high he held the quivering form,
Above the cataract of storm,
And sung the death-song wild and high,
With yell that echoed through the sky,

Then with him plunged below:
And long, when they had disappeared,
From echoing caves and rocks were heard,
The shrill and solemn sounding word,

"I COME! I COME!"

[John Lofland.]

BATTLE OF FLODDEN FIELD.

When doffed his casque, he felt free air,

Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare:—

"Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustice, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?"

Redeem my pennon,—charge again!
Cry,—‘Marmion to the rescue!’—Vain!
Last of my race, on battle-plain
That shout shall ne’er be heard again!
Yet my last thought is England’s:—fly!
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring,
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring;
Fitz-Eustice, to Lord Surrey hie!
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field;
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
Edmund is down,—my life is reft!
The admiral alone is left.
Let Stanley charge with spur of fire,
With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland’s central host,
Or victory and England’s lost,
Must I bid twice?—hence varlet’s, fly!
Leave Marmion here alone,—to die.”
 They parted,—and alone he lay:
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmured: “Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst?”
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When with the baron’s casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears:
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
She stooped her by the runnel’s side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountain’s side,

Where raged the war, a dark red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue!
Where shall she turn?—Behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water clear as diamond spark,
In a stone basin fell.
She filled the helm and back she hied,
And, with surprise and joy, espied
A monk, supporting Marmion's head;
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

THE SAME, CONTINUED.

With fruitless labor Clara bound,
And strove to stanch the gushing wound:
The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the Church's prayers:
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
For that she ever sung:—
"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle, with groans of the dying!"
So the notes rung:
"Avoid thee, fiend!—with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O! look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine!
O! think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
But never ought like this!"

The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now, trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And,—“STANLEY!” was the cry:
 A light on Marmion’s visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted “VICTORY!”—
 CHARGE! Chester, CHARGE! ON!—Stanley!—ON!”
 Were the last words of Marmion. [Scott.]

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.

OUR bosoms we’ll bare for the glorious strife,
 And our oath is recorded on high,
 To prevail in the cause that is dearer than life,
 Or crushed in its ruins to die!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

’Tis the home we hold sacred is laid to our trust,—
 God bless the green isle of the brave!
 Should a conqueror tread on our forefathers’ dust,
 It would rouse the old dead from their grave!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

In a Briton’s sweet home shall a spoiler abide,
 Profaning its loves and its charms?
 Shall a Frenchman insult the loved fair at our side?
 To *arms*! oh, my country, TO ARMS!
 Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
 And swear to prevail in your dear native land!

Shall a tyrant enslave us, my countrymen?—No;
 His head to the sword shall be given,—
 A death-bed repentance be taught the proud foe,
 And his blood be an offering to heaven!

Then *rise*, fellow-freemen, and stretch the right hand,
And swear to prevail in your dear native land !

[Thomas Campbell.]

MEET THE FOE.

Ye sons of sires, who fought and *bled*
For liberty and glory,
Whose fame shall ever wider spread
Till Time is bent and hoary,—
Awake to meet the invading foe !
Rouse at the call of danger !
Beat *down* again his standard low,
And *backward* hurl the stranger !

They knew no *fear*, those sires of old,—
'Mid swords and bayonets clashing,
Still high they bore their *banner's* fold,
Its stars like *lightnings* flashing.
Be *like* those sires !—With freeborn might,
Renew the deeds of story !
Who *lives*, shall win a wreath of *light*,—
Who falls, shall sleep in *glory* !

[Percival.]

AMBITION, FALSE AND TRUE.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath,
I would not court his crown ;
For love and virtue sink beneath
His dark and vengeful frown.

I would not seek *my* fame to build
On glory's dizzy height ;
Her temple is with orphans filled ;
Blood soils her scepter bright.

I would not wear the diadem,
 By *folly* prized so dear;
 For want and wo have bought each gem,
 And every *pearl's* a *tear*.

I would not heap the golden chest,
 That sordid spirits crave;
 For every gain,—by penury cursed,—
 Is gathered from the *grave*.

No; let *my* wreath unsullied be;
 My fame be *virtuous youth*;
 My wealth be *kindness, charity*;
 My diadem be *truth*.

[Anonymous.]

V E N G E A N C E .

VENGEANCE calls you! quick, be ready,—
 Rouse ye, in the name of *God*:
 Onward, *onward*! strong and steady,—

Grasp the *sword*!—its edge is keen;
 Seize the *gun*!—its ball is true;
 Sweep your land from tyrants clean,—
 Haste, and scour it through and *through*.
 Onward, *onward*!—vengeance cries,
Rush to arms,—the tyrant *flies*.

Vengeance calls you! quick, be ready,—
 Think of what your sires have been:
 Onward, *onward*! strong and steady,—
 Drive the tyrant to his den.
 On, and let the watch-word be:
Country, home, and liberty!

Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.
 Vengeance calls! ye brave, ye *brave*!
 Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

[Percival.]

THE ALARM.

Up the hillside, down the glen,
Rouse the sleeping citizen,
Summon out the might of men!

Like a lion crouching low,
Like a night-storm rising slow,
Like the tread of unseen foe,—

It is coming—it is *nigh*!
Stand your homes and altars by!
On your own free hearthstones *die*!

Clang the bells in all your spires!
On the gray hills of your sires,
Fling to heaven your signal fires!

O, for God and Duty stand,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Round the old graves of your land:

Whoso shrinks and falters now,
Whoso to the yoke would bow,
Brand the craven on his *brow*.

[Whittier.]

ASPIRATION OF YOUTH.

HIGHER, *higher* will we climb,
Up the mount of *glory*,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story;
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who *conquers*, he who *falls*.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SPEAKER.

Deeper, *deeper* let us toil
 In the mines of *knowledge* ;
 Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
 Win from school and college ;
 Delve we there for *richer* gems,
 Than the stars of *diadems*.

Onward, *onward* may we press,
 Through the path of *duty* ;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty ;
Minds are of *celestial* birth,—
 Make we then a heaven of *earth*.

Closer, *closer* let us knit
 Hearts and hands together,
 Where your *fireside* comforts sit,
 In the wildest weather ;
 Oh ! they *wander wide* who roam
 From the joys of *life* and *home*. [Montgomery]

LIBERTY.

BENEATH our country's flag we stand,
 And give our hearts to thee,
 Bright power, who steel'st and nerv'st our hand,
 Thou first born, *Liberty* !
 Here, on our swords we swear to give
 Our willing lives, that thou may'st live !

For thee, the Spartan youth of old,
 To *death* devoted, fell !
 Thy spirit made the *Roman* bold,
 And fired the patriot *Tell* !
 Our sires, on *Bunker*, fought for thee,—
 Undaunted fought, and *we* are *free* !

Run up your starry flag on *high* !
No storm shall rend its folds ;
On, like a *meteor*, through the sky,
Its steady course it holds.
Thus high in heaven our flag unfurled,—
Go, bear it, Freedom, *round the world* !

[Parrotal.]

THE SNOW STORM.

THE cold winds swept the mountain's height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
And 'mid the cheerless hours of night,
A mother wandered with her child ;
As through the drifted snow she pressed,
The babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifts of snow,—
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone ;
“ O God,” she cried, in accents wild,
“ If I must perish, *save my child* !”

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm ;
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that *it* was warm.
With one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sunk upon a snowy bed.

At dawn, a traveler passéd by ;
She lay beneath a snowy vail,—
The frost of *death* was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale ;
He moved the robe from off the child ;
The babe looked up, and *sweetly smiled*. [Smith.]

PART III.

POETIC PIECES, COMIC.

ACCOUNT OF A BACHELOR.

(A PARODY ON ROMEO'S APOTHECARY.)

I do remember an old bachelor,
And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In suit of sables, with a care-worn brow:
Conning his books,—and meager were his looks:
Celibacy had worn him to the bone;
And in his silent parlor hung a coat,
The which the moths had used not less than he.
Four chairs, one table, and an old hair trunk,
Made up the furniture; and on his shelves
A grease-clad candle-stick, a broken mug,
Two tumblers, and a box of old segars;
Remnants of volumes, once in some repute,
Were thinly scatter'd round, to tell the eye
Of prying stranger,—*this man had no wife.*
His tatter'd elbow gap'd most piteously;
And ever, as he turn'd him round, his skin
Did through his stockings peep upon the day.

Noting his gloom, unto myself I said,
And if a man did covet single life,
Reckless of joys that matrimony give,
The sight of this most pitiable wight
Would make him quick his aim give o'er,
And seek forthwith a loving wife. [Anon.

QUEER MISTAKE.

A poor simple foreigner, not long ago,
Whose knowledge of English was simply so so,
At a shop window reading, "Good pickles sold here,"
To the shopwoman said, "Vat is pickles, my dear?"

"Why, pickles," says she, "is a sort of a name
Like preserves, and the meaning is nearly the same;
For pickling preserves, though not quite the same way,—
Yet 't is much the same thing, as a body may say."

The foreigner bow'd, and gave thanks for his lesson;
Which, the next day, at dinner, he made a fine mess on;
For a loud clap of thunder caus'd Miss Kitty Nervous
To start from her chair, and cry, "Mercy, preserve us!"
While he keeping closely his lesson in view,
Cried, "Mercy, *preserve* us, and *pickle* us too!" [Anon.

GETTING A DEGREE.

To Cambridge there went,
By vanity sent,
A pedant to get a decree.
He was questioned at large,
By a person in charge,
In order his fitness to see.

The vain candidate
Was first asked to state
The sense of the word "*create*."
"Create, did you say?
Let me think a while, pray;—
That's a matter not *easy* to state.
"Well, this difficult word,
I'm sure I have heard,
Means, '*to make out of nothing*,' good Proctor!"
"If that be the case,"
Said his dignified grace,
"Then will I *create* thee a doctor!" [Reimer.

THE BOY AND THE BAKER.

ONCE, when monopoly had made
As bad as now the *eating trade*,
A boy went to a baker's shop,
His gnawing appetite to stop;
A loaf for *two-pence* there demanded,
And down a *tiny* loaf was handed.
The boy survey'd it round and round,
With many a shrug and look profound;
At length,—"*Why, master,*" said the wight,
"*This loaf is very, very light!*"
The baker, his complaint to parry,
Replied, with look most archly dry,
While quirk conceit sat squinting on his eye,—
"*Light, boy?—then you've the less to carry!*"
The boy grinn'd plaudits to his joke,
And on the counter laid down rhino,
With mien that plainly all but spoke,—
"*With you I'll soon be even, I know.*"

Then took his loaf, and went his way ;
But soon the baker bawl'd him back,—
"You've laid down but *three half-pence*, Jack,
And *two-pence* was the loaf's amount.
How's this, you cheating rascal, *hey?*"
"Sir," says the boy, "*you've less to count!*"
[O. I. FM.]

THE CHAMELEON.

ONE has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking spark,
With eyes that hardly served at most
To guard their master 'gainst a post;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To see whatever could be seen,
Returning from his finished tour,
Grown ten times pertier than before.
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The traveled fool your mouth will stop:—
"Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,
I've seen, and sure I ought to know."
So begs you'd pay a due submission,
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
As o'er Arabia's wilds they passed,
And on their way, in friendly chat,
Now talked of this, and then of that;
Discoursed awhile, 'mongst other matter,
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.
"A stranger animal," cries one,
"Sure never lived beneath the sun :
A lizard's body, lean and long,
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue ;

Its foot with triple claw disjoined ;
And what a length of tail behind !
How slow its pace ; and then its hue,—
Who ever saw so fine a blue !”

“Hold there !” the other quick replies ;
“’Tis *green* ; I saw it with these eyes,
As late with open mouth it lay,
And warmed it in the sunny ray ;
Stretched at its ease the beast I viewed,
And saw it eat the air for food.”

“I’ve seen ’it, sir, as well as *you*,
And must again affirm it *blue* ;
At leisure I the beast surveyed,
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“’Tis *green*, ’t is *green*, sir, I assure ye !”—
“*Green* !” cries the other, in a fury ;
“Why, sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes ?”—
“’T were no great loss,” the friend replies ;
“For if they always serve you thus,
You’ll find them of but little use.”

So high, at last, the contest rose,
From words they almost came to blows ;
When luckily came by a third ;
To him the question they referred,
And begged he’d tell them, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.”

“Sirs,” cries the umpire, “cease your pother,
The creature’s neither one nor t’ other ;
I caught the animal last night,
And viewed it o’er by candle-light :
I marked it well,—’t was *black* as jet—
You stare ; but, sirs, I’ve got it yet,

And can produce it." "Pray, sir, do ;
 I'll lay my life the thing is *blue*."
 "And I'll be bound, that when you've seen
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him *green*."
 "Well, then, at once to end the doubt,"
 Replies the man, "I'll turn him out :
 And when before your eyes I've set him,
 If you don't find him *black*, I'll eat him."
 He said ; then full before their sight
 Produced the beast, and, lo !—'t was *white*.

[Merriek.]

"BOXIANA."

I HATE the very name of *box* ;
 It fills me full of fears ;
 It 'minds me of the woes I've felt,
 Since I was young in years.

They sent me to a Yorkshire school,
 Where I had many knocks ;
 For there my schoolmates *box'd* my ears,
 Because I couldn't *box*.

I pack'd my *box* ; I picked the locks ;
 And ran away to sea ;
 And very soon I learnt to *box*
 The compass merrily.

I came ashore,—I called a coach,
 And mounted on the *box* ;
 • The coach upset against a post,
 And gave me dreadful knocks.

I soon got well ; in love I fell,
 And married Martha Cox ;
 To please her will, at fam'd *Box* hill,
 I took a country *box*.

I had a pretty garden there,
 All border'd round with *box*;
 But ah, alas! there liv'd, next door,
 A certain Captain Knox.

He took my wife to see the play;—
 They had a private *box*:
 I jealous grew, and from that day,
 I hated Captain Knox.

I sold my house,—I left my wife;—
 And went to Lawyer Fox,
 Who tempted me to seek redress
 All from a jury *box*.

I went to law, whose greedy maw
 Soon emptied my strong *box*;
 I lost my suit, and cash to boot,
 All thro' that crafty Fox.

The name of *box* I therefore dread,
 I've had so many shocks;
 They'll never end,—for when I'm dead,
 They'll nail me in a *box*. [Hood.]

THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

A FRENCHMAN once who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover in the night,
 Near the road-side an ale-house chanced to spy:
 And being rather tired as well as dry,
 Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
 In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
 He enters: "Halloo! Gargon, if you please,
 Bring me a leetle bread and cheese.
 And halloo! Gargon, a pot of portar too!" he said,
 "Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
Into his pocket put ; then slowly crept
To wished-for bed ; but not a wink he slept,—
For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
To which the rats a nightly visit paid.

Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
Put on his cap and bade the world good-night ;
But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
Under his pillow he had placed with care.

Sans cérémonie soon the rats all ran,
And on the flour-sacks greedily began ;
At which they gorged themselves ; then smelling round,
Under the pillow soon the cheese they found ;
And while at this they regaling sat,
Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap ;
Who, half awake, cries out, " Halloo ! halloo !
Vat is dat nibbel at my pillow so ?
Ah ! 't is one big huge rat !
Vat de diable is it he nibbel, nibbel at ? "

In vain our little hero sought repose ;
Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose ;
And such the pranks they kept up all the night
That he, on end antipodes upright,
Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.

" Halloo ! Maison ! Gargon, I say !
Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay !"
The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes his eyes ;
With eager haste he runs it o'er,
And every time he viewed it thought it more.
" Vy zounds, and zounds !" he cries, " I sall no pay ;
Vat, charge ten shelangs for vat I have mangé ?
A leetle sup of portar, dis vile bed,
Vare all de rats do run about my head ?"

"Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
 "I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
 I 'H pay him well that can." "Vat 's dat you say?"
 "I 'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me, I pray:
 Vill you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
 If from your house I drive away de rat?"
 "With all my heart," the jolly host replies,
 "E'coutez donc, ami;" the Frenchman cries.
 "First, den,—Regardez, if you please,
 Bring to dis spot a leetal bread and cheese,—
 Eh bien! a pot of portar too;
 And den invite de rats to sup vid you:
 And after dat,—no matter dey be villing,—
 For vat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang:
 And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
 Dey 'll quit your house, and never come no more."

[Anonymous.]

MISS MARY,—WHAT SHE *IS* AND WHAT SHE *DOES*.

MISS MARY is a charming maid,
 A comely lass is she;
 She every morning coffee drinks,
 At evening, sips her tea.

She 's never gadding in the street,
 But loves to stay at home,
 Her eyes are parted by her nose,—
 Her ringlets by a comb.

She has a very pretty foot,
 And sometimes wears prunella;
 On sunny days she sports a shawl,—
 On rainy, an umbrella.

She's virtue's self personified,—
She scorns to do a wrong;
She keeps her tongue between her teeth,
Where people's tongues belong.

The poor have always found her kind,
She weeps for others' woe;
On Sunday eve she sits alone,
Unless she has a beau!

Each leisure moment she employs,
To cultivate her mind;
She ties her apron on before,—
And sometimes on behind.

Whenever she a shopping went,
She paid for what she bought;
In sleep she always shuts her mouth,
As everybody ought.

Small faults she has, and who has not,
She strives them to reform;
When her toes are trampled upon,—
She says, "Get off my corn!"

Accomplishments like these would make
A match for Count or Earl;
And all the neighbors say she is
A pattern of a girl.

[Hood.]

NOT A SOUS HAD HE GOT.

Nor a sous had he got,—not a guinea or note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried,
As he bolted away without paying his shot,
And the landlady after him hurried.

We saw him again at dead of night,
 When home from the club returning;
 We twigged the doctor beneath the light
 Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
 Reclined in the gutter we found him;
 And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze,
 With his *Marshall* * cloak around him.

"The doctor's as drunk as a fool," we said,
 And we managed a shutter to borrow;
 We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
 Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.

We bore him home, and we put him to bed,
 And we told his wife and his daughter
 To give him, next morning, a couple of red
 Herrings, with soda water.

Loudly they talked of his money, that's gone,
 And his lady began to upbraid him;
 But little he recked, so they let him snore on
 'Neath the counterpane, just as we laid him.

Slowly and sadly we all walked down
 From his room in the uppermost story;
 A rushlight was placed on the cold hearthstone,
 And we left him alone in his glory!! [E. H. Barham.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ECHO.

The reply by the Echo will be most effectively performed by having the speaker concealed from the audience.

If I address the Echo yonder,
 What will its answer be, I wonder?
Echo,—I wonder!

* Name of a person that pretended to be the author of the piece on which this is a parody.

O wondrous Echo, tell me, bless 'e,
Am I for marriage or for celibacy?

Echo,—Silly Bessy!

If, then, to win the maid, I try,
Shall I find her a property?

Echo,—A proper tie!

If neither grave nor funny
Will win the maid to matrimony?

Echo,—Try money!

If I should try to gain her heart,
Shall I go plain or rather smart?

Echo,—Smart!

She may n't love dress, and I again then
May come too smart, and she'll complain then?

Echo,—Come plain, then!

To please her most, perhaps, 't is best
To come as I'm in common dressed?

Echo,—Come undressed!

Then, if to marry me I tease her,
What will she say, if that should please her?

Echo,—Please, sir!

When cross, and good words can't appease her,
What if such naughty whims should seize her?

Echo,—You'd see, sir?

When wed, she'll change, for Love's no sticker,
And love her husband less than liquor?

Echo,—Then lick her!

To leave me, then, I can't compel her,
Though every woman else excel her?

Echo,—Sell her!

The doubting youth to Echo turned again, sir,
To ask advice, but found it did not answer.

FLOGGING AN EDITOR.

THE editor sat in his easy chair,
But he sat not easy : there being an air
Of anxious thought beclouding his brow,
As if rightly he knew not what or how
To do in some matter of moment great,
On which depended a throne or a state ;
When all of a sudden flew open wide
The office door, and, with hasty stride,
A loaferish figure came stalking in
With a rúbicund phiz, and hairy chin,
(The former a product directly of gin),
And with fiery eye and menacing air
He made right up to the editor's chair.

“Are you the man
What edits the paper ?
I've come to tan
Your hide for that caper.

You called me a *villain*,—you called me a *rogue*,
A way of speaking, sir, too much in vogue,
With you fellows that handle the printing press :
Defend yourself, sir ! I demand a redress.”

The editor quailed,
Decidedly paled ;

But just at the moment his courage gave way
His genius stepped in, and gained him the day.
“I'm not the person you seek,” he said ;
“If you want redress, go straight to the head.
He's not far off, and will settle affairs,
I have n't a doubt : I'll call him up stairs.”

Then down he went,
As if he were sent,

A fire, or something worse, to prevent.
Meantime there came, through a door below,
Another somebody to deal him a blow,—

A scamp well known to annals of fame,
Whom, the hapless editor hoping to tame,
Had ventured to publish, and that by name.

At the foot of the stair,

Or near it somewhere,

The monster met him, demanding redress,
And, just like the other, began to press
Poor editor hard with a Billingsgate mess,
And threaten forthwith his hide to dress,
When necessity, mother of all invention,
And a brain editorial, used to tension,
Contrived a means of diverting attention.

"Stranger," said he,

"Be not too free,

In applying abusive words to me ;

Up stairs is the person you wish to see."

Up stairs, all raging, the rowdy flew,

(Neither complainant the other knew),

So the moment they met, without more ado,

At it they went in a regular set-to.

A terrible tussle,

A terrible bustle,

They make, as around the room they wrestle ;

There were very few words, but plenty of blows,

For they fought like a couple of deadly foes,

Till each had acquired a bloody nose ;

And each had the pleasure distinctly to spy,

In the face of the other, a very black eye !

THANKSGIVING DAY.

Come home from the college, ye ringlet-haired youth ;
Come home from the factories, Ann, Kate, and Ruth ;
From the anvil, the counter, the farm, come away,
Home, home with you, home, it is Thanksgiving Day !

The table is spread, and the dinner is dressed,
The cooks and the mothers have all done their best ;
No caliph of Bagdad e'er saw such display,
Or dreamed of a treat like our Thanksgiving Day !

Pies, puddings, and custards, pigs, oysters, and nuts,
Come forward and seize them without ifs or buts ;
Bring none of your slim little appetites here ;—
Thanksgiving Day comes only once in a year !

Thrice welcome the day in its annual round !
What treasures of love in its bosom are found !
New England's high holiday, ancient and dear !
'T would be twice as welcome, if twice in a year !

Now children revisit the darling old place,
Now brother and sister, long parted, embrace,
The family ring is united once more,
And the same voices shout at the old cottage door !

The grandfather smiles on the innocent mirth,
And blesses the Power that has guarded his hearth ;
He remembers no trouble, he feels no decay,
But thinks his whole life has been Thanksgiving Day !

Then praise for the past and the present we sing,
And, trustful, await what the future may bring ;
Let doubt and repining be banished away,
And the whole of our lives be a Thanksgiving Day !

[Henry Ware, Jun.

THE COLLEGIAN AND THE JANITOR.

At Trin. Coll. Cam.,—which means, in proper spelling,
Trinity College Cambridge,—there resided
One Harry Dashington, a youth excelling
In all the learning commonly provided
For those who choose that classic station
For finishing their education :

That is,—he understood computing
 The odds at any race or match ;
 Was a dead hand at pigeon-shooting ;
 Could kick up rows,—knock down the watch,—
 Play truant and the rake at random,—
 Drink,—tie cravats, and drive a tandem.
 Remonstrance, fine, and rustication,
 So far from working reformation,
 Seemed but to make his lapses greater,
 Till he was warned that next offense
 Would have this certain consequence,—
 Expulsion from his Alma Mater.
 One need not be a necromancer
 To guess that, with so wild a wight,
 The next offense occurred the next night ;
 When our incurable came rolling
 Home as the midnight chimes were tolling,
 And rang the college bell. No answer.
 The second peal was vain,—the third
 Made the street echo its alarum ;
 When, to his great delight, he heard
 The sordid janitor, old Ben,
 Rousing and growling in his den.
 “Who’s there ?—I s’pose, young Harum-scarum.”
 “’Tis I, my worthy Ben,—’TIS HARRY.”
 “Ay, so I thought ; and there you’ll tarry.
 ’Tis past the hour, the gates are closed,
 You know my orders,—I shall lose
 My place, if I undo the door.”
 “And I, young Hopeful interposed,
 “Shall be expelled, if you refuse ;
 So prithee”—Ben began to snore.
 “I’m wet,” cried Harry, “to the skin ;
Hip ! halloo ! Ben !—Don’t be a ninny ;
 Beneath the gate I’ve thrust a guinea,—
 So tumble out and let me in.”

"*Humph!*" growled the greedy old curmudgeon,
Half overjoyed and half in dudgeon,

"Now you may pass; but make no fuss,
On tiptoe walk, and hold your prate."

"Look on the stones, old Cerberus,"

Cried Harry as he passed the gate;

"I've dropped a shilling; take the light,
You'll find it just outside;—good night."

Behold the porter in his shirt,

Cursing the rain, which never stopped,

Groping and raking in the dirt,

And all without success: but that

Is hardly to be wondered at,

Because no shilling had been dropped;

So he gave o'er the search at last,

Regained the door, and found it fast!

With sundry oaths, and growls, and groans,

He rang,—once,—twice,—thrice; and then,

Mingled with giggling, heard the tones

Of Harry mimicking old Ben.

"Who's there? 'Tis really a disgrace

To ring so loud;—I've locked the gate,

I know my duty,—'t is too late,—

You wouldn't have me lose my place!"

"Psha! Mr. Dashington, remember

This is the middle of November.

I'm stripped; 'tis raining cats and dogs."

"Hush! hush!" quoth Hal, "I'm fast asleep;"

And then he snored as loud and deep

As a whole company of hogs.

"But, harkye, Ben, I'll grant admittance

At the same rate I paid myself."

"Nay, master, leave me half the pittance,"

Replied the avaricious elf.

"No; all or none,—a full acquittance;
The terms, I know, are somewhat high;
But *you* have fixed the price, not *I*;
I won't take less, I can't afford it."
So finding all his haggling vain,
Ben, with an oath, and groan of pain,
Drew out the guinea, and restored it.
"Surely you'll give me," growled th' outwitted
Porter, when again admitted,
"Something, now you've done your joking,
For all this trouble, time, and soaking."
"O! surely, surely," Harry said;
"Since, as you urge, I broke your rest,
And you're half drowned, and quite undressed,—
I'll give you leave to go to bed." [Horace Smith,

JOHN LITTLEJOHN.

JOHN LITTLEJOHN was stanch and strong,
Upright and downright, scorning wrong;
He gave good weight, and paid his way,
He thought for himself, and he said his say.
Whenever a rascal strove to pass,
Instead of silver, money of brass,
He took his hammer, and said, with a frown,—
"*The coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn was firm and true,
You could not cheat him in "two and two;"
When foolish arguers, might and main,
Darkened and twisted the clear and plain,
He saw, through the mazes of their speech,
The simple truth beyond their reach;
And crushing their logic, said with a frown,—
"*Your coin is spurious, nail it down.*"

John Littlejohn maintained the right,
Through storm and shine, in the world's despite ;
When fools or quacks desired his vote,
Dosed him with arguments, learned by rote,
Or by coaxing, threats, or promise, tried
To gain his support to the wrongful side,
"Nay, nay," said John, with an angry frown,
"Your coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told that kings had a right divine,
And that the people were herds of swine,
That nobles alone were fit to rule,
That the poor were unimproved by school,
That ceaseless toil was the proper fate
Of all but the wealthy and the great,
John shook his head, and said, with a frown,—
"The coin is spurious, nail it down."

When told, that events might justify
A false and crookèd policy ;
That a decent hope of future good
Might excuse departure from rectitude ;
That a *lie*, if white, was a small offense,
To be forgiven by men of sense,
"Nay, nay," said John, with a sigh and a frown,
"The coin is spurious, nail it down."

[Charles Mackay.]

THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.

A MONK, when his rites sacerdotal were o'er,
In the depth of his cell, with his stone-covered floor,
Resigning to thought his chimerical brain,
Once formed the contrivance we now shall explain ;
But whether by magic's or alchemy's powers,
We know not ; indeed, 't is no business of ours.

Perhaps, it was only by patience and care,
At last, that he brought his invention to bear :
In youth 't was projected, but years stole away,
And ere 't was complete, he was wrinkled and gray ;
But success is secure, unless energy fails ;
And, at length, he produced **THE PHILOSOPHER'S SCALES.**

“What were they ?” you ask ; you shall presently see ;
These scales were not made to weigh sugar and tea ;
O no ! for such properties wondrous had they,
That qualities, feelings, and thoughts, they could weigh :
Together with articles small or immense,
From mountains or planets, to atoms of sense.

Naught was there so bulky, but there it would lay,
And naught so ethereal, but there it would stay,
And naught so reluctant, but in it must go :
All which some examples more clearly will show.

The first thing he weighed was the head of Voltaire,
Which retained all the wit that had ever been there ;
As a weight, he threw in a torn scrap of a leaf,
Containing the prayer of the penitent thief ;
When the skull rose aloft with so sudden a spell,
That it bounced like a ball on the roof of the cell.

One time, he put in Alexander the Great,
With the garment that Dorcas had made, for a weight,
And, though clad in armor from sandals to crown,
The hero rose up, and the garment went down.

A long row of alms-houses, amply endowed
By a well-esteemed Pharisee, busy and proud,
Next loaded one scale ; while the other was pressed
By those mites the poor widow dropped into the chest ;
Up flew the endowment, not weighing an ounce,
And down, down the farthing-worth came with a bounce.

By further experiments (no matter how),
He found that ten chariots weighed less than one plow ;
A sword with gilt trapping rose up in the scale,
Though balanced by only a tenpenny nail ;
A shield and a helmet, a buckler and spear,
Weighed less than a widow's uncrystallized tear.

A lord and a lady went up at full sail,
When a bee chanced to light on the opposite scale ;
Ten doctors, ten lawyers, two courtiers, one earl,
Ten counselors' wigs, full of powder and curl,
All heaped in one balance and swinging from thence,
Weighed less than a few grains of candor and sense ;
A first water diamond, with brilliants begirt,
Than one good potato, just washed from the dirt :
Yet not mountains of silver and gold could suffice,
One pearl to outweigh,—'t was THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE.

Last of all, the whole world was bowled in at the grate,
With the soul of a beggar to serve for a weight,
When the former sprang up with so strong a rebuff,
That it made a vast rent and escaped at the roof !
When balanced in air, it ascended on high,
And sailed up aloft, a balloon in the sky ;
While the scale with the soul in 't so mightily fell,
That it jerked the philosopher out of his cell.

[Jane Taylor

PHAETHON, OR THE AMATEUR COACHMAN.

DAN PHAETHON,—so the histories run,—
Was a jölly young chap, and a son of the Sun ;
Or rather of Phœbus,—but as to his mother,
Genealogists make a deuce of a pother,
Some going for one and some for another !
For myself, I must say, as a careful explorer,
This roaring young blade was the son of Aurora !

Now old Father Phœbus, ere railways begun
To elevate funds and depreciate fun,
Drove a very fast coach by the name of "The Sun;"
 Running, they say,
 Trips every day,
(On Sundays and all, in a heathenish way),
All lighted up with a famous array
Of lanterns that shone with a brilliant display,
And dashing along like a gentleman's shay,
With never a fare, and nothing to pay!

Now Phaëthon begged of his doting old father,
To grant him a favor, and this the rather,
Since some one had hinted, the youth to annoy,
That he was n't, by any means, Phœbus's boy!
Intending, the rascally son of a gun,
To darken the brow of the son of the Sun!
"By the terrible Styx!" said the angry sire,
While his eyes flashed volumes of fury and fire,
"To prove your reviler an infamous liar,
I swear I will grant you whate'er you desire!

 "Then by my head,"
 The youngest said,
"I'll mount the coach when the horses are fed!—
For there's nothing I'd choose, as I'm alive,
Like a seat on the box, and a dashing drive!"
 "Nay Phaëthon don't,—
 I beg you won't,—
Just stop a moment and think upon't!
You're quite too young," continued the sage,
"To tend a coach at your tender age!
 Besides, you see,
 'Twill really be
Your first appearance on any stage!

Desist, my child,
 The cattle are wild,
 And when their mettle is thoroughly 'riled,'
 Depend upon't, the coach will be 'spiled':
 They're not the fellows to draw it mild!

Desist, I say,
 You'll rue the day,—
 So mind, and don't be foolish, Pha!"

But the youth was proud,
 And swore aloud,
 'T was just the thing to astonish the crowd,—
 He'd have the horses, and wouldn't be cowed!
 In vain the boy was cautioned at large,
 He called for the chargers, unheeding the charge,
 And vowed that any young fellow of force,
 Could manage a dozen coursers, of course!
 Now Phœbus felt exceedingly sorry
 He had given his word in such a hurry;
 But having sworn by the Styx, no doubt
 He was in for it now, and couldn't back out.

So calling Phaëthon up in a trice,
 He gave the youth a bit of advice:—

"Parce stimulis, utere loris!"

(A "stage direction," of which the core is,
 Don't use the whip,—they're ticklish things,—
 But, whatever you do, hold on to the strings!)
 Remember, the rule of the Jehu-tribe is,

*'Medio tutissimus ibis,'**

As the judge remarked to a rowdy Scotchman,
 (Who was going to quod between two watchmen!)
 So mind your eye and spare your goad,
 Be shy of the stones, and keep in the road!"

* "In the middle you'll go most safely."

Now Phaëthon, perched in the coachman's place,
 Drove off the steeds at a furious pace,
 Fast as coursers running a race,
 Or bounding along in a steeple-chase!
 Of whip and shout there was no lack,

“Crack,—whack,—

Whack,—crack”

Resounding along the horses' back!—
 Frightened beneath the stinging lash,
 Cutting their flanks in many a gash.
 On,—on they sped as swift as a flash,
 Through thick and thin away they dash,
 (Such rapid driving is always rash!)
 When all at once, with a dreadful crash,
 The whole establishment went to smash!

And Phaëthon, he,

As all agree,

Off the coach was suddenly hurled,
 Into a puddle and out of the world!

[Horace Smith

ORATOR PUFF.

MR. ORATOR PUFF had two tones in his voice,

The one squeaking *thus*, and the other down *so*;

In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice;

For one half was B alt, and the rest G below.

O! oh! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough!

But he still talked away, 'spite of coughs and of frowns,

So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,

That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,—

“My voice is for war,” asked him,—“Which of them, pray?”

O! oh! Orator Puff,

One voice for an orator's surely enough!

Reeling homeward one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
He tripped near a sawpit, and tumbled right in,
"Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down.
O! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

"O! save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she tones,
"Help me out! help me out!—I have broken my bones!"
"Help you out!" said a Paddy, who passed, "what a bother!
Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"
O! oh! Orator Puff,
One voice for an orator's surely enough!

[Thomas Moore.]

A VISIT FROM ST. NICHOLAS.

'T WAS the night before Christmas, when all through the
house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced through their heads;
And mamma in her 'kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap;
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from the bed to see what was the matter.

Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.
The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave the luster of mid-day to objects below,
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh, and eight tiny reindeer,

With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled, and shouted, and called them by name;
"Now, *Dasher!* now, *Dancer!* now, *Prancer!* and *Vixen!*
On, *Comet!* on, *Cupid!* on, *Donder* and *Blitzen!*
To the top of the porch! to the top of the wall!
Now dash away! dash away! dash away all!"

As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky;
So up to the house-top the coursers they flew,
With the sleigh full of toys, and St. Nicholas too.
And then, in a twinkling, I heard, on the roof,
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur, from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack.

His eyes,—how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow;
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke it encircled his head like a wreath;
He had a broad face and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowlful of jelly.

He was chubby and plump, a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed, when I saw him, in spite of myself;
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread;

He spoke not a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings ; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose ;
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle.
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight,—
“ *Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!*”

[Clement C. Moore.]

ELEGY ON MRS. BLAIZE.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word,—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind ;
She freely lent to all the poor,—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighborhood to please,
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways,—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew,—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaus and more ;
The king himself has followed her,—
When she has walked before.

But now her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore,
For Kent street well may say,
That had she lived a twelvemonth more,—
She had not died to-day. [Goldsmith.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business,
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or, to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know,—
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business,
Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person
As he is calling anywhere,
Is it any of *your* business
What *his* business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:—
Is it *anybody's* business
What *another's* business is?

If it *is*; or if it *is n't*,
 We would really like to know,
 For, we're certain, if it *is n't*,
 There are some who *make* it so.

[Arthur's Magazine.]

TOBY TOSSPOT.

ONCE on a time,—Toby Tossplot height,—
 Was coming from the Bedford late at night :
 And being Bacchi plenus,—full of wine,
 Although he had a tolerable notion
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'T wasn't direct,—'t was serpentine.
 He worked with sinuosities, along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew worming through a cork,
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,—a fork

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon a shining on Shove's brass plate,
 When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
 And being civil beyond measure,
 "Ring it!" says Toby,—"Very well;
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."
 Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerked it down.

But the first peal 'woke Isaac in a fright,
 Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
 Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.
 At length, he wisely to himself doth say,—calming his fears,—
 "Tush! 'tis some fool has rung and run away;"
 When peal the second rattled in his ears!

Shove jumped into the middle of the floor ;
 And, trembling at each breath of air that stirred,
 He groped down stairs, and opened the street door,
 While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—
 And saw he was a strapper stout and tall,
 Then put this question ;—"Pray, sir, what d'ye want ?"
 Says Toby,—“I want nothing, sir, at all.”

“Want nothing !—Sir, you've pulled my bell, I vow,
 As if you'd jerk it off the wire.”
 Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
 “I pulled it, sir, at your desire.”

“At mine !”—“Yes, yours ; I hope I've done it well ;
 High time for bed, sir : I was hastening to it ;
 But if you write up,—‘Please ring the bell,’
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it.”

L O G I C.

AN Eton stripling,—training for the law,
 A dunce at syntax, but a dab at law,—
 One happy Christmas, laid upon the shelf
 His cap and gown, and stores of learned pelf,
 With all the deathless bards of Greece and Rome,
 To spend a fortnight at his uncle's home.
 Returned, and passed the usual how-d' ye-do's,
 Inquiries of old friends, and college news.—
 “Well, Tom, the road ? what saw you worth discerning ?
 How's all at college, Tom ? what is't you're learning ?”
 “Learning ?—oh, logic, logic ; not the shallow rules
 Of Lockes and Bacons, antiquated fools !
 But wits' and wranglers' logic ; for, d'ye see,
 I'll prove, as clear as A, B, C,

- That an eel-pie's a pigeon; to deny it,
Is to say black's not black."—"Come, let's try it?"—
"Well, sir; an eel-pie is a pie of fish."—"Agreed."—
"Fish-pie may be a jack-pie."—"Well, well, proceed."
"A jack-pie is a John-pie,—and 'tis done!
For every John-pie must be a pie-John," (pigeon).
"Bravo! bravo!" Sir Peter cries,—“Logic forever!
This beats my grandmother,—and she was clever.
But now I think on't, 't would be mighty hard
If merit such as thine met no reward:
To show how much I logic love, in course
I'll make thee master of a chestnut-horse.”
"A horse!" quoth Tom; "blood, pedigree, and paces!
O! what a dash I'll cut at Epsom races!"
Tom dreamt all night of boots and leather breeches,
Of hunting cats and leaping rails and ditches;
Rose the next morn an hour before the lark,
And dragged his uncle, fasting, to the park;
Bridle in hand, each vale he scours, of course
To find out something like a chestnut horse;
But no such animal the meadows' crop;
Till under a large tree Sir Peter stopp'd,
Caught at a branch and shook it, when down fell
A fine horse-chestnut in its prickly shell.
"There, Tom, take that." "Well, sir, and what beside?"
"Why, since you're booted, saddle it and ride."
"Ride! what a chestnut, sir." "Of course,
For I can prove that chestnut is a horse:
Not from the doubtful, fusty, musty rules
Of Locke and Bacon, antiquated fools!
Nor old Malebranche, blind pilot into knowledge:
But by the laws of wit and Eton college:
As you have proved, and which I don't deny,
That a pie-John's the same as a John-pie,

The matter follows, as a thing of course,
That a horse-chestnut is a chestnut horse." [Anonymous.]

APOLOGY FOR THE PIG.

JACOB, I do not love to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig:
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind. And why despise
• The sow-born grunter? He is obstinate,
Thou answerest; ugly; and the filthiest beast
That banquets upon offal. Now, I pray thee,
Hear the pig's counsel.

Is he obstinate?

We must not, Jacob, be deceived by words,
By sophist sounds. A democratic beast,
He knows that his unmerciful drivers seek
Their profit, and not his. He hath not learned
That pigs were made for man,—born to be brawn'd
And baconized. As for his ugliness,—
Nay, Jacob, look at him;
Those eyes have taught the lover flattery.
Behold his tail, my friend; with curls like that
The wanton hop marries her stately spouse:
And what is beauty but the aptitude
Of parts harmonious: give fancy scope,
And thou wilt find that no imagined change
Can beautify the beast. All would but mar
His pig perfection.

The last charge,—he lives
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With precedents right reverend and noble,
And show by sanction of authority,
That 't is a very honorable thing

To thrive by dirty ways. But let me rest
On better ground the unanswerable defense.
The pig is a philosopher, who knows
No prejudice. Dirt? Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter, why the delicate dish that tempts
The o'ergorged epicure is nothing more.
And there, that breeze
Pleads with me, and has won thee to the smile
That speaks conviction. O'er yon blossomed field
Of beans it came, and thoughts of bacon rise.

[Southey.]

THE DUEL.

IN Brentford town of old renown,
There lived a Mister Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mister Clay.

• To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair "outside" was never seen,—
An angel on a cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
"You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell; but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

"Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;—
I, who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle-dove.

"So, pray, before you woo her more,
Consider what you do:
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell,
I'll pop it into you."

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
 "Your threats I do explode ;
One who has been a volunteer
 Knows how to prime and load.

"And so I say to you, unless
 Your passion quiet keeps,
I, who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
 May chance to hit a sheep's !"

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
 And that for copper red ;
But these two went away to give
 Each other change for lead.

But first they found a friend apiece,
 This pleasant thought to give,
That when they both were dead, they'd have
 Two seconds yet to live.

To measure out the ground, not long
 The seconds next forbore ;
And having taken one rash step,
 They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol pan,
 Against the deadly strife ;
By putting in the prime of death,
 Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes ;
 But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so, they found
 They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
 "Here one of us may fall,
And, like St. Paul's Cathedral, now
 Be doomed to have a ball.

"I do confess, I did attach
Misconduct to your name !
If I withdraw the charge, will then
Your ramrod do the same ?"

Said Mr. B., "I do agree ;—
But think of honor's courts,—
If we go off without a shot,
There will be strange reports.

"But look ! the morning now is bright,
Though cloudy it begun ;
Why can't we aim above, as if
We had called out the sun ?"

So up into the harmless air
Their bullets they did send ;
And may all other duels have
That upshot in the end.

[Hood.]

FRANK HAYMAN.

FRANK HAYMAN dearly loved a pleasant joke,
And after long contention with the gout,
A foe that oft besieged him, sallied out
To breathe fresh air, and appetite provoke.
It chanced as he was strolling, void of care,
A drunken porter passed him with a hare ;
The hare was o'er his shoulder flung,
Dangling behind in piteous plight,
And as he crept in zigzag style,
Making the most of every mile,
From side to side poor pussy swung,
As if each moment taking flight.

A dog who saw the man's condition,
A lean and hungry politician,
On the look-out, was close behind,—
A sly and subtle chap,
Of most sagacious smell,
Like politicians of a higher kind,
Ready to snap
At anything that fell.

The porter staggered on ; the dog kept near,
Watching each lucky moment for a bite,
Now made a spring, and then drew back in fear,
While Hayman followed, tittering at the sight.
Through many a street our tipsy porter goes,
Then 'gainst a cask in solemn thought reclin'd ;
The watchful dog the happy moment knows,
And Hayman cheers him on not far behind.

Encouraged thus, what dog would dare refrain ?
He jumped and bit, and jumped and bit, and jumped
Till having made a hearty meal, [and bit again ;
He careless turned upon his heel,
And trotted at his ease away,
Nor thought of asking,—“ What's to pay ?”

And here some sage, with moral spleen may say,
“ This Hayman should have driven the dog away !
The effects of vice the blameless should not bear,
And folks that are not drunkards lose their hare.”

Not so unfashionably good,
The waggish Hayman laughing stood,
Until, our porter's stupor o'er,
He jogged on, tottering as before,
Unconscious anybody kind
Had eased him of his load behind ;—

Now on the houses bent his eye,
 As if his journey's end were nigh,
 Then read a paper in his hand,
 And made a stand.—

Hayman drew near with eager mien,
 To mark the closing of the scene,
 His mirth up to the brim;
 The porter read the address once more,
 And hiccoughed, "Where's one Hayman's door?
 I've got a hare for him!" [Taylor.

A GRECIAN FABLE.

ONCE on a time, a son and sire, we're told,—
 The stripling tender, and the father old,—
 Purchased a donkey at a country fair,
 To ease their limbs, and hawk about their ware;
 But as the sluggish animal was weak,
 They feared, if both should mount, his back would break.
 Up got the boy, the father plods on foot,
 And through the gazing crowd he leads the brute;—
 Forth from the crowd the graybeards hobble out,
 And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout:
 "This the respect to feeble age you show?
 And this the duty you to parents owe?
 He beats the hoof, and you are set astride;
 Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride!"
 As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
 The decent, duteous youth resigned his place.
 Then a fresh murmur through the rabble ran;
 Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man:
 "Sure ne'er was brute so void of nature!
 Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
 To your own baby can you be unkind?
 Here, Luke,—Bill,—Betty,—put the child behind!"

Old dapple next the clowns' compassion claimed :
" 'Tis passing strange those bodies ben't ashamed,—
Two at a time upon a poor dumb beast !
They might as well have carried *him*, at least."
The pair, still pliant to the partial voice,
Dismount, and bear the brute.—Then what a noise !
Hurrahs, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet silent sire these words provoke :
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call ;
Vain his attempt who strives to please them all !"

[Foots.]

THE COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR SELLER.

A FELLOW, in a market town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence :
Which certainly seemed wondrous cheap ;
And, for the money, quite a heap,
As every man would buy, with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard ;
Poor Hodge, who suffered by a broad black beard,
That seemed a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose ;
With cheerfulness the eighteen pence he paid,
And proudly to himself in whisper said,
" This rascal stole the razors, I suppose."

" No matter if the fellow be a knave,
Provided that the razors shave ;
It certainly will be a monstrous prize."
So home the clown with his good fortune went,
Smiling, in heart and soul content,
And quickly soaped himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lathered from a dish or tub,
Hodge now began, with grinning pain, to grub,

Just like a hedger cutting furze :

'T was a vile razor !—then the rest he tried,—

All were impostors !—“Ah !” Hodge sighed,

“I wish my eighteen pence within my purse.”

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,

He cut and dug, and winced, and stamped, and swore,

Brought blood and danced, blasphemed and made wry faces,

And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His muzzle, formed of opposition stuff,

Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff ;

So kept it,—laughing at the steel and suds.

Hodge, in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,

Vowing the direst vengeance, with clenched claws,

On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

“Razors !—a vile, confounded dog,—

Not fit to scrape a hog !”

Hodge sought the fellow,—found him, and begun,

“Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 't is fun,

That people flay themselves out of their lives :

You rascal ! for an hour have I been grubbing,

Giving my crying whiskers here a scrubbing,

With razors just like oyster-knives.

“Sirrah ! I tell you, you're a knave,

To cry up razors that can't shave.”

“Friend,” quoth the razor man, “I'm not a knave :

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul, I never thought

That they would shave.”

“Not think they'd shave ?” quoth Hodge, with wondering

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ; [eyes,

“What were they made for, then, you dog ?” he cries.

“Made !” quoth the fellow, with a smile,—“to sell.”

[Wolcott.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SPEAKER.

QUEEN MAB.

O! THEN, I see, queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film:
Her wagoner, a small gray-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream;
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

[Shakespeare.]

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR MAN.

So goes the world ; if wealthy, you may call
This—friend, *that*—brother :—friends and brothers all ;
Though you are worthless, witless,—never mind it ;
You may have been a stable boy,—what then ?
'Tis wealth, my friends, makes *honorable* men.
You seek respect, no doubt, and you will find it.

But if you are poor, heaven help you ! though your sire
Had royal blood in him, and though you
Possess the intellect of angels too,
'Tis all in vain ;—the world will ne'er inquire
On such a score :—why should it take the pains ?
'Tis easier to weigh purses, sure, than brains.
I once saw a poor fellow, keen and clever,
Witty and wise ;—he paid a man a visit,
And no one noticed him, and no one ever
Gave him a welcome. “ Strange,” cried I, “ whence is it ?”

He walked on this side, then on that,
He tried to introduce a social chat ;
Now here, now there, in vain he tried ;
Some formally and freezingly replied,
And some said by their silence,—“ Better stay at home.”

A rich man burst the door,
As Croesus rich ;—I'm sure
He could not pride himself upon his wit ;
And as for wisdom, he had none of it ;
He had what's better,—he had wealth.

What a confusion !—all stand up erect,—
These crowd around to ask him of his health ;
These bow in *honest* duty and respect ;
And these arrange a sofa or a chair,
And these conduct him there.

"Allow me, sir, the honor;"—then a bow
Down to the earth,—is 't possible to show
Meet gratitude for such kind condescension?

The poor man hung his head,
And to himself he said,
"This is indeed beyond my comprehension."
Then looking round, one friendly face he found,
And said, "Pray tell me why is wealth preferred
To wisdom?"—"That's a silly question, friend!"
Replied the other,—“have you never heard,
A man may lend his store
Of gold or silver ore,
But wisdom none can borrow, none can lend?"

[Chamitzer.]

WILL WADDLE.

Who has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
Has seen "Lodgings to Let" stare him full in the face.
Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 't is well known,
Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,
Hired lodgings that took single gentlemen only:
But Will was so fat he appeared like a tun,
Or like two single gentlemen rolled into one.

He entered his rooms, and to bed he retreated,
But all the night long he felt fevered and heated;
And though heavy to weigh as a score of fat sheep,
He was not by any means heavy to sleep.

Next night 't was the same; and the next, and the next;
He perspired like an ox; he was nervous and vexed;
Week passed after week, till, by weekly succession,
His weakly condition was past all expression.

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt him,
For his skin "like a lady's loose gown" hung about him ;
He sent for a doctor, and cried like a ninny :
"I have lost many pounds,—make me well,—there's a guinea."

The doctor looked wise ; "A slow fever," he said ;
Prescribed sudorifics and going to bed.
"Sudorifics in bed," exclaimed Will, "are humbugs !
I've enough of them there without paying for drugs !"

Will kicked out the doctor ; but when ill indeed,
E'en dismissing the doctor don't always succeed ;
So, calling his host, he said,—"Sir, do you know,
I'm the fat single gentleman six months ago ?

"Look 'e, landlord, I think," argued Will with a grin,
"That with honest intentions you first took me in :
But from the first night,—and to say it I'm bold,—
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord,—"Till now, I ne'er had a dispute ;
I've let lodgings ten years ; I'm a baker to boot ;
In airing your sheets, sir, my wife is no sloven ;
And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"*The oven !*" says Will. Says the host,—"Why this passion ?
In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.
Why so crusty good sir?"—"Zounds!" cries Will, in a taking,
"Who wouldn't be *crusty*, with half a year's *baking* !"

Will paid for his rooms ; cried the host, with a sneer,
"Well, I see you've been *going away* half a year."
"Friend, we can't well agree ; yet no quarrel," Will said ;
"*But I'd rather not perish while you make your bread.*"

[Colman.]

THE NIMMERS.

Two foot companions once in deep discourse,
 "Tom," says the one, "let's go and steal a horse."
 "Steal!" says the other, in a huge surprise,
 "He that says I'm a *thief*,—I say he *lies*."
 "Well, well," replies his friend, "no such affront,
 I did but ask ye,—if you won't,—you won't."

So they jogged on,—till, in another strain,
 The querist moved to honest Tom again:
 "Suppose," says he,—“for supposition sake,—
 'Tis but a supposition that I make,—
 Suppose that we should *filch* a horse, I say?"
 "Filch! filch!" quoth Tom, demurring by the way;
 "That's not so bad as downright theft, I own,
 But yet, methinks, 't were better let alone:
 It soundeth something pitiful and low;
 Shall we go *filch* a horse, you say,—why no,—
 I'll filch no filching; and I'll tell no lie:
 Honesty's the best policy,—say I."

Struck with such vast integrity quite dumb,
 His comrade paused,—at last, says he,—“Come, come;
 Thou art an *honest* fellow, I agree,—
 Honest and poor; alas! that should not be:
 And dry into the bargain,—and no drink!
 Shall we go *nim* a horse, Tom,—what dost think?"

How clear things are when liquor's in the case!
 How oily words give wickedness a grace!
 "Nim? yes, yes, yes, let's nim with all my heart;
 I see no harm in *nimming*, for my part;
 Hard is the case, if I am any judge,
 That honesty on foot should always trudge;

So many idle horses round about,
 That honesty should wear its vitals out;
 Besides,—shall honesty be choked with thirst?
 Were it my lord mayor's horse, I'd nim it first.

Not far from thence a noble charger stood,
 Snug in his master's stable, taking food;
 Which beast they stole, or, as *they* called it, *nimmed*,
 Just as the twilight all the landscape dimmed.
 And now, good people, we should next relate
 Of these adventurers the luckless fate:
 What is most likely is, that both these elves
 Were, in like manner, halter-nimmed themselves.

It matters not,—the *moral* is the thing,
 For which our purpose, neighbors, was to sing:
 'Tis but a short one, it is true, but yet,
 Has a long reach with it,—videlicet,
 'Twixt right and wrong, how many gentle trimmers
 Will neither steal, nor filch, but will be plaguy *nimmers*!

[Byron.]

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELOR.

A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
 Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing, and maltreating
 Women, or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer,—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appeared expressly meant by fate
 For being quizzed and played upon:

- So having tipped the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down,
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And, went to work.
- "Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?"
"Why,—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on *four* legs, instead of *two*."
- "Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below there.
Now look at me, clown, and attend;
Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
"Yèes,—very like,—I often go there."
- "Our rustic's waggish,—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried with grin sardonic;
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius, of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York, residing.
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,—
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you,
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"
- "Why,—no, sir, no; we've got our share,
But not so many as when *you* were there!"

[Horace Smith.]

HODGE AND THE VICAR.

HODGE, a poor, honest country lout,
Not overstocked with learning,
Chanced, on a summer's eve, to meet
The vicar home returning.

"Ah! Master Hodge," the vicar cried,

"What! still as wise as ever?

The people in the village say

That you are wondrous clever."

"Why, Master Parson, as to that,

I beg you'll right conceive me;

I do na' brag; but yet I know

A thing or two, believe me."

"We'll try your skill," the parson said,

"For learning what digestion;

And this you'll prove,—or right or wrong,—

By solving me a question:

"Noah, of old, three babies had,

Or grown-up children, rather;

Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called;—

Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"Rat it!" cried Hodge, and scratched his head,

"That doth my wits belabor;

But, howsome'de'er I'll homeward run,

And ax Old Giles, my neighbor."

To Giles he went, and put the case

With circumspect intention;—

"Thou fool!" cried Giles, "I'll make it clear

To thy dull comprehension.

"Three children has Tom Long, the smith,—

Or cattle-doctor, rather;—

Tom, Dick, and Harry they are called;

Now, who is Harry's father?"

"Adzooks! I have it," Hodge replied;

"Right well I know your lingo;

Who's Harry's father?—stop,—here goes,—

Why, Tom Long, smith, by jingo!"

Away he ran to find the priest,
With all his might and main,
Who, with good humor, instant put
The question once again.

"Noah, of old, three babies had,
Or grown-up children, rather;
Shem, Ham, and Japhet they were called;—
Now, who was Japhet's father?"

"I have it now," Hodge, grinning, cried;
"I'll answer like a proctor;—
Who's Japhet's father?—now I know;
Why, Tom Long, smith, the doctor!"

[Anonymous.]

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

WILL WAG went to see Charley Quirk,
More famed for his books than his knowledge,
In order to borrow a work
He had sought for in vain over college.

But Charley replied, "My dear friend,
You must know I have sworn and agreed
My books from my room not to lend,—
But you may *sit by my fire and read.*"

Now it happened, by chance, on the morrow,
That Quirk, with a cold, quivering air,
Came his neighbor Will's bellows to borrow,
For his own they were out of repair.

But Willy replied, "My dear friend,
I have sworn and agreed, you must know,
That my bellows I never will lend,—
But you may *sit by my fire and blow.*"

[Mrs. Gilman.]

TRUTH IN PARENTHESES.

I **REALLY** take it very kind,—
This visit, Mrs. Skinner ;
I have not seen you such an age,—
(The wretch has come to dinner !)
Your daughters, too,—what loves of girls !
What heads for painters' easels !
Come here, and kiss the infant, dears,—
(And give it, p'rhaps, the measles !)
Your charming little niece, and Tom,
From Reverend Mr. Russell's ;
'Twas very kind to bring them both,—
(What boots for my new Brussels !)
What ! little Clara left at home !
Well, now, I call that shabby !
I should have loved to kiss her so,—
(A flabby, dabby babby !)
And Mr. S., I hope he's well,—
But, though he lives so handy,
He never drops once in to sup,—
(The better for our brandy !)
Come, take a seat,—I long to hear
About Matilda's marriage ;
You've come, of course, to spend the day,—
(Thank Heaven ! I hear the carriage !)
What ! must you go ?—next time, I hope,
You'll give me longer measure ;
Nay, I shall see you down the stairs,—
(With most uncommon pleasure !)
Good-by ! good-by ! Remember, all,
Next time you'll take your dinners,—
(Now, David, mind,—I'm not at home,
In future, to the Skinners).

[Thomas Hood.]

THE WIND IN A FROLIC.

THE wind one morning sprung up from sleep,
Saying, "Now for a *frolic*! now for a *leap*!
Now for a *mad-cap galloping* chase!
I'll make a commotion in *every* place!"
So it swept with a bustle right through a great town,
Creaking the signs, and scattering down
Shutters; and whisking with merciless squalls,
Old women's *bonnets* and *gingerbread stalls*;
There never was heard a much *lustier* shout,
As the *apples* and *oranges* tumbled about,
And the *urchins*, that stand with their thievish *eyes*
Forever on watch, ran off *each with a prize*.
Then away to the *field* it went blustering and humming,
And the *cattle* all wondered *whatever* was coming;
It plucked by their *tails* the grave matronly *cows*,
And tossed the colt's *manes* all about their brows,
Till *offended* at such a *familiar* salute,
They all turned their *backs* and stood silently *mute*.
So on it went capering and playing its pranks;
Whistling with *reeds* on the broad river's banks;
Puffing the *birds* as they sat on the spray,
Or the *traveler* *grave*, on the king's highway.
It was not too nice to hustle the bags
Of the *beggar*, and flutter his *dirty rags*;
'Twas so *bold* that it feared not to play its joke
With the *doctor's wig*, and the *gentleman's cloak*.
Through the *forest* it roared and cried gayly, "Now,
You sturdy old *oaks*, I'll make *you* bow!"
And it *made* them bow without more ado,
And *cracked* their *great branches* through and through.
Then it rushed like a *monster* on cottage and farm,
Striking their dwellers with *sudden alarm*,
And they ran out like *bees* in a *midsummer* swarm.

There were *dames* with their '*kerchiefs* tied over *their caps*,
To see if their *poultry* were free from mishaps.
The *turkeys* they *gobbled*, the *geese* screamed aloud,
And the *hens* crept to *roost* in a terrified crowd ;
There was rearing of *ladders*, and *logs* laying on,
Where the *thatch* from the roof threatened *soon* to be *gone*.
But the wind had passed on, and had met in a lane
With a *shool-boy*, who panted and struggled in vain ;
For it *tossed* him, and *twirled* him, then passed, and he stood
With his *hat* in a *pool*, and his *shoe* in the *mud*. [Hewitt.

THE COLD-WATER MAN.

THERE lived an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,—
Who dwelt hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.

A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod ;
So *even* ran his *line* of life,
His neighbors thought it *odd*.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish ;
No school to him was worth a fig
Except a "school" of fish.

This single-minded fisherman,
A double calling had,—
To tend his flocks, in winter-time,
In summer, fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman,
All other toils forsook ;
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "*hook* and *crook*."

All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he ;
His *angles* all were *right* ;
And, when he scratched his aged *poll*,
You'd know he'd got a *bite*.

To charm the fish he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine ;
He found the most convenient way,
Was just to "*drop a line*."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own with grief, this angler had
A mighty "*taking way*."

One day, while fishing on the log,
He mourned his want of luck,—
When, suddenly, he felt a bite,
A jerking,—caught a *duck* !

Alas ! that day, the fisherman
Had taken too much grog ;
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't "*keep the log*."

In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore ;—
Down, down he went to feed the fish,
He'd *baited* oft before !

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear :—
A single "*drop too much*" of rum,
May make a watery *bier*.

[O. W. Holmes.]

THE ATHEIST AND ACORN.

"METHINKS the world seems oddly made,
And everything amiss ;"
A dull complaining atheist said,
As stretched he lay beneath the shade,
And instanced it in this :

"Behold," quoth he, "that mighty thing,
A pumpkin large and round,
Is held but by a little string,
Which upward can not make it spring,
Nor bear it from the ground.

"While on this oak an acorn small,
So disproportioned grows,
That whosoe'er surveys this all,
This universal casual ball,
Its ill contrivance knows.

"My better judgment would have hung
The pumpkin on the tree,
And left the acorn slightly strung,
'Mongst things that on the surface sprung,
And weak and feeble be."

No more the caviler could say,
No further faults descry ;
For upward gazing, as he lay,
An acorn, loosened from its spray,
Fell down upon his eye.

The wounded part with tears ran o'er,
As punished for that sin :
Fool ! had that bough a pumpkin bore,
Thy whimses would have worked no more,
Nor skull have kept them in. [Anacronym.

THE REMOVAL.

A NERVOUS old gentleman, tired of trade,—
By which, though, it seems, he a fortune had made,—
Took a house 'twixt two sheds, at the skirts of the town,
Which he meant, at his leisure, to buy and pull down.

This thought struck his mind when he viewed the estate ;
But, alas ! when he entered he found it too late ;
For in each dwelt a smith :—a more hard-working two
Never doctored a patient, or put on a shoe.

At six in the morning, their anvils, at work,
Awoke our good squire, who raged like a Turk :
“ These fellows,” he cried, “ such a clattering keep,
That I never can get above eight hours of sleep.”

From morning till night they keep thumping away,—
No sound but the anvil the whole of the day :
His afternoon's nap, and his daughter's new song,
Were banished and spoiled by their hammers' ding-dong.

He offered each Vulcan to purchase his shop ;
But, no ! they were stubborn, determined to stop :
At length (both his spirits and health to improve)
He cried, “ I'll give each fifty guineas to move.”

“ Agreed ! ” said the pair ; “ that will make us amends.”
“ Then come to my house, and let us part friends :
You shall dine ; and we'll drink on this joyful occasion,
That each may live long in his new habitation.”

He gave the two blacksmiths a sumptuous regale,—
He spared not provisions, his wine, nor his ale ;
So much was he pleased with the thought that each guest
Would take from him noise, and restore to him rest.

"And now," said he, "tell me, where mean you to move,—
I hope to some spot where your trade will improve?"

"Why, sir," replied one, with a grin on his phiz,

"Tom Forge moves to my shop, and I move to his!"

[Anonymous.]

HISTORY OF JOHN DAY.

JOHN DAY, he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman kind;
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight,
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a christmas-box,
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of "The Crown" he loved,
From whom he never ranged;
For, though he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often among twelve outsides,
No outside deemed like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter pump,
He came and knelt, with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, "My taste will never learn
To like so huge a man;
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can."

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears;
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed,—in vain he sued,—
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on the way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town;
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

"O Mary! view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf!
Though I have never had a wife,
I've lost my better half!"

Alas! in vain, he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone,
He could not move a flint!

Worn out, at last he made a vow,
To break his being's link,
For he was so reduced in size,
At nothing he could shrink.

THE HIGH SCHOOL SPEAKER.

Now, some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath;
But John, though he drank nothing else,
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid, that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown;
But that is only talk;
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

THE ALARMED SKIPPER.

MANY a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.

They greased the lead before it fell,
And then, by sounding through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck, so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.

A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell by tasting, just the spot,
And so below, he'd "dowse the glim,"—
After, of course, his "something hot."

Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept,—for skippers' naps are sound!

The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead ;
He'd up and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.

One night, 't was Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag,—the peddler's son ;
And so he mused (the wanton wretch),
“To-night I'll have a grain of fun.

“We're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows by tasting
What ground he's on ; Nantucket schools
Don't teach such stuff, with all their basting !”

And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—(a parsnep bed),—
And then he sought the skipper's berth.

“Where are we now, sir ? Please to taste.”
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
Then oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung !

The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,—
“Nantucket's sunk, and here we are
Right over old Marm Hackett's garden !”

[J. T. Field.

THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
One took the other briskly by the hand :
“Hark ye,” said he, “'tis an odd story this,
About the crows !”—“I don't know what it is,”

- Replied his friend.—“No? I’m surprised at that;
Where I come from, it is the common chat:
But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
And that it happened, they are all agreed:
Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
A gentleman, that lives not far from ’Change,
This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows.”
- “Impossible!”—“Nay, but it’s really true;
I had it from good hands, and so may you.”
- “From whose, I pray?” So having named the man,
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.
- “Sir, did you tell,”—relating the affair,—
- “Yes, sir, I did; and if it’s worth your care,
Ask Mr. Such-a-one; he told it me:
But, by-the-by, ’t was two black crows, not three.”
Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
Whip to the third the virtuoso went.
- “Sir,”—and so forth,—“Why, yes; the thing is fact,
Though in regard to number not exact;
It was not two black crows; ’t was only one;
The truth of that you may depend upon:
The gentleman himself told me the case.”
- “Where may I find him?” “Why,—in such a place.”
Away he goes, and having found him out,—
- “Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.”
Then to his last informant he referred,
And begged to know if true what he had heard.
- “Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?” “Not I!”
- “Bless me! how people propagate a lie!
Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,
And here I find, at last, all comes to none!”
Did you say nothing of a crow at all?”
- “Crow,—crow,—perhaps I might, now I recall

The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was't?"
"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,
I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,
Something that was as black, sir, as a crow."

[Byron.

THE GOUTY MERCHANT AND THE STRANGER.

In Broad-street buildings (on a winter night),
Snug by his parlor fire, a gouty wight
Sat all alone, with one hand rubbing
His feet, rolled up in fleecy hose;
With t'other he'd beneath his nose
The Public Ledger, in whose columns grubbing
He noted all the sales of hops,
Ships, shops, and slops,

Gums, galls, and groceries, ginger, gin,
Tar, tallow, turmeric, turpentine, and tin;

When, lo! a decent personage in black
Entered, and most politely said,—

"Your footman, sir, has gone his nightly track
To the,—King's Head,
And left your door ajar, which I
Observed in passing by;

And thought it neighborly to give you notice."

"Ten thousand thanks,—how very few get
In time of danger

Such kind attentions from a stranger!

Assuredly, that fellow's throat is
Doomed to a final drop at Newgate:
He knows, too (the unconscious elf),
That there's no soul at home except myself."

"Indeed!" replied the stranger, looking grave,

"Then he's a double knave:

He knows that rogues and thieves by scores
Nightly beset unguarded doors:

And see, how easily might one
 Of these domestic foes,
 Even beneath your very nose;
 Perform his knavish tricks;
 Enter your room, as I have done,
 Blow out your candles,—thus,—and thus,
 Pocket your silver candlesticks,
 And walk off,—thus !”
 So said,—so done,—he made no more remark,
 Nor waited for replies,
 But marched off with his prize,
 Leaving the gouty merchant in the dark. [Anonymous.

MISCONCEPTION.

Ere night her sable curtains spread;
 Ere Phœbus had retired to bed
 In Thetis' lap;
 Ere Drowsy watchmen yet had ta'en
 Their early nap,—
 A wight, by hungry fiend made bold,
 To farmer Fitz-Maurice's fold
 Did slily creep,
 Where numerous flocks were quiet laid
 In the arms of sleep.
 No doubt, the sheep he meant to steal;
 But, hapless, close behind his heel
 Was plowman Joe,
 Who just arrived in time to stop
 The murderous blow.
 May ill luck on ill actions wait!
 The felon must to justice straight
 Be dragged by force;
 Where prosecutors urge his guilt,
 Without remorse,

With fear o'erwhelmed, the victim stands,
Anticipates the dread commands
From the elbow chair,
Where justice sits in solemn state.
With brow austere.

"Rogue! what excuse hast thou for this?
For, to old Gilbert Fitz-Maurice,
Thou knew'st full well,
The sheep within that fold belonged,—
Come, quickly tell.

Confess thy crime; 't will naught avail
To say, the mark above the tail
Thou didst not heed;
For G. F. M., in letters large,
Thou plain mightst read."

"'Tis true, I did," the thief replies;
"But man is not a all times wise;
As I'm a glutton,
I really thought that G. F. M.
Meant,—Good, Fat, Mutton!"

[Anonymous.]

THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND GEORGE III.

ONCE in the chase, this monarch drooping,
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
Where an old crone was hanging on the pot;
The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
Had apple dumplings ready for the pot;
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When lo! the monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning asked, "What's here? what's here?
what? what? what? what?"

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand,—
 And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple :
 “ ‘Tis monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard,” he cried ;
 “ What makes the thing so hard ?” The dame replied,
 Low courtseying, “ Please your majesty, the apple.”
 “ Very astonishing indeed ! strange thing !”
 (Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king,
 “ ‘Tis most extraordinary now, all this is,—
 It beats the conjurer’s capers all to pieces,—
 Strange I should never of a dumpling dream,—
 But Goody, tell me, where, where, where’s the seam ?”
 “ Sire, there’s no seam,” quoth she, “ I never knew
 That folks did apple-dumplings sew !”—
 “ No ?” cried the staring monarch with a grin.
 “ Then, where, where, where, pray, got the apple ” ”

Volcott.

THE DIRECTING POST.

In winter, once, an honest traveling wight
 Pursued his road to Derby, late at night ;
 ‘Twas very cold, the wind was bleak and high,
 And not a house nor living thing was nigh ;
 At length he came to where some four roads met,
 (It rained too, and he was completely wet),
 And being doubtful which way he should take,
 He drew up to the finger-post to make
 It out,—and after much of poring, fumbling,
 Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,
 ‘Twas thus the words he traced,—“ To Derby,—five ;”
 “ A goodly distance yet, as I’m alive !”
 But on he drove, a weary length of way,
 And wished his journey he’d delayed till day :
 He wondered that no town appeared in view,
 (The wind blew stronger, it rained faster, too),

When to his great relief he met a man :

- "I say, good friend, pray tell me if you can,
How far is 't hence to Derby?" "Derby, hey!
Why zur, thee be'est completely come astray;
This y'ant the road." "Why zounds the guide-post showed
'To Derby, five,'—and pointed down this road!"
"Ay, dang it, that may be, for you maun know,
The post it war blown down last night, and so
This morn I put it up again, but whether
(As I can't put great A and B together)
The post is right, I'm zure I cannot zay,—
The town is just five miles the other way." [Anon.]

P A R T I V.

DIALOGUES—SERIOUS.

THE TWO ROBBERS.

[ALEXANDER the Great in his tent. A man with a fierce countenance, chained and fettered, brought before him.]

Alexander. What, art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much ?

Robber. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

A. A soldier !—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin ! the pest of the country ! I could honor thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. What have I done of which you can complain ?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority ; violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow subjects ?

R. Alexander ! I am your captive,—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered ; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power, to silence those with whom I deign to converse.

R. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life ?

A. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest ; among sovereigns, the noblest ; among conquerors, the mightiest.

R. And does not fame speak of me, too ? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band ? Was there ever,—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

A. Still, what are you but a robber,—a base, dishonest robber ?

R. And what is a conqueror ? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry ; plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion ? All that I have done to a single district with a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have ruined kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What then is the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I ?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater. I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

R. I, too, have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind, and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know, indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of, but I believe neither you nor I shall ever atone to the world for half the mischief we have done it.

A. Leave me. Take off his chains and use him well. Are we then so much alike? Alexander a robber! Let me reflect.

[Dr. Alkin.]

THE HAKON JARL.

HAKON—ERLING.

[HAKON enters, leading his son Erling by the hand.]

Erling. 'Tis cold, my father!

Hakon. 'Tis yet early morning. Art thou so very chill?

E. Nay, 'tis no matter.—

I shall behold the rising sun,—how grand!

A sight that I have never known before.

H. Seest thou yon ruddy streaks along the east?

E. What roses! how they bloom and spread on high!

Yet, father, tell me whence come all these pearls,

Wherewith the valley here is richly strewn?

How brightly they reflect the rosy light!

H. They are not pearls, it is the morning dew!

And that which thou deem'st roses, is the sun!

Seest thou? he rises now. Look at him, boy!

E. O! what a beauteous whirling globe he seems:

How fiery red! Dear father, can we never

Visit the sun in yonder distant land?

H. My child, our whole life thitherward is tending;

That flaming ball of light is Odin's eye,—

His other is the moon, of milder light,

That he just now has left in Mimer's well,

There by the charming waves to be refreshed.

E. And where is Mimer's well?

H. The sacred ocean,—

That is old Mimer's deep and potent well.

That strengthens Odin's eyes. From the cool waves,

At morning duly comes the sun refreshed,
The moon again by night.

E. But now it hurts me,—
It mounts too high.

H. Upon his golden throne,
The almighty father mounts, soon to survey
The whole wide earth. The central diamond
In his meridian crown, our earthly sight
May not contemplate. What man dares to meet
The unvailed aspect of the king of day?

E. (*Terrified.*) Hu! hu! my father,—in the forest yonder,
What are those bearded, frightful men?

H. Fear not,—
They are the statues of the gods, by men
Thus hewn in marble. They blind not with sun-gleams.
Before them we can pray with confidence,
And look upon them with untroubled firmness.
Come, child,—let us go nearer!

E. No, my father!
I am afraid,—seest thou that old man there!
• Him with the beard? I am afraid of him!

H. Child, it is Odin,—wouldst thou fly from Odin?

E. No,—no,—I fear not the great king in heaven,—
He is so good and beautiful, and calls
The flowers from earth's bosom, and himself shines
Like a flower on high;—but that pale sorcerer,—
He grins like an assassin!

H. Ha!

E. Father,
At least let me bring my crown of flowers,
I left it there on the hedge, when first
Thou broughtest me hither to see the sun rise.
Then let us go home;
Believe me, that old man there means no good!

H. Go bring thy wreath, and quickly come again,
A lamb for sacrifice is ever crowned. (*Exit Erling.*)
Immortal powers!

Behold the faith of Hakon in this deed. (*Re-enter Erling.*)

E. Here am I, father, and here's the crown.

H. Yet

Ere thou goest, my child, kneel down before
Great Odin. Stretch thy hands both up to heaven,
And say, "Almighty father! hear little
Erling,—as thy child receive him to thy
Paternal bosom." (*He kneels, stretching his arms out toward
the sun, and says with childish innocence and simplicity,*)

E. O! Great Odin, hear
Little Erling! as thy child receive him
To thy paternal bosom. (*Hakon, who stands behind, draws his
dagger, and intends to stab him, but it drops out of his hand;
Erling turns round quietly, takes it up, and says as he rises,*)
Here it is,—

Your dagger, father: 't is so bright and sharp!
When I grow taller I will have one too,
Thee to defend against thy enemies.

H. Ha! what enchanter with such words assists
To move thy father's heart?

E. How's this, my father?
You are not angry, sure! What have I done?

H. Come, Erling! follow me behind that statue!

E. Behind that frightful man! O! no.

H. Yet listen!
There are red roses blooming there, not white,—
But red and purple roses,—'t is a pleasure
To see them shooting forth. Come then, my child!

E. Dear father, stay,—I am so much afraid,—
I do not love red roses.

H. Come, I say.

Hearst thou not Hemidal's cock! He crows and crows.
Now it is time.

[Anonymus.]

PRINCE ARTHUR OF BRETAGNE.

PRINCE ARTHUR — HUBERT — ATTENDANTS.

H. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras; when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1 Att. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to it.—
(*Exeunt Attendants.*)

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you. (*Enter Arth.*)

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be;—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my Christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practices more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son?
No, indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. (*Aside.*)

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? You look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick ;
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now,
foolish, rheum ! (*Aside.*)

Turning dispiteous torture out the door !
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? Is jt not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me),
And I did never ask it you again :
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you :
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,

Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it:
The iron of itself, though heat red hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. (*Stamps.*)
Do as I bid you. (*Reënter attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*)

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough:
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angrily;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go stand within; let me alone with him.

1 *Att.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. (*Ex. Att.*)

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—

Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth, the fire is dead with grief,—
Being create for comfort,—to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself:
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath, I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert;
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes,
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,

Deny their office ; only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,—
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live ; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns ;
Yet I am sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace : no more : Adieu !—
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep dauntless, and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence : no more. Go closely in with me :
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Shakespeare.]

THE EVIL ADVISER.

Thomas. What's your hurry, Frank ? stop a minute.

Frank. I can't stay ! Father sent me with this letter to
the railroad depot.

Th. Well, the depot won't run away.

Fr. But the cars will ; there's a gentlemen going to New
York, who promised to carry this letter, and there's money in
it for my brother.

Th. But don't you see it's but ten minutes past three,—
and the cars don't start till four, and you have time enough
for what I want of you.

Fr. Well, what do you want ?

Th. Just step in here to see the wild beasts with me ; you have never been, have you ?

Fr. No : I'll go when I come back from my errand.

Th. No, you can't, for then it will be time to go to the writing-master.

Fr. Then I'll go with you to-morrow.

Th. No, you can't, for this is the last day of the exhibition.

Fr. Is it ? that's bad ! I did not know there were any beasts in town till to-day. How many are there ?

Th. Ever so many ; there's a polar bear, and an elephant, and a most beautiful rhinoceros,—

Fr. I have seen a rhinoceros, and he is the ugliest creature that ever was ; his skin sets as loosely upon him as a sailor's trousers.

Th. Well, there's a royal tiger,—

Fr. Is there ? I never saw a royal tiger !

Th. O ! he's a beauty,—all yellow, and covered with black stripes. Then there are little leopards playing just like kittens ; and,—there ! there ! do you hear that ? that's the lion roaring !

Fr. Whew ! that's a peeler ! How long will it take to see them all ?

Th. O ! not half an hour ; and it won't take you five minutes to run down to the depot afterward, if you clip it like a good fellow.

Fr. Are there any monkeys ?

Th. Plenty of them ! the funniest monkeys you ever saw ; they make all sorts of faces.

Fr. Well,—I don't know,—what if I should be too late for the cars ?

Th. No danger of that, I tell you ; the town clock up there is too fast ; it's all out of order ; and, beside, you might

see half the beasts while you are standing here thinking about it ; looking up the street and down the street.

Fr. Well ; come along, then ; where's your money ?

Th. O ! I don't pay ! I got acquainted with the door-keeper after I had been in twice, and now he lets me in for nothing every time I bring a fellow that does pay.

Fr. O ho ! well, I suppose it's quarter of a dollar, and I have one somewhere in my pockets. (*Pulling out his handkerchief to search for the money, drops the letter.*) Ah ! here it is ! Come, Tom ! no time to be lost. Mind you do not let me stay too long.

(*They go into the exhibition booth.*)

(*Frank's father, passing along, picks up the letter, examines it, looks round for Frank, and passes hastily away.*)

(*After some time, the boys come out.*)

Th. You did not see half of them, you were in such a hurry and worry.

Fr. I know it. Are you sure that clock is too fast, Tom ?

Th. I don't know,—I suppose so,—the clocks are wrong half the time.

Fr. Why, you told me it was too fast, Tom ! and now I'll bet any thing I shall be too late ! I wish I hadn't gone in !

Th. Well, why don't you move, then ? What are you rummaging after ?

Fr. Why, after my letter. I'm sure I put it in this pocket. What in the name of wonder has become of it ?

Th. Look in t' other pocket.

Fr. It is n't there ! nor in my hat ! What shall I do ?

Th. Why, you can't have lost it, can you ?

Fr. I have lost it ; I am sure as I can be I had it in this very pocket just before I met you, and now it's gone !

Th. May be somebody stole it in the crowd.

Fr. That's comfort! There was ever so much money in it, for I heard father talking about it at dinner-time.

Th. O! I'll tell you what's become of it?

Fr. What? what?

Th. Why, I guess the elephant took it out of your pocket!

Fr. You ought to be ashamed to stand there laughing, after you have got me into such a scrape! I have a great mind to go in again and look all round.

Th. They won't let you in again, unless you pay.

Fr. O, Tom! what will my father say to me? Where shall I look? I wish I had never heard of the beasts; there was no comfort in looking at them, for I was thinking of the cars all the time; and now my letter is lost, and brother Henry's money, and all; and what will father do to me?

Th. What's the use of telling him any thing about it? he'll never know whether the letter went or not, if you don't say a word.

Fr. Yes, he will; my brother will write to inquire for the money.

Th. Well, and can't you say you gave the letter to the gentleman?

Fr. No, Tom; I can't do that. I can't tell a lie, and, above all, to my father.

Th. The more fool you! But you needn't look so mad about it. There's your father coming now! run and tell him, quick, and get a whipping!

Fr. He will punish me, Tom; that he will. What shall I do?

Th. Take my advice; I'll tell a fib for you, and do you hold to it.

Fr. I never told a lie in my life, Tom!

Th. Then it's high time you did; you'll have to tell a great many before you die.

Fr. I don't believe that.

Th. Well, here's your father. Now see how I'll get you out of the scrape. That's right! keep staring up at the hand-bill on the wall.

(Enter Father; Frank stares at the hand-bill.)

Father. Why, Frank, you have run yourself out of breath; I trust that letter will go safely, for your brother wants the money very much.

Th. Frank was just in time, sir. The cars were just starting.

Fath. O! you went with him, did you?

Th. Yes, sir; and I saw the gentleman put the letter in his pocket-book very carefully. I fancy it will go safe enough.

Fath. I fancy it will. What is in that hand-bill, Frank, that interests you so much?

Fr. I don't know, sir.

Fath. What's the matter, my boy?

Fr. I can't stand it, father! I can't stand it! I had rather take ten whippings, Tom, any day, than,—than,—

Fath. Ho, ho! what is all this?

Th. You are a fool, Frank.

Fr. I know I am a fool; but I can't tell a lie. I lost the letter, father; I went to see the wild beasts with Tom, and lost the letter!

Fath. And this precious fellow wanted you to deceive me about it, did he?

Th. Why, I thought,—

Fath. Frank! I would willingly lose a dozen letters, with ten times as much money in them, for the pleasure of finding you resist the temptation! Come here, my boy, and leave off crying. I found the letter, and carried it myself to the depot in time for the cars; I can forgive your folly,—since it has

not ended in wickedness ; but remember one thing ; I shall not forgive you, if, henceforward, you associate with this unprincipled boy ! (*To Thomas.*) Begone, sir ! I am glad to see shame on your face. Had my boy taken your advice, he too, would have been at this moment a detected, conscience-smitten, despised liar ; but he is holding up his head, and his heart is light in his bosom. You are the very boy, Thomas, whom I was requested to take into my employment ; but I will have nothing to do with you. Never come near my son again !

PHYSIOGNOMY.

Frank. It appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profess to know as much of a man, at the first view, as by half a dozen years' acquaintance.

Henry. Pay, how is that done ? I should wish to learn such an art ?

Frank. Did you never read Lavater on Physiognomy ?

Henry. No. What do you mean by such a hard word ?

Frank. Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For instance, if you see a man with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza ; with a pair of eyebrows heavy like the cornice of a house ; with full eyes and a Roman nose,—depend on it, he is a great scholar, and an honest man.

Henry. It seems to me, I should rather go below his nose, to discover his scholarship.

Frank. By no means ; if you look for beauty, you may descend to the mouth and chin ; otherwise, never go below the region of the brain.

Enter George.

George. Well, I have seen a man hanged. And he has

gone to the other world, with just such a great forehead, and Roman nose, as you have always been praising.

Frank. Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

George. Now, be honest, Frank, and own that there is nothing in all this science of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commit burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

Frank. I don't carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all the faces in the world are different; and equally true that each has some marks about it, by which one can discover the temper and character of the person.

Enter Peter.

Peter. (To *Frank.*) Sir, I have heard of your fame, from Dan to Beersheba; that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you, without the ceremony of an introduction.

Frank. Why, indeed, I profess something in that way.

Peter. By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

Frank. I see that you are not ignorant of physiognomy.

Peter. I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that unless the features are very remarkable, I can not determine with certainty. But yours is the most striking face I ever saw. There is a certain firmness in the lines which lead from the outer verge to the center of the apple of your eye, which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

Frank. You are a perfect master of the art. And to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe, that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth and honesty. Your heart is a stranger to guile; your lips to deceit, and your hands to fraud.

Peter. I must confess that you have hit upon my true

character, though a different one from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

Frank. (*To Henry and George.*) Now see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. (*While he is saying this, Peter takes out his pocket-book and makes off with himself.*) Now, can you conceive, that, without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger ?

Henry. Pray, tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart and lips were no guile, and in his hands no fraud ?

Frank. Ay, leave that to me ; we are not to reveal our secrets. But I will show you a face and character which exactly suit him. (*Feels for his pocket-book in both pockets,—looks wild and concerned.*)

George. (*Sarcastically.*) Ay, "In his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud ! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy !"

Frank. He is a wretch ! a traitor against every good sign ! I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth !

Henry. Stop a moment. His fine, honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

Frank. What 's that ? I had no watch or money for him to steal.

Henry. By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any just conception of yourself ; he has betrayed you into a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy, you have no more pretense to genius, or learning, than a common school-boy. Learn, henceforth, to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips by their words, and their hearts by their lives.

KINDNESS RECOMMENDED.

Jack. Good-morning, Solomon.

Solomon. Good-morning, Jack: I see you are going about with Isaac Wilson, and the people say you have come to live with him awhile, and try to make something of him.

Jack. I expect to stay there till my father begins his hay-ing and harvest.

Solomon. You will find Isaac very much like the jockey's horse, that had but two failings.

Jack. What were those two?

Solomon. One was, the horse was bad to catch.

Jack. What was the other?

Solomon. When they had caught him he was good for nothing.

Jack. I hope Isaac is not so bad as the horse you tell of; he will make a very decent man yet, if he will only try, in earnest.

Solomon. Ay, there is the difficulty, my good fellow;—who can change that bag of sand into a smart boy?

Jack. I should hardly think that any young lad would be such a dolt as not to try to make himself respectable in the world.

Solomon. You might as well teach a fish to eat grass in the fields, as to make any thing of that lazy fellow.

Jack. We should be very careful, Solomon, about speaking evil of our neighbors.

Solomon. Well, I know it is wrong; but I do not know that we can say any thing good about Isaac Wilson. Every one talks against him, and says the same that I do. He is so bad that one cannot speak too harshly of him.

Jack. But I think the true way is to keep silent, if we

cannot speak well of one; certainly silence is better than slander.

Solomon. I think there is truth in what you say, and I feel that I have done wrong. I am sorry for my thoughtlessness, and am resolved to be more careful for the future.

Jack. I am truly glad to hear you say so, Solomon. Perhaps, the very reason Isaac is so bad as you represent is, that every one has been against him, and treated him as though he was really a worthless fellow. Now, I intend to treat him kindly, and, if possible, induce him to respect himself; and if you and others will aid me, I hope he may yet become a happy and useful member of society. At any rate, let us do right, and treat him as we ought, and then we shall not be in fault if he persists in his misconduct.

Solomon. I will certainly do all I can to aid you. Good-evening.

Jack. Good-evening.

DEPARTMENT.

Charles. Good-morning, friend Amos; I am glad to see you, for I have been thinking about something, and should like to know how you feel about the same.

Amos. Well, friend Charles, you and I agree on most subjects, and perhaps we shall on that which now troubles you. What have you been thinking about?

Charles. Why, I have been thinking that our teachers say too much respecting our conduct out of school, If we behave well in school,—study our lessons diligently, recite accurately, and obey the rules of the school,—I think that is enough, and we ought to be left to do as we please when we are out of school.

Amos. I do not know that I shall agree with you on that point; our teachers wish us to behave well everywhere, and

at all times, and they advise us to do so because they think it will make us better and happier. What are some of the things about which you think they say too much ?

Charles. Why, when we are in the streets, they wish us to be orderly and civil ; to use no language that we should be unwilling to have our mothers hear ; to answer every one respectfully and politely, and not to run after carriages.

Amos. You consider these as hardships, do you, Charles ? If you do, I cannot agree with you, for I think they are all designed for our good, and I hope you will change your views. I do not think that our teachers wish any thing of us that will injure us. Now, tell me honestly, Charles, if you think they have been unreasonable in their requests ? If we do just as they wish, will it not promote our welfare ?

Charles. Well, really, Amos, I cannot say that they wish us any harm, or that they make unreasonable requests ; but I can say that I like to do as I please when I am out of school.

Amos. Yes, Charles, we often wish to do as we please ; but ought it not to please us to do what is right ? If so, we can please our teachers and parents at the same time. Ought we not to try to be good, and do good ?

Charles. Certainly, I agree to that ; but then I want to have my own way.

Amos. Very well, you can have your own way ; and if that way is a good way, you will be happy in it ; but if it is a bad one, you will be unhappy yourself, and make others so too. There is Tom Lawless, who has his own way to any extent ; he uses wicked and improper language, runs after carriages in the street, answers every one who speaks to him, abruptly and uncivilly, and no one likes him ; now, do you wish to imitate his example ?

Charles. No, I cannot say that I do, in all respects ; certainly I would not use improper language.

Amos. I am glad to hear you say so much, Charles ; but do you think it right to run after carriages ? is it not both dangerous and uncivil ? And then as to answering people who ask us questions, is it not just as well to say, " I don't know, sir," as to say plain, blunt " No ? " Do you not think a little politeness is desirable ?

Charles. Well, Amos, I have never thought much about the subject before, and, upon the whole, I think you are about right. I shall try to walk in the right way ; and if I try, I think I shall succeed. I am glad we have had this talk, and I thank you for what you have said. I think the more exactly we regard the wants and requirements of our teachers, the better and happier we shall be : then our teachers and friends will be pleased and you and I will be better friends than ever.

P R I D E .

Raymond. I cannot conceive, Oliver, what you mean, by calling Harrington the first scholar in school.

Oliver. Surely he is the first scholar, Raymond. Who so correct in every lesson, and so ready in all the exercises ?

Raymond. Ready enough, to be sure ; but he is not always at the head of his class. I am there quite as often as he is.

Oliver. Yes, Raymond ; you get there sometimes, when, during the recital, you take a sly peep at your book, or have your lesson written out on your slate, or a bit of paper.

Raymond. Who says I do so ?

Oliver. Who says so ? Why, don't we all see you ? We do not like to be called tell-tales, or we should mention the matter to the teacher. It was really odd to hear you mistake the answer the other day, and we could not help laughing when the master said you would have done grandly, had it happened to be the next question. Harrington got up that day, and he is not very likely to lose his place, I think.

Raymond. That signifies nothing. It does not prove that Harrington is the first scholar. He is by no means much of a gentleman.

Oliver. A school-boy hardly pretends to be very much of a gentleman; but Harrington is a very gentlemanly school-boy. Not one amongst us is so truly kind and polite. He thinks of us all before he thinks of himself, and gives up every thing he likes best, to please and oblige us. There is not a boy in school, unless it may be you, Raymond, but what loves Harrington.

Raymond. Neither does that prove that he is a gentleman, or gentlemanly. Look at his clothes,—do look at his clothes! They were never made by a tailor; they don't set as my clothes set.

Oliver. That's a good one! As if the set of the clothes made the gentleman.

Raymond. I did not mean the set alone; but Harrington's clothes are coarse, and sometimes even patched. Now look at my clothes. I wear the finest cloth in school;—and I carry a watch, too.

Oliver. And so you are the most of a gentleman, and the first scholar? Hey, Raymond?

Raymond. I said no such thing:—but I heartily despise a patch, and everybody who wears a patch; and I always will despise them.

Oliver. Well done! Then, I suppose, you heartily despise me, and all the rest of the boys. But I don't care. Nobody can play much without having a patch now and then. Shall we go to play now, Raymond?

Raymond. No, I am not going to play. I have no time to play; but your dear friend Harrington has time for every thing.

Oliver. That is true, though you speak so jeeringly; and it is because he takes care of his minutes. The master told us

the other day, that if we took care of our minutes, we should have time for every thing. He said,—“Drops make the ocean, minutes make the years,” and I shall try to remember it.

Raymond. You can remember what you like. I don't want to remember any thing that the master says, or that you say,—or your friend Harrington, either.

Oliver. Come, Raymond, I am sure I did not mean to make you fretful. Do let us go to the play-ground.

Raymond. No, indeed ! not I. You don't catch me playing with boys who wear patched clothes.

Oliver. Well, if you will not go, I must leave you. I trust it will not be long before you will be convinced that fine clothes do not make a gentleman, and that real goodness and worth may exist under patched clothes, as well as under the most elegant broadcloth. Remember, that worth makes the man,—the want of it the fellow.

WILLIAM TELL.

GESLER, SARNEM, AND WILLIAM TELL.

Sarnem. Down, slave, upon thy knees, before the governor,
And beg for mercy !

Gesler. Does he hear ?

Sarnem. He does ; but braves thy power. (*To Tell.*)
Down, slave,
And ask for life !

Gesler (to Tell.) Why speak'st thou not ?

Tell. For wonder.

Gesler. Wonder ?

Tell. Yes, that thou shouldst seem a man.

Gesler. What should I seem ?

Tell. A monster.

Gesler. Ha! Beware! Think on thy chains.

Tell. Though they were doubled, and did weigh me down
Prostrate to earth, methinks I could rise up
Erect, with nothing but the honest pride
Of telling thee, usurper, to thy teeth,
Thou art a monster! Think on my chains!
How came they *on* me?

Gesler. Darest thou question me?

Tell. Darest thou answer?

Gesler. Beware my vengeance!

Tell. Can it more than *kill*?

Gesler. And is not that enough?

Tell. No,—not enough!

It can not take away the grace of life;—
The comeliness of look that virtue gives,—
Its port erect, with consciousness of truth,—
Its rich attire of honorable deeds,—
Its fair report, that's rife on good men's tongues,—
It can not lay its hands on these, no more
Than it can pluck his brightness from the sun,
Or, with polluted finger, tarnish him.

Gesler. But it can make thee writhe.

Tell. It may,—and I may say,
Go on, though it should make me groan again.

Gesler. Whence comest thou?

Tell. From the mountains.

Gesler. Canst tell me any news from them?

Tell. Ay;—they watch no more the avalanche.

Gesler. Why so?

Tell. Because they look for thee! The hurricane
Comes unawares upon them;—from its bed
The torrent breaks, and finds them in its track.

Gesler. What then?

Tell. They thank kind Providence it is not thou.
Thou hast perverted nature in them. The earth
Presents her fruits to them, and is not thanked,
The harvest sun is constant, and they scarce
Return his smile. Their flocks and herds increase,—
And they look on as men who count a loss.
There's not a blessing Heaven vouchsafes them, but
The thought of thee doth wither to a curse,
As something they must lose, and had far better
Lack.

Gesler. 'Tis well. I'd have them as their hills,
That never smile, though wanton summer tempt
Them e'er so much.

Tell. But they do sometimes smile.

Gesler. Ah!—when is that?

Tell. When they do pray for vengeance!

Gesler. Dare they pray for that?

Tell. They dare,—and they expect it too.

Gesler. From whence?

Tell. From heaven, and their true hearts!

Gesler (to Sarnem). Lead in his son. Now will I take
Exquisite vengeance! (*To Tell, as the boy enters.*) I have
destined him
To die along with thee.

Tell. To die! For what? He's but a child.

Gesler. He's thine, however.

Tell. He is an only child.

Gesler. So much the easier to crush the race.

Tell. He may have a mother.

Gesler. So the viper hath,—
And yet who spares it for the mother's sake?

Tell. I talk to stone. I'll talk to it no more.
Come, my boy,—I taught thee how to live,—
I'll teach thee how,——to die!

Gesler. But, first, I'd see thee make
A trial of thy skill with that same bow.
Thy arrows never miss, 'tis said.

Tell. What is the trial?

Gesler. Thou look'st upon thy boy as though thou
guessed it.

Tell. Look upon my boy! What mean you?—
Look upon my boy as though I guessed it!
Guessed the trial thou'dst have me make!—
Guessed it instinctively!—Thou dost not mean,——
No, no,—Thou wouldst not have me make
A trial of my skill upon my child!—
Impossible!—I do not guess thy meaning.

Gesler. I'd see thee hit an apple on his head
Three hundred paces off.

Tell. Great Heaven!

Gesler. On this condition will I spare
His life and thine.

Tell. Ferocious monster! Make a father
Murder his own child!——

Gesler. Dost thou consent?

Tell. With his own hand!—
The hand I've led him when an infant by!
My hands are free from blood, and have no gust
For it, that they should drink my child's.
I'll not murder my boy, for Gesler.

Boy. You will not hit me, father. You'll be sure
To hit the apple. Will you not save us, father?

Tell. Lead me forth. I'll make the trial.

Boy. Father,——

Tell. Speak not to me ;—
Let me not hear thy voice ;—thou must be dumb ;
And so should all things be.—Earth should be dumb,
And heaven, unless its thunder muttered at
The deed, and sent a bolt to stop it !—
Give me my bow and quiver.

Gesler. When all is ready. Sarnem, measure hence
The distance,—three hundred paces.

Tell. Will he do it fairly ?

Gesler. What is't to thee, fairly or not ?

Tell (sarcastically). O, nothing,—a little thing,—
A very little thing !—I only shoot
At my child !

(Sarnem prepares to measure.)

Tell. Villain, stop ! You measure against the sun.

Gesler. And what of that ?

What matter whether to or from the sun ?

Tell. I'd have it at my back. The sun should shine
Upon the mark, and not on him that shoots.—
I will not shoot against the sun.

Gesler. Give him his way.

(Sarnem paces, and goes out.)

Tell. I should like to see the apple I must hit.

Gesler (picks out the smallest one.) There,—take that.

Tell. You've picked the smallest one.

Gesler. I know I have. Thy skill will be
The greater if thou hittest it.

Tell (sarcastically). True,—true ! I did not think of that.
I wonder I did not think of that. A larger one
Had given me a chance to save my boy.—
Give me my bow. Let me see my quiver.

Gesler. Give him a single arrow *(To an attendant.)*

(Tell looks at it, and breaks it.)

Tell. Let me see my quiver. It is not
One arrow in a dozen I would use
To shoot with at a dove,—much less a dove
Like that.

Gesler. Show him the quiver.

(Sarnem returns, and takes the apple and the boy to place them. While this is doing, Tell conceals an arrow under his garment; he then selects another arrow, and says,)

Tell. Is the boy ready? Keep silence now,
For Heaven's sake; and be my witnesses,
That if his life's in peril from my hand,
'Tis only for the chance of saving it.
For mercy's sake, keep motionless and silent.

(He aims and shoots in the direction of the boy. In a moment Sarnem enters, with the apple on the arrow's point.)

Sarnem. The boy is safe!

Tell (raising his arms). Thank Heaven!

(As he raises his arms, the concealed arrow falls.)

Gesler (picking it up). Unequaled archer! why was this
concealed?

Tell. To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy.

ROLLA AND ALONZO.

(Enter Rolla, disguised as a Monk.)

Rolla. Inform me, friend, is Alonzo, the Peruvian, confined in this dungeon?

Sentinel. He is.

Rolla. I must speak with him.

Sentinel. You must not.

Rolla. He is my friend.

Sentinel. Not if he were your brother.

Rolla. What is to be his fate ?

Sentinel. He dies at sunrise.

Rolla. Ha ! then I am come in time,——

Sentinel. Just to witness his death.

Rolla (advancing toward the door). Soldier, I *must* speak with him.

Sentinel (pushing him back with his gun). Back ! back ! it is impossible.

Rolla. I do entreat you, but for one moment.

Sentinel. You entreat in vain,—my orders are most strict.

Rolla. Look on this massive wedge of gold ! look on these precious gems ! In thy land they will be wealth for thee and thine, beyond thy hope or wish. Take them ; they are thine ; let me but pass one moment with Alonzo.

Sentinel. Away ! Wouldst thou corrupt me ?—*me*, an old Castilian !——I know my duty better.

Rolla. Soldier, hast thou a wife ?

Sentinel. I have.

Rolla. Hast thou children ?

Sentinel. Four honest, lovely boys.

Rolla. Where didst thou leave them ?

Sentinel. In my native village, in the very cot where I was born.

Rolla. Dost thou love thy wife and children ?

Sentinel. Do I *love* them ! God knows my heart,—I do.

Rolla. Soldier, imagine thou wert doomed to die a cruel death, in a strange land,—what would be thy last request ?

Sentinel. That some of my comrades should carry my dying blessing to my wife and children.

Rolla. What if that comrade was at thy prison door, and should there be told, “ Thy fellow-soldier dies at sunrise, yet thou shalt not for a moment see him, nor shalt thou bear his

dying blessing to his poor children, or his wretched wife!"—what wouldst thou think of him who thus could drive thy comrade from the door?

Sentinel. How!

Rolla. Alonzo has a wife and child; and I am come but to receive for her, and for her poor babe, the last blessing of my friend.

Sentinel. Go in.

(Exit sentinel.)

Rolla (calls). Alonzo! Alonzo.

(Enter Alonzo, speaking as he comes in.)

Alonzo. How! is my hour elapsed? Well, I am ready.

Rolla. Alonzo,—*know* me!

Alonzo. Rolla! Heavens! how didst thou pass the guard?

Rolla. There is not a moment to be lost in words. This disguise I tore from the dead body of a friar, as I passed our field of battle. It has gained me entrance to thy dungeon; now, take it thou, and fly.

Alonzo. And Rolla,—

Rolla. Will remain here in thy place.

Alonzo. And *die* for me! No! Rather eternal tortures rack me.

Rolla. I shall not die, Alonzo. It is *thy* life Pizarro seeks, not Rolla's; and thy arm may soon deliver me from prison. Or, should it be otherwise, I am as a blighted tree in the desert; nothing lives beneath my shelter. Thou'rt a husband and a father; the being of a lovely wife and helpless infant depend upon thy life. Go, go, Alonzo,—not to save thyself, but Cora and thy child.

Alonzo. Urge me not thus, my friend,—I am prepared to die in peace.

Rolla. To die in peace! devoting her you have sworn to live for, to madness, misery, and death!

Alonzo. Merciful Heavens!

Rolla. If thou art yet irresolute, Alonzo,—now mark me well. Thou knowest that Rolla never pledged his word, and shrank from its fulfillment. And here I swear, if thou art proudly obstinate, thou shalt have the desperate triumph of seeing Rolla perish by thy side.

Alonzo. O, Rolla! you distract me! Wear *you* the robe; and though dreadful the necessity, we will strike down the guard, and force our passage.

Rolla. What, the soldier on duty here?

Alonzo. Yes,—else, seeing two, the alarm will be instant death.

Rolla. For my nation's safety, I would not harm him. That soldier, mark me, is a *man*! All are not men that wear the human form. He refused my prayers, refused my gold, refusing to admit,—till his own *feelings* bribed him. I will not risk a hair of that man's head, to save my heart-strings from consuming fire. But haste! A moment's further pause, and all is lost.

Alonzo. Rolla, I fear thy friendship drives me from honor and from right.

Rolla. Did Rolla ever counsel dishonor to his friend? (*Throwing the friar's garment over his shoulder.*) There! conceal thy face.—Now, God be with thee.

KING JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

SCENE—*A rock with a watch-fire burning near it. A Scotch Highlander, wrapped in his tartan, is discovered sleeping by it. Enter King James, in disguise.*

Soldier (grasping his sword, and springing on his feet.)

THY name and purpose, Saxon?—Stand!

James. A stranger.

Soldier. What dost thou require?

James. Rest and a guide, and food and fire.
My life's beset, my path is lost,
The gale hath chilled my limbs with frost.

Soldier. Art thou a friend to Roderick?

James. No.

Soldier. Thou durst not call thyself his foe!

James. I dare! to him and all the band
He brings to aid his murderous hand.

Soldier. Bold words! But, though the beast of game
The privilege of chase may claim;
Though space and law the stag we lend,
Ere hound we slip, or bow we bend,—
Who ever cared where, how, or when
The prowling fox was trapped or slain?
Thus treacherous scouts,—yet sure they lie,
Who say thou com'st a secret spy.

James. They do, by Heaven! Come Roderick Dhu,
And of his clan the boldest two,
And, let me but till morning rest,
I'll write the falsehood on their crest.

Soldier. If by the blaze I mark aright,
Thou bear'st the belt and spur of knight?

James. Then by these tokens may'st thou know
Each proud oppressor's mortal foe.

Soldier. Enough, enough! Sit down and share
A soldier's couch, a soldier's fare.

*(They sit down and eat together, and in a few minutes the
soldier continues the conversation.)*

Soldier. Stranger, I am to Roderick Dhu
A clansman born, a kinsman true.
Each word against his honor spoke
Demands of me avenging stroke.
It rests with me to wind my horn,

Thou art with numbers overborne ;—
It rests with me, here, brand to brand,
Worn as thou art, to bid thee stand ;—
But not for clan, nor kindred's cause,
Will I depart from honor's laws.
To assail a wearied man were shame,
And *stranger* is a holy name.
Guidance and rest, and food and fire,
In vain he never must require.
Myself will guide thee on the way,
Through watch and ward till break of day.
As far as Coilantogle Ford ;
From thence thy warrant is thy sword.

James. I take thy courtesy, by Heaven !
As freely as 'tis nobly given.

Soldier. Why seek these wilds, traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu ?

James. Brave man, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side.

* * * * *

Soldier. But, stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you know
Vich Alpine's vowed and mortal foe ?

James. Warrior, but yester morn, I knew
Naught of thy chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an exiled, desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight.
And this alone should from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart.

Soldier (frowning, and both rising hastily). And heard'st
thou *why* he drew his blade ?

Heard'st thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the chieftain, if he stood
On Highland heath or Holy Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
Though it were in the court of Heaven.

James. Still it was outrage; yet, 't is true,
Not then claimed sovereignty his due;
The young king, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then thy chieftain's robber-life,—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,—
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His flocks and harvest; reared in vain,—
Methinks, a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul conflict borne.

Soldier. Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye
O'er waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between.
These fertile plains, that softened vale
Were once the birthright of the Gael.
The Saxons came, with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold,
Is aught but retribution due?—
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu.

James. Twice have I sought Clan Alpine's glen
In peace. But, when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour

As I, until before me stand
This rebel chieftain and his band.

Soldier. Have then thy wish! (*He whistles, and soldiers
rush in on all sides.*) How say'st thou now?

These are Clan Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I,—am Roderick Dhu!

(*King James starts back a little, then draws his sword,
and places his back against the rock.*)

James. Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.

(*Roderick waves his hand and the soldiers retire.*)

Roderick. Fear not,—nay, that I need not say;—
But *doubt* not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest,—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle Ford.

This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Will lead thee safe through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard;
Then, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.

James. ————— I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade.
Nay, more, brave chief, I vowed thy death;
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved,
Can naught but blood our feud atone,
Are there no means?

Roderick. ————— No, stranger, none!

James. Nay,—first to James, at Stirling, go;
When, if thou wilt be still his foe,—
Or if the king shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favor free,—

I plight mine honor, oath, and word,
That, to thy native holds restored,
With each advantage shalt thou stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land.

Roderick. Thy rash presumption now shall rue
The homage named to Roderick Dhu.
He yields not, he, to man nor fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate.
My clansmen's wrongs demand revenge,
Not yet prepared. By Heaven! I change
My thought, and hold thy valor light
As that of some vain carpet knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair. (*Pointing to a braid on
James's breast.*)

James. I thank thee, Roderick, for the word;
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword.
I had it from a frantic maid
By thee dishonored and betrayed;—
And I have sworn the braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now truce, farewell! and ruth, begone!
I heed not that my strength is worn;
Thy word's restored; and, if thou wilt,
We try this quarrel, hilt to hilt!

QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cassius. That you have *wronged me*, doth appear in this:
You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man), were slighted off.

Brutus. You *wronged yourself* to write in such a case.

Cas. At such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offense should bear its comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last!

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the Ides of March remember,—
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice?—What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers,—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman!

Cas. Brutus, bay not me!
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself,
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not!

Cas. Urge me no more: I shall forget myself.
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no further!

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more! Fret till your proud heart break.

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,

And make your bondmen tremble! Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humor?

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth,—yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish!

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a *better* soldier:

Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way, you wrong me, Brutus;

I said, an *elder* soldier, not a *better*.

Did I say *better*?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him!

Cas. I durst not?

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life, you durst not!

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you *should* be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means :
By Heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hand of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection ! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come !
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world :
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;

Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine,—richer than gold ;
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius !

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius ! you are yokéd with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire :
Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived .
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him ?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered, too.

Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart, too.

Cas. O Brutus !—

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not long enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[Shakespeare.]

THE TRIUMPH OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

FLAVIUS — MARULLUS — CITIZENS.

Flav. Hence ; home, you idle creatures, get you home :
Is this a holiday ? What ! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a laboring day, without the sign
Of your profession ?—Speak, what trade art thou ?

1 *Cit.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule ?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on ?—
You, sir ; what trade are you ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou ? Answer me directly.

2 *Cit.* A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience ; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave ; thou naughty knave, what
trade ?

2 *Cit.* Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me : yet,
if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that ? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow ?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl : I
meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but
with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes ; when
they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as
ever trod upon neat's leather, have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day ? Why
dost thou lead these men about the streets ?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now call out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Fla. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber's banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. (*Exeunt Citizens.*)
See, where'er their basest metal be not moved,
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way toward the capitol;
This way will I; disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you, too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing,
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [Shakespeare.]

PART V.

DIALOGUES—COMIC.

PASSION FOR ARGUMENT.

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, HUMPHREY DOBBINS AND FREDERICK.

Sir Robert Bramble. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins,—there isn't a syllable of sense in all you have been saying ; but, I suppose, you will maintain that there is ?

Humphrey Dobbins. Yes.

Sir. R. Yes ! Is that the way you talk to me, you old boar ? What's my name ?

Dob. Robert Bramble.

Sir. R. Ar'n't I a baronet,—Sir Robert Bramble, of Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent ? 'Tis time you should know it ; for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet-de-chambre these thirty years. Can you deny that ?

Dob. Umph !

Sir. R. Umph ! What do you mean by umph ? Open the rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question ?

Dob. Because, if I contradicted you there, I should tell a lie ; and whenever I agree with you, you are sure to fall out.

Sir R. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavoring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it, before I can carry my point.

Dob. What then? Our parson says my head is an emblem of both our honors.

Sir R. Ay, because honors, like your head, are apt to be empty.

Dob. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on t'other.

Sir R. Why to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest a—Pshaw! the parson means to palaver us!—But, to return to my position,—I tell you, I don't like your flat contradiction.

Dob. Yes you do. •

Sir R. I tell you, I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments, and I hate their flummery.

Dob. What do you call flummery?

Sir R. Flattery, you blockhead!—a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

Dob. I never serve it up to you.

Sir R. No, indeed! you give me a dish of a different description.

Dob. Umph! What is it?

Sir R. Sour krout, you old crab.

Dob. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

Sir R. And yet I never could teach you a syllogism. Now, mind: when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him. Now, I am rich, and hate flattery; *ergo*, when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

Dob. That's wrong.

Sir R. Very well,—*negatur* Now, prove it.

Dob. Put the case so then : I am a poor man,—

Sir R. You lie, you dog ! You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

Dob. Bless you !

Sir R. Pshaw ! Proceed.

Dob. Well, then, I am a poor,—I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

Sir R. Well, get on,—be a poor man !

Dob. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you, you are wrong : then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion. Now, that's no flattery.

Sir R. Why, no ; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to conversation ; so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederick ?

Dob. Been out these two hours.

Sir R. An undutiful cub ! Only arrived from Russia last night ; and though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields like a Calmuc Tartar.

Dob. He's a fine fellow.

Sir R. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey ?

Dob. Bless you, not a bit : you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped my eyes on.

Sir R. Now that's impudent ! But there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit,—Humphrey, you remember my brother Job ?

Dob. Yes ; you drove him to Russia, five-and-twenty years ago.

Sir R. (angrily). I drove him !

Dob. Yes, you did : you would never let him be at peace, in the way of argument.

Sir R. At peace ! Bless you, he would never go to war !

Dob. He had the merit to be calm.

Sir R. So has a duck-pond. He was a bit of still life ; a chip ; weak water-gruel ; a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open, like a poor's-box gaping for half-pence ; and, good or bad, he swallowed them all, without any resistance. We couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

Dob. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life ?

Sir R. A quiet life ! Why, he married the moment he got there ; tacked himself to the shrew relict of a Russian merchant ; and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, pot-ashes, tallow, linen and leather. And what's the consequence ? Thirteen months ago, he broke. Poor Job ! now he's in distress, I mustn't neglect his son.

(Frederick is heard singing without.)

Dob. Here comes his son,—that's Mr. Frederick.

(Enter Frederick.)

Fred. Ah ! my dear uncle, good morning ! Your park is nothing but beauty.

Sir R. Who bid you caper over my beauty ? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

Fred. Eh ? Egad, so you did. I had as entirely forgotten it as,—

Sir R. And, pray, what made you forget it ?

Fred. The sun.

Sir R. The sun ?—He's mad ! You mean the moon, I believe.

Fred. O, my dear sir ! you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from Russia.

The day looked bright,—trees budding,—birds singing,—the park was gay,—so, egad ! I took a hop, step, and a jump, out of your old balcony ; made your deer fly before me like the wind ; and chased them all around the park to get an appetite, while you were snoring in bed, uncle !

Sir R. Ah ! so the effect of an English sun upon a young Russian, is to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer ?

Fred. I confess, it had that influence upon me.

Sir R. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle, unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

Fred. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

Sir R. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

Fred. Very melancholy tokens, uncle ; they are the posthumous dispatches Affection sends to Gratitude, to inform us we have lost a generous friend.

Sir R. (aside). How charmingly the dog argues !

Fred. But I own, my spirits ran away with me, this morning. I will obey you better in future ; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

Sir R. Now, who had the familiar impudence to tell you that ?

Fred. Old Rusty, there.

Sir R. Why, Humphrey, you didn't ?

Dob. Yes, but I did, though.

Fred. Yes, he did ; and, on that score, I shall be anxious to show you obedience ;—for 't is as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle ; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

Sir R. (embracing him). Jump out of every window I

have in my house! hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow! Ay, sir, this is spunk and plain speaking. Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrine smack in my teeth!

Fred. I disagree with you there, uncle.

Dob. So do I.

Fred. You, you forward puppy! If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

Sir R. I'll knock you down, if you do! I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery.

Dob. Come, you're ruffled. Let's go to the business of the morning.

Sir R. Hang the business of the morning! Don't you see we're engaged in discussion? I hate the business of the morning!

Dob. No you don't.

Sir R. And why not?

Dob. Because 't is charity.

Sir R. Pshaw!—Well, we mustn't neglect business. If there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning list, Humphrey.

Dob. (*taking out a paper, and looking over it*). Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put into prison.

Sir R. Why, 'twas but last week, Gripe, the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

Dob. And charged a hundred and ten for his trouble. So seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in jail for the remainder.

Sir R. A harpy!—I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

Fred. And I must kick his attorney.

Dob (*looking at the list*). The curate's horse is dead.

Sir R. Pshaw! there's no distress in that.

Dob. Yes there is, to a man who must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

Sir R. Why won't Punmock, the vicar, give him another nag?

Dob. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

Sir R. What's the name of the black pad I purchased last Tuesday at Tunbridge?

Dob. Beelzebub.

Sir R. Send Beelzebub to the curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.

Fred. And if you have a tumble-down nag, send him to the vicar, to give him a chance of breaking his neck.

Sir R. What else?

Dob. Somewhat out of the common. There's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village. He's plaguy poor indeed, it seems, but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

Fred. That sounds like a noble character.

Sir R. And so he sends to me for assistance?

Dob. He'd see you hanged first! Harrowby says, he'd sooner die than ask any man for a shilling. There's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal that has served in the wars with him; he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

Sir R. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey.

Fred. (crossing). Uncle, good morning.

Sir R. Where are you running now?

Fred. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

Sir R. And what may you be going to say to him ?

Fred. I can't tell till I encounter him ; and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honorable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments. *(Hurrying off.)*

Sir R. Stop, you rogue !—I must be before you in this business.

Fred. That depends upon who can run fastest. So start fair, uncle ; and here goes ! *(Exit hastily.)*

Sir R. Stop ! why, Frederick !—A jackanapes ! to take my department out of my hands ! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance !

Dob. No you won't.

Sir R. Won't I ? Hang me, if I,—but we'll argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey ! *(Exeunt.)*

[George Colman, Jr.]

THE EMBRYO LAWYER.

OLD FICKLE — TRISTRAM FICKLE.

Old F. What reputation, what honor, what profit can accrue to you from such conduct as yours ? One moment you tell me you are going to become the greatest musician in the world, and straight you fill my house with fiddlers.

Tri. I am clear out of that scrape now, sir.

Old F. Then, from a fiddler you are metamorphosed into a philosopher ; and for the noise of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, you substitute a vile jargon, more unintelligible than was ever heard at the tower of Babel.

Tri. You are right, sir. I have found out that philosophy is folly ; so I have cut the philosophers of all sects, from Plato and Aristotle down to the puzzlers of modern date.

Old F. How much had I to pay the cooper, the other day, for barreling you up in a large tub, when you resolved to live like Diogenes?

Tri. You should not have paid him any thing, sir, for the tub would not hold. You see the contents are run out.

Old F. No jesting, sir; this is no laughing matter. Your follies have tired me out. I verily believe you have taken the whole round of arts and sciences in a month, and have been of fifty different minds in half an hour.

Tri. And, by that, shown the versatility of my genius.

Old F. Don't tell me of versatility, sir. Let me see a little steadiness. You have never yet been constant to any thing but extravagance.

Tri. Yes, sir, one thing more.

Old F. What is that, sir.

Tri. Affection for you. However my head may have wandered, my heart has always been constantly attached to the kindest of parents; and, from this moment, I am resolved to lay my follies aside, and pursue that line of conduct which will be most pleasing to the best of fathers and of friends.

Old F. Well said, my boy,—well said! You make me happy indeed. (*Patting him on the shoulder.*) Now, then, my dear Tristram, let me know what you really mean to do.

Tri. To study the law,—

Old F. The law!

Tri. I am most resolutely bent on following that profession.

Old F. No!

Tri. Absolutely and irrevocably fixed.

Old F. Better and better. I am overjoyed. Why, 'tis the very thing I wished. Now I am happy! (*Tristram makes gestures as if speaking.*) See how his mind is engaged!

Tri. Gentlemen of the jury,—

Old F. Why Tristram,—

Tri. This is a cause,—

Old F. O, my dear boy! I forgive you all your tricks. I see something about you, now, that I can depend on.

(Tristram continues making gestures.)

Tri. I am for the plaintiff in this cause,—

Old F. Bravo! bravo!—excellent boy! I'll go and order your books directly.

Tri. 'T is done, sir.

Old F. What, already.

Tri. I ordered twelve square feet of books when I first thought of embracing the arduous profession of the law.

Old F. What, do you mean to read by the foot?

Tri. By the foot, sir; that is the only way to become a solid lawyer.

Old F. Twelve square feet of learning! Well,—

Tri. I have likewise sent for a barber,—

Old F. A barber! What, is he to teach you to shave close?

Tri. He is to shave one half of my head, sir.

Old F. You will excuse me if I cannot perfectly understand what that has to do with the study of the law.

Tri. Did you never hear of Demosthenes, sir, the Athenian orator? He had half his head shaved, and locked himself up in a coal-cellar.

Old F. Ah! he was perfectly right to lock himself up after having undergone such an operation as that. He certainly would have made rather an odd figure abroad.

Tri. I think I see him now, awaking the dormant patriotism of his countrymen,—lightning in his eye, and thunder in his voice; he pours forth a torrent of eloquence, resistless in its force; the throne of Philip trembles while he speaks; he

denounces, and indignation fills the bosom of his hearers; he exposes the impending danger, and every one sees impending ruin; he threatens the tyrant,—they grasp their swords; he calls for vengeance,—their thirsty weapons glitter in the air, and thousands reverberate the cry. One soul animates a nation, and that soul is the soul of the orator.

Old F. O! what a figure he'll make in the King's Bench? But, come, I will tell you now what my plan is, and then you will see how happily this determination of yours will further it. You have (*Tristram makes extravagant gestures, as if speaking*) often heard me speak of my friend Briefwit, the barrister,—

Tri. Who is against me in this cause?—

Old F. He is a most learned lawyer,—

Tri. But as I have justice on my side,—

Old F. Zounds; he doesn't hear a word I say! Why, Tristram!

Tri. I beg your pardon, sir; I was prosecuting my studies.

Old F. Now, attend,—

Tri. As my learned friend observes,—Go on, sir, I am all attention.

Old F. Well, my friend the counselor,—

Tri. Say learned friend, if you please, sir. We gentlemen of the law always,—

Old F. Well, well,—my learned friend,—

Tri. A black patch!

Old F. Will you listen, and be silent?

Tri. I am as mute as a judge.

Old F. My friend, I say, has a ward, who is very handsome, and who has a very handsome fortune. She would make you a charming wife.

Tri. This is an action,—

Old F. Now, I have hitherto been afraid to introduce you to my friend, the barrister, because I thought your lightness and his gravity,—

Tri. Might be plaintiff and defendant.

Old F. But now you are growing serious and steady, and have resolved to pursue his profession, I will shortly bring you together: you will obtain his good opinion, and all the rest follows of course.

Tri. A verdict in my favor.

Old F. You marry and sit down, happy for life.

Tri. In the King's Bench.

Old F. Bravo! Ha, ha, ha! But now run to your study,—run to your study, my dear Tristram, and I'll go and call upon the counselor.

Tri. I remove by *habeas corpus*.

Old F. Pray have the goodness to make haste, then.

(*Hurrying him off.*)

Tri. Gentleman of the jury, this is a cause. (*Exit.*)

Old F. The inimitable boy! I am now the happiest father living. What genius he has! He'll be lord Chancellor one day or other, I dare be sworn. I am sure he has talents! O! how I long to see him at the bar!

[*Allingham.*]

THE LETTER.

(*SQUIRE EGAN, and his new Irish servant, Andy.*)

Squire. Well, Andy; you went to the post-office, as I ordered you?

Andy. Yis, sir.

Squire. Well, what did you find?

Andy. A most imperthinent fellow, indade, sir.

Squire. How so?

Andy. Says I, as dacent like as a gentleman, "I want a letther, sir, if you plase." "Who do you want it for?" said the posth-masther, as ye call him. "I want a letther, sir, if you plase," said I. "And whom do you want it for?" said he again. "And what's that to you?" said I.

Squire. You blockhead, what did he say to that?

Andy. He laughed at me, sir, and said he could not tell what letther to give me, unless I told him the direction.

Squire. Well, you told him then, did you?

Andy. "The directions I got," said I, "was to get a letther here,—that's the directions." "Who gave you the directions?" says he. "The masther," said I. "And who's your masther?" said he. "What consarn is that o' yours?" said I.

Squire. Did he break your head, then?

Andy. No, sir. "Why, you stupid rascal," said he, "if you don't tell me his name, how can I give you his letther?" "You could give it, if you liked," said I; "only you are fond of axing impident questions, because you think I'm simple." "Get out o' this!" said he. "Your masther must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a missenger."

Squire. Well, how did you save my honor, Andy?

Andy. "Bad luck to your impidence!" said I. "Is it Squire Egan you dare to say goose to?" "O, Squire Egan's your masther?" said he. "Yis," says I. "Have you any thing to say ag'in it?"

Squire. You got the letter, then, did you?

Andy. "Here's a letther for the squire," says he. "You are to pay me eleven pence posthage." "What 'ud I pay 'leven pence for?" said I. "For *posthage*," says he. "Didn't I see you give that gentleman a letther for four-pence, this blessed minit?" said I; "and a bigger letther than this?"

Do you think I 'm a fool?" says I. "Here 's a four-pence for you,—and give me the letther."

Squire. I wonder he did not break your skull, and let some light into it.

Andy. "Go along, you stupid thafe!" says he, because I wouldn't let him *chate* your honor.

Squire. Well, well; give me the letter.

Andy. I haven't it, sir. He wouldn't give it to me, sir.

Squire. *Who* wouldn't give it to you?

Andy. That old *chate* beyant in the town.

Squire. Didn't you pay what he asked?

Andy. Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated, when he was selling them before my face for four-pence apiece?

Squire. Go back, you scoundrel, or I'll horsewhip you!

Andy. He'll murder me, if I say another word to him about the letther; he swore he would.

Squire. I'll do it, if he don't, if you are not back in less than an hour. (*Exit.*)

Andy. O that the like of me should be murdered for defending the charrack'ther of my masther! It's not I'll go to *dale* with that bloody *chate* again. I'll off to Dublin, and let the letther rot on his dirty hands, bad luck to him!

THE UNPRINCIPLED LAWYER.

JACK SPRIGGS AND MR. BRANDON.

SCENE—*A Street*—*Jack Spriggs, alone.*

Spr. More dirty work for poor Jack Spriggs! It's very odd, but nobody ever gives me a respectable job! It's hard,—extremely hard, upon my life it is! And what is a man to do that is born with refined tastes, educated in expensive habits, tortured with elegant desires, and can only earn eighteen shillings a week at regular work? Stop, here he comes. Defend-

ant going to enter an appearance. Sergeant Spriggs retained for the plaintiff.

Enter Brandon.

Ah, how d'ye do, Mr. Brandon? delighted to see you!—delighted to be allowed by my benignant fate, so early an opportunity of expressing my sympathy with your capricious fortune!

Bra. When I wish for sympathy, sir, I'll not forget to send for you.

Spr. (detaining him). Eh, stop,—stop,—stop!—you arn't offended, are you? I would not offend you for the world,—upon my life I would not! Bless you, I'm a good-natured, well-meaning fellow, that never hurt the feelings of anybody. Why, I could tell you of men that, after my professionally lodging them in Newgate, have been the best personal friends with me in the world!

Bra. When I owe you the same obligation, sir, I may claim a similar privilege. (*Haughtily.*) But I can postpone the pleasure till then.

Spr. O, come, nonsense!—don't take it so high and mighty. Bless you, I don't think a bit the worse of you for it.

Bra. For it!—for what, sir?

Spr. Come, come, now,—that's too good,—hang it!—Why, everybody's talking about it already; and I bet you five shillings it will be in the papers to-morrow. (*Aside.*) Took it to the Post, and Herald, myself, this afternoon.

Bra. Would you tell me, sir, that this wicked lie is being circulated?

Spr. Which lie? That you had committed suicide?

Bra. Which lie, sir?

Spr. Now, don't call me *sir*. It sounds so formal and unfriendlike. Nobody ever calls Jack Spriggs, "sir," except when he is serving a notice or a distress.

Bra. Answer my question. Is the vile fabrication current, that I attempted the abduction of Miss Hardman?

Spr. O, that it is, upon my word,—upon my honor! Had it from all the servants of the house. Slight discrepancy in the evidence, to be sure. The coachman, footman, and groom, say one thing; the cook, both the house-maids, and the lady's-maid, say another.

Bra. Sir, it is as false as,—

Spr. That's enough, that's enough! Don't trouble yourself for a simile. I believe you, my dear Mr. Brandon,—I believe you, sir. Your word,—that's enough for me. The best-informed people are sometimes in error. I've known even a newspaper mistaken. But your word, sir,—your word,—I'm quite satisfied,—verdict, not guilty. Allow me to shake hands with you on your acquittal.—You leave this court, sir, with an unblemished,—

Bra. Pshaw!—But the scoundrel who has thus dared to assail my character,—

Spr. O, don't fret about a little misunderstanding,—all will blow over; old Hardy will relent,—take you back again,—

Bra. Never! not though upon his bended knees he sued me to return! The wild-bird, who has chafed so long against the wires, when once his cage is opened, will not be so easily lured back again. Tell him, I only feel that I am free.

Spr. I say, though,—there's a little trough in the cage, where the wild-bird finds some seed when he is hungry; I've known him miss that very much when he has flown away. Poor thing! sometimes found starved to death a day or two after,—eh?—Don't take it ill; I take an interest in you,—upon my life I do,—you've been ill used,—very! But, I say, how do you mean to live? You'll forgive my liberty.

Bra. I have youth, health, strength, energy,—the world before, and heaven above me!

Spr. Generalities, my dear sir,—pleasing generalities. But people don't live by generalities,—must stoop to details. See a good dinner all very clear at a glance,—that's a generality; but can't fill your stomach unless you fix on your dish and take a mouthful at a time,—that's a detail, eh? Where will you begin? what's your first dish?

Bra. I have not yet given this a thought.

Spr. (aside). Hem!—I suspected as much.—Professions now are genteel,—very; but don't begin to pay till about five-and-forty. It's a long fast from your age till then. Trade wants capital,—or credit,—afraid you have not got either.

Bra. But I have my education,—my talents,—my pen.

Spr. (shaking his head). Pen! Pen! Could get you writing perhaps in our office,—seven shillings a-week, and find every thing yourself, except your stool. Ah! I was afraid you would not like that.

Bra. I meant no slavish pen that plies for hire, but that which makes immortal,—literature.

Spr. Easy writing,—very hard publishing though. The booksellers won't and you can't. Might write, perhaps, for the magazines and annuals, gratis, if the Duke of This, and Lady Agnes That, and the Honorable Mr. T'other, left you any room: and if you kept it up well for a dozen years or so, you might begin to get known, and perhaps a bookseller would publish for you, then, and share the profits,—when you could find them.

Bra. But I have learning, and can communicate the knowledge I have acquired,—a tutor,—

Spr. Better be a footman. He has companions, the tutor has none. The kitchen is too low for him, and the drawing-room too high; and so he flits about by himself in the dusk, like a bat, because he is neither exactly a bird nor a beast.

Bra. Your arguments are sufficiently discouraging; yet I

have such a fund of hope and energy within, that, let me but remove this weight of calumny that presses on my name, and all the rest seems light and easy.

Spr. Hem ! but that's difficult, sir, very ; particularly if the papers have got it. Could not undertake to get it contradicted, except as an advertisement,—special paragraph,—cost a good deal, and nobody believe it, then. You see a bit of scandal is public property, interests everybody. The contradiction is private property, interests nobody but the one person, and spoils a good story besides. Nothing exciting in a contradiction,—could not undertake it without,—I say, you won't think me impertinent, but have you got any,—(*slapping his breeches pocket*)—any of the ready ?

Bra. Some ten or twelve pounds.

Spr. (aside). Ten or twelve pounds !—Quite a little fortune ! My dear sir, my dear Mr. Brandon, this requires every attention. When Mr. Oddington heard the report,—

Bra. Mr. Oddington ! How ! Would you tell me it has reached there ?

Spr. Bless your heart, the very first place it went to ! That's what I say, you see ; the first report is always interesting.—A deputation of Mr. Hardman's servants waited on Mr. Oddington's household,—

Bra. This is beyond endurance ! I'll fly there this instant.

Spr. (shakes his head). No go ! Did not I mention it ? The doors are ordered to be shut against you.

Bra. Condemned without a hearing ! I'll,—

Spr. Now stop, now stop ! You're so impetuous. I had a thought,—but you make me quite nervous.

Bra. What is it ?

Spr. There you go,—no patience,—you're putting it all out of my head.—(*Aside.*) Ten or twelve pounds ! What a comfortable little sum !

Bra. But your thought?

Spr. Bless me, how it's escaping me! Very odd; but when I want to think, I'll tell you what I'm always obliged to do,—

Bra. This is torture!

Spr. First I dine. I never can think, do you know, before dinner. By-the-by, have you dined yet? That's a capital house at the corner!

Bra. (impatiently). Pshaw! I shall go mad!

Spr. No, don't! because, when you know what Miss Mortimer said,—

Bra. Miss Mortimer! has she too heard of this villainous invention?

Spr. Did not I tell you? Bless my heart, there's my throat again! The most extraordinary complaint in my throat, when I talk much! I can't speak another word till I've swallowed an oyster, and you have not dined, you say?

Bra. You shall eat, drink, and swill,—only tell me what Miss Mortimer,—

Spr. Upon my life, it's too bad; I would not, on any account, let you pay, only it is not a credit house; and changing my trowsers, I have left my purse at home.

Bra. I will pay any thing,—give any thing! Put me out of this suspense.

Spr. It's really extraordinary,—hem!—hem!—all here! (*Putting his hand to his throat*). All round!—It's only just at the corner.

Bra. Tell me, but in one word,—

Spr. I can't upon my life, I can't speak a word,—my throat is getting in such a state,—I can't utter a single syllable, till I've.—There, you see,—that's the house,—I'll introduce you. (*Going.*)

Bra. But, Miss Mortimer,—

Spr. The doctors say it's the uvula.

Bra. Hang your uvula!

Spr. Oysters, I think, you said, for a whet to begin with?

(*Exit.*)

Bra. (*following*). Scoundrel!—tell me what Elinor,—
what Miss Mortimer,—

(*Rushes after him.*)

[G. W. Lovell.]

THE ENGLISH TRAVELER.

Traveler. Do you belong to this house, friend?

Landlord. No, it belongs to me, I guess.

(*The Traveler takes out his memorandum-book, and, in a low voice, reads what he writes.*)

Trav. “*Mem.* Yankee landlords do not belong to their houses.” (*Aloud.*) You seem young for a landlord: may I ask how old you are?

Land. Yes, if you'd like to know.

Trav. Hem! (*Disconcerted.*) Are you a native, sir?

Land. No, sir; there are no natives hereabouts.

Trav. “*Mem.* None of the inhabitants natives; *ergo*, all foreigners.” (*Aloud.*) Where were you born, sir?

Land. Do you know where Marblehead is?

Trav. Yes.

Land. Well, I was not born there.

Trav. Why did you ask the question, then?

Land. Because my daddy was.

Trav. But *you* were born somewhere.

Land. That's true; but as father moved up country afore the townships were marked out, my case is somewhat like the Indian's, who was born at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and all along shore.

Trav. Were you brought up in this place, sir ?

Land. No ; I was raised in Varmount till mother died, and then, as father was good for nothing after that, I pulled up stakes and went to sea a bit.

Trav. “ *Mem.* Yankees, instead of putting up grave-stones, pull up stakes, and go to sea, when a parent dies.” (*Aloud.*) You did not follow the sea long, for you have not the air of a mariner.

Land. Why, you see, I had a leetle knack at the coopering business ; and larning that them folks that carry it on in the West Indies die off fast, I calculated I should stand a chance to get a handsome living there ?

Trav. And so you turned sailor to get there ?

Land. Not exactly ; for I agreed to work my passage by cooking for the crew, and tending the dumb *critters*.

Trav. Dumb critters ! Of what was your lading composed ?

Land. A leetle of every thing ;—horses, hogs, hoop-poles, and Hingham boxes ; boards, ingyons, soap, candles, and ile.

Trav. “ *Mem.* Soap, candles, and ile, called dumb critters by the Yankees.” (*Aloud.*) Did you arrive there safely ?

Land. No, I guess we didn’t.

Trav. Why not ?

Land. We had a fair wind, and sailed a pretty piece, I tell you ;—but *jest* afore we reached the *eend* of our *vige*, some pirates overhauled us, and stole all our molasses, rum, and gingerbread.

Trav. Is that all they did to you ?

Land. No, they ordered us on board their vessel, and promised us some black-strap.

Trav. “ *Mem.* Pirates catch Yankees with a black-strap.” (*Aloud.*) Did you accept the invitation ?

Land. No, I guess we didn't. And so they threatened to fire into us.

Trav. What did your captain do ?

Land. "Fire, and be darned !" says he, "but you'd better not spill the deacon's *ile*, I tell you."

Trav. And so you ran off, did you ?

Land. No ; we *sailed* off a small piece. But the captain said it was a tarnal shame to let them steal our necessities ; and so he right about, and peppered 'em, I tell you.

Trav. "*Mem.* Yankees pepper pirates when they meet them." (*Aloud.*) Did you take them ?

Land. Yes ; and my *shear* built this house.

Trav. "*Mem.* Yankees build houses with *shears*."

Land. It's an ill wind that blows nowhere, as the saying is. And now, may I make so bold as to ask whose name I shall enter in my books ?

Trav. Mine.

Land. Hem !—if it's not an impertinent question, may I ask which way you are traveling ?

Trav. Home.

Land. Faith ! have not I as good a right to catechize you as you had to catechize me ?

Trav. Yes. "*Mem.* Yankees the most inquisitive people in the world,—impertinent, and unwilling to communicate information to travelers." (*Aloud.*) Well, sir, if you have accommodations fit for a gentleman, I will put up with you.

Land. They have always suited gentlemen, but I can't say how you 'll like 'em.

Trav. There is a tolerable prospect from this window. What hill is that, yonder ?

Land. Bunker Hill, sir.

Trav. Pretty hill! If I had my instruments here, I should like to take it.

Land. You had better not try. It required three thousand *instruments* to take it in '75.

Trav. "*Mem.* A common Yankee hill can not be drawn without three thousand instruments." (*Aloud.*) Faith! Landlord, your Yankee draughtsmen must be great bunglers. But come, sir, give me breakfast, for I must be going; there is nothing else in the vicinity worthy the notice of a traveler.

THE DANDY.

SQUIRE GRUFF, *who has been a Representative.*

MR. ETHER, *a City Barber, "showing off" in a Country Village.*

(SCENE—*The village bar-room.*)

Ether. (*Always drawling affectedly.*) Old Apocrypha! do you vegetate in this village?

Gruff. Yes.

Ether. You don't say so!

Gruff. Yes, I do.

Ether. I can't live out of the metropolis. Your sun tans me,—tans me like a Hottentot,—indeed it does.

Gruff. It does not prevent your looking *green*.

Ether. Your air, too, stifles me; and your dust is altogether inconsistent with free respiration,—it is, indeed it is.

Gruff. You'll die one of these days.

Ether. You are disposed to be facetious, friend. But I have found it impossible to live in America, since I visited Italy. Our houses are beaver-dams, decidedly. I can't look at a building here,—I can't really.

Gruff. Have you seen the State House?

Ether. I called to see it one morning, but,—

Gruff. Wasn't it at home?

Ether. You are a very facetious gentleman,—you are, upon my soul; but I had rather make a pilgrimage to Mecca, than climb up to that cupola. I couldn't survive the fatigue,—I couldn't, by Hercules!

Gruff. You had better go up, then, at once.

Ether. I went up ten steps, and sank under it,—swooned, absolutely swooned;—and that barbarian of a guide had no fan to lend me. It is homicide, rank homicide, by Hercules!

Gruff. Are there no stairs in Italy?

Ether. You are disposed to be facetious, friend. But you never traveled, I'll bet a half-sized-ice-cream you haven't.

Gruff. I'll take the bet.

Ether. You won't though, will you? Well, I'm glad to meet with a traveler; for there's nothing here worth talking about. When one has been abroad, home is execrable,—perfectly hideous, I assure you.

Gruff. Better stay away, then.

Ether. You are right, friend.—decidedly right. I wish the boiler of the steam-packet that transported me back, had collapsed,—upon my soul, I do,—even though my epidermis had been damped by the steam.

Gruff. Can you swim?

Ether. You are too facetious, old horse-radish!—But it is relapsing into barbarism to come home again,—it is dying by inches,—it is, indeed it is.

Gruff. How tall are you?

Ether. I shall evaporate in a consumption in six weeks,—I shall, indeed.

Gruff. You had better hang yourself.

Ether. No, that would be vulgar,—decidedly vulgar,—unmitigated vulgarity!—it would, indeed. I would put my

head in a bowl of German cologne, if I thought I could keep it under.

Gruff. I'll hold it down for you.

Ether. Thank you kindly. I hate to trouble a friend, in such an unpleasant business.

Gruff. No trouble. I've drowned a hundred puppies in my day.

Ether. Do you mean to apply that offensive appellation to me, sir?

Gruff. You applied it;—I didn't.

Ether. O, you didn't apply it. Well apologized; for I am averse to bloodshed,—decidedly averse to shedding blood, sir.

Gruff. Look here, young chap! what is your name?

Ether. Name, sir?—name! It is decidedly impolite to ask a gentleman his name. I can not answer to impolite questions,—upon my soul, I can not.

Gruff. Give me your card, then.

Ether. Excuse me,—I left the last perfumed one at Miss Vanilla's, just before I had the extraordinary happiness of meeting you.

Gruff. Give me one that is *not* perfumed.

Ether. Excuse me, my dear sir,—you distress me exceedingly. I am not accustomed to such personalities,—decidedly unaccustomed,—altogether unused, I assure you.

Gruff. Is not your name Ether?

Ether. Sir! you are disposed to be facetious, sir,—decidedly facetious, sir, upon my honor. What could superinduce the unaccountable liberty that you have taken in suspecting that my name may be,—eh! what did you conjecture that it was?

Gruff. I've shaved at your shop.

Ether. Some stupendous conspiracy has been formed to disturb my equanimity,—it has, indeed it has.

Gruff. You seem to be all in a lather.

Ether. 'Sdeath and gunpowder-tea! why do you persecute me in this decidedly unpleasant manner? Beware, sir! I may become passionate,—decidedly passionate, sir,—and then I can not answer for the consequences!—yes, sir, for the consequences! I may do a deed that may be irrevocable, irremédiable, sir,—unequivocally irremédiable as death itself, sir!—I may, indeed, sir!

Gruff. Young man, you had better go home to your shop. You never saw any thing of Italy, but Naples soap you sell. If you are ashamed of your business, let me tell you that every honest trade is a respectable one; and, in my opinion, the plainest barber is, in every respect, superior to an affected monkey,—decidedly superior,—upon my soul, snperior,—it is indeed.—So, good-by to you. (*He goes out.*)

Ether. Well, this is decidedly plain,—upon my soul, it is; and, if it was not for one thing more than another, I'd follow that old crabstick,—I would, decidedly,—upon my honor, I would. I deserve two immortalities,—indeed I do,—for not becoming passionate, unrestrainedly passionate, under such provocation. But I will punish him. I'll take him by the nose, if he ever enters my shop again, and if I don't lacerate his jugular for him, it will be because I'm afraid to,—indeed it will, it will indeed. (*He goes out, pulling up his dickey with a determined air.*)

LAUNCELOT AND HIS FATHER GOBBO.

(*Enter old Gobbo, with a basket.*)

Gobbo. Master, young man, you, I pray you; which is the way to Master Jew's?

Launcelot. (*Aside.*) O heaven, this is my own father! who being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not; I will try conclusions with him.

Gob. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. Turn up on your right hand, at the next turning; but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. Sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit.—Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwells with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?—Mark me now (*aside*), now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son; his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo* I beseech you; talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership?

Laun. *Ergo*, Master Launcelot; talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning), is deceased, or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

Gob. Marry, Heaven forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel, or a hovel-post, a staff, or a prop?—Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman; but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy (rest his soul!), alive or dead.

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack' sir, I am sand-blind, I know you not.

Laun. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son: give me your blessing, father; truth will come to light; murder can not be hid long; but in the end, truth will out.—I am your son.

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up; I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I can not think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think of that: but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man; and, I am sure Margery, your wife, is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn thou art mine own flesh and blood. (*Launcelot here presents the back of his head.*) Worshiped might he be! what a beard thou hast got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin, than Dobbin, my thill-horse, has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then, that Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail, than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord, how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present; how 'gree you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground: my master's a very Jew; give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell

every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come; give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries; if I serve not him, I will run as far as there is any ground.—O rare fortune! here comes the man; to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARY.

Ruse. I AM almost afraid to try, but I must do something, or starve. I am told that Dr. Oxyde, who lives here, is so absorbed in antiquarian researches, that he is easily imposed upon. I have nothing to sell him but a tag lock of an old goat,—my queue, which the physician cut off when I had the yellow fever,—an old pistol, which has lost its fellow,—a bottle of water, which they told me was good for the scrofula,—the last letter from my sweetheart,—and a spare old hat, which floated ashore after my shipwreck. To these I may add a good stock of assurance, which I am the more reconciled to using upon the doctor, because, though he is said to pay liberally for useless antiques, he refused me a night's lodging when I was first cast ashore.

(Enter Dr. Oxyde, dressed in the style of the last century.)

Dr. Oxyde. Well, sir, what is your business with me?

Ruse. I have a few precious relics, sir, which necessity compels me to part with. I have parted with every thing else, and hoped to have kept these in my family. Indeed, I shall only sell them now, upon condition that I may redeem them within a year, if I should ever reach home.

Dr. Oxyde. I will look at them, sir.

Ruse (taking out the goat's hair). This, sir, is a lock of hair from the head of Philip of Mount Hope, the aboriginal patriot,—the greatest hero,—the,—

Dr. Oxyde. I know all about him, friend. But this does not resemble an Indian's hair; this is white.

Ruse. I am surprised to hear such an objection from so distinguished an antiquary. I take its color to be the best proof of its genuineness. It has been bleached by age. A century and a half is a long while for hair to be preserved, Dr. Oxyde.

Dr. Oxyde. Where are your certificates to prove all this?

Ruse. Certificates, doctor! I would not have insulted you by offering any; but if you insist upon them, it will be as easy to procure them as to prove that I had a grandfather from whom I inherited the relic.

Dr. Oxyde. Well, well, what else have you?

Ruse. A bottle of the water which the Plymouth settlers brought over.

Dr. Oxyde. Stop, friend, not so fast,—they drank up all their water before they landed, and borrowed some beer of the captain.

Ruse. It can not be, doctor, that they drank up *all*, for you see here is a bottle of it. One *fact* like this is worth a dozen histories.

Dr. Oxyde. But why should they bottle up water, which is so common?

Ruse. You an antiquary, and ask this? Think you, if there was but one quart of water on board, it would not be precious as tears, and worth bottling?

Dr. Oxyde. Ay, ay; but what is that in your hand?

Ruse. Governor Endicott's queue,——

Dr. Oxyde. But Governor Endicott wore no queue, and never allowed one to be worn in the colony.

Ruse. Dear sir, you did not hear me out. This queue was cut from his head some years after his decease. His hair might have grown, you know, after his death, to be revenged for his hostility to it while living.

Dr. Oxyde. I have heard of such things; but how comes this not to be bleached also, after two centuries?

Ruse. There, again, even Dr. Oxyde may learn something from one who pretends to no antiquarian skill. The ordinary process of bleaching does not take place in posthumous hair.

Dr. Oxyde. This was a long growth for rowen, though, you must confess.

Ruse. The oftener grass is cut, the ranker it grows, doctor.—My next relic is a pistol of William Penn, the greatest legislator and philan,—

Dr. Oxyde. Stop, stop, sir! William Penn was a Quaker, and used no firearms.

Ruse. The very man to take care of guns and pistols. Because he never *used* them, does it follow that he never *kept* them? Do you keep nothing that you never use? Do you give the poor all the money you do not need? Do you bless the world with all the precious learning you have laid up?

Dr. Oxyde. It never entered my imagination before, that William Penn kept firearms.

Ruse. Nor would it mine, had not I possessed one.

Dr. Oxyde. I must have some proof of this.

Ruse. Proof, sir! Is not its having no lock sufficient proof that it belonged to a peaceable man? I am surprised, doctor, to hear a man of your profound judgment asking for *proof*. My next antique is a hat of William Penn, a mate to the pistol; I mean they shall go together.

Dr. Oxyde. But Penn wore the broad brim of his sect. How will you get over that?

Ruse. If this were a broad brim, you might suspect it; but you do not suppose that any one would offer a hat so unlike a Quaker's, unless he was sure it was genuine?

Dr. Oxyde. But how do I know that Penn ever wore such a hat?

Ruse. How do you know that he never had a "world's hat?" We *know* he wore one before he turned Quaker, and he would undoubtedly preserve that, as a memento of his past vanity and present wisdom, with more care than he would waste upon an every-day hat.

Dr. Oxyde. I must think upon this.

Ruse. The last relic I have to offer you, doctor, is the most curious. It is an original love-letter of Pocahontas to Captain Smith.

Dr. Oxyde. Smith was a married man, and too old for her.

Ruse. Love overleaps all bars, doctor.

Dr. Oxyde. Ay, ay; but who taught her how to write?

Ruse. How? How should I know that? Besides, of what consequence is it, since this letter proves she *did* write?

Dr. Oxyde. But who taught her the English language?

Ruse. All nations understand the language of *love*, doctor.

Dr. Oxyde. Ay, ay; I mean the *written* language.

Ruse. That is written on the hearts of all.

Dr. Oxyde. But this is written on *paper*, sir, and, if I mistake not (*examining the paper*), on modern paper. Here is the maker's name, sir, and the date is only 1820.

Ruse. Let me see,—there must be some mistake. O yes! look here, sir, this is a letter to myself; I have brought the wrong one. But no matter; I may not need to sell it.

Dr. Oxyde. What price do you put upon these relics, sir?

Ruse. I had appraised them at a round hundred each, doctor; but the letter is absent, and my wants urgent. I will take three hundred for these four.

Dr. Oxyde. Sir, your price is extravagant, very extravagant. I should be ruined to give it.

Ruse. Is it Dr. Oxyde who says so? I had been told he knew the value of such relics, and would pay for them; but I

have been misinformed, and shall reserve them for somebody who knows how to value what is really invaluable.

Dr. Oxyde. I will give you the money, friend, upon two conditions. The first is that I shall have the refusal of Pocahontas's letter; and the second, that you will tell no one of the purchase; for I should like to make it known to the world myself, in a communication to our Antiquarian Society, which I shall read to them at our next meeting.

Ruse. My distresses oblige me to accept your terms, doctor.

Dr. Oxyde. There, then (*giving the money*).

Ruse. This is right, sir; but you must recollect that I reserve the right to redeem them within one year. Good morning, doctor.

REVOLUTIONARY ENTHUSIASM.

CAPTAIN HARDY — NATHAN.

Nathan. Good morning, Captain. How do you stand this hot weather?

Captain. Lord bless you, boy, it's a cold bath to what we had at Monmouth. Did I ever tell you about that-are battle?

N. I have always understood that it was dreadful hot that day!

Cap. Lord bless you, boy, it makes my crutch sweat to think on't,—and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about that-are battle, sich as you wouldn't believe, you rogue, if I didn't tell you. It beats all natur how hot it was.

N. I wonder you did not all die of heat and fatigue.

Cap. Why, so we should, if the reg'lars had only died first; but, you see, they never liked the Jarseys, and wouldn't lay their bones there. Now if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell

you all about that-are business ; for you see they don't do things so now-a-days.

N. How so ? Do not people die as they used to ?

Cap. Why, bless you, no. It beat all natur to see how long the reg'lars would kick after we killed them.

N. What ! kick after they were killed ! That does beat all natur, as you say.

Cap. Come, boy, no splitting hairs with an old Continental ; for, you see, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you things about this-are battle, that you'd never believe. Why, why, bless you, when Ginerall Washington telled us we might give it to 'em, we gin it to 'em, I tell you.

N. You gave what to them ?

Cap. Cold lead, you rogue. Why, bless you, we fired twice to their once, you see ; and if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how we did it. You must know, the reg'lars wore their close-bodied red coats, because they thought we were afraid on 'em, but we did not wear any coats, you see, because we hadn't any.

N. How happened you to be without coats ?

Cap. Why, bless you, boy, they would wear out, and the States couldn't buy us any more, you see, and so we marched the lighter, and worked the freer for it. Now if I did not hate long stories, I would tell you what the Ginerall said to me next day, when I had a touch of the rheumatiz from lying on the field without a blanket all night. You must know, it was raining hard just then, and we were pushing on like all natur arter the reg'lars.

N. What did the General say to you ?

Cap. Not a syllable, says he, but off comes his coat, and he throws it over my shoulders,—“There, Captain,” says he, “wear that, for we can't spare you yet.” Now, don't that beat all natur, hey ?

N. So you wore the General's coat, did you ?

Cap. Why, bless your simple heart, no. I didn't feel sick arter that, I tell you. No, Ginerl, says I, they can spare me better than they can you, just now, and so I'll take the will for the deed, says I.

N. You will never forget his kindness, captain.

Cap. Not I, boy ! I never feel a twinge of the rheumatiz, but what I say, God bless the Ginerl. Now, you see, I hate long stories, or I'd tell you how I gin it to a reg'lar that tried to shoot the Ginerl at Monmouth. You know, we were at close quarters, and the Ginerl was right between the two fires.

N. I wonder he was not shot.

Cap. Why, bless your ignorant soul, nobody could kill the Ginerl ; but, you see, a sneaking reg'lar didn't know this, and so he leveled his musket at him, and you see, I seed what he was arter, and I gin the Ginerl's horse a slap on the haunches, and it beats all natur how he sprung, and the Ginerl all the while as straight as a gun-barrel.

N. And you saved the General's life.

Cap. Didn't I tell you nobody could kill the Ginerl ? but, you see, his horse was in the rake of my gun, and I wanted to get the start of that cowardly reg'lar.

N. Did you hit him ?

Cap. Why, bless your simple soul, does the thunder hit where it strikes ! though the fellow made me blink a little, for he carried away part of this ear. See there ? (*Showing his ear.*) Now don't that beat all natur ?

N. I think it does. But tell me how is it, that you took all these things so calmly ? What made you so contented under your privations and hardships ?

Cap. O ! bless your young soul, we got used to it. Besides, you see, the Ginerl never flinched nor grumbled.

N. Yes, but you served without being paid.

Cap. So did the General, and the States, you know, were poor as all natur.

N. But you had families to support?

Cap. Ay, ay, but the General always told us, that God and our country would take care of them, you see. Now, if I didn't hate long stories, I'd tell you how it turned out just as he said, for he beat all natur for guessing right.

N. Then you feel happy and satisfied with what you have done for your country, and what she has done for you?

Cap. Why, bless you, boy, if I hadn't left one of my legs at Yorktown, I wouldn't have touched a stiver of the State's money; and as it is, I am so old, that I shall not need it long. You must know, I long to see the General again, for if he don't hate long stories as bad as I do, I shall tell him all about America, you see, for it beats all natur how things have changed since he left us.

CAPTAIN TACKLE AND JACK BOWLIN.

Bowlin. Good day to your honor.

Captain. (*Seated and gouty.*) Good day, honest Jack.

Bowlin. To-day is my captain's birth-day.

Captain. I know it.

Bowlin. I am heartily glad on the occasion.

Captain. I know *that* too.

Bowlin. Yesterday your honor broke your sea-foam pipe.

Captain. Well, Sir Booby, and why must I be put in mind of it? It was stupid enough, to be sure; but, hark ye, Jack, all men at times do stupid actions, but I never met with one who liked to be reminded of them.

Bowlin. I meant no harm, your honor. It was only a

kind of introduction to what I was going to say. I have been buying this pipe-head and ebony tube, and if the thing is not too bad, and my captain will take such a present on his birthday for the sake of poor old Jack,——

Captain. Is that what you would be at? 'Come, let's see.

Bowlin. To be sure it is not sea-foam; but my captain must think, when he looks at it, that the love of old Jack was not mere foam neither.

Captain. Give it here, my honest fellow.

Bowlin. You will *take* it?

Captain. To be sure I will.

Bowlin. And will you *smoke* it?

Captain. That I will (*feeling in his pocket*).

Bowlin. And will not think of giving me any thing in return?

Captain. (*Withdrawing his hand from his pocket.*) No, no.—You are right.

Bowlin. Hurrah! Now let Mother Grimkin bake her almond cakes out of her daily pilferings, and be hanged!

Captain. Fie, Jack! what's that you say!

Bowlin. The truth. I have just come from the kitchen, where she is making a great palaver about "*her* cake," and "*her* cake;" and yet this morning she must be put in mind that it was her master's birth-day. Hang me, I have thought of nothing else this month.

Captain. And because you have a better memory, you must blame the poor woman. Shame on you!

Bowlin. Please your honor, she is an old,——

Captain. Avast there.

Bowlin. Yesterday she made your wine cordial of sour beer; so to-day she makes you an almond cake of,——

Captain. Hold your tongue, sir!

Bowlin. A 'nt you obliged to beg the necessaries of life, as if she were a pope or admiral? And last year, when you were bled, though she had laid up chest upon chest full of linen, and all yours, if the truth was known, yet no bandage was found till I tore the spare canvas from my Sunday shirt to rig your honor's arm.

Captain. You are a scandalous fellow! (*Throws the pipe back to him.*) Away with you and the pipe to the devil!

Bowlin. (*Looking attentively at his master and the pipe.*) I am a scandalous fellow?

Captain. Yes!

Bowlin. Your honor will not have the pipe?

Captain. No; I will take nothing from him who would raise his own character at the expense of another old servant.

(*Jack takes up the pipe, and throws it out of the window.*)

Captain. What are you doing?

Bowlin. Throwing the pipe out of the window.

Captain. Are you mad?

Bowlin. Why, what should I do with it? You will not have it; and it is impossible for me to use it; for as often as I should puff away the smoke, I should think, "Old Jack Bowlin, what a pitiful scamp you must be! A man whom you have served honestly and truly these thirty years, and who must know you from stem to stern, says 'you are a scandalous fellow!' and the thought would make me weep like a child. But when the pipe is gone, I shall try to forget the whole business, and say to myself, 'My poor old captain is sick, and did not mean what he said.'"

Captain. Jack, come here. (*Takes his hand.*) I did not mean what I said.

Bowlin (*shakes his hand heartily.*) I knew it, I knew it! I have you and your honor at heart; and when I see such an

old hypocritical bellwether cheating you out of your hard-earned wages, it makes my blood boil,—

Captain. Are you at it again? Shame on you! You have opened your heart to-day, and given me a peep into its lowest hold.

Bowlin. So much the better! for you will there see that my ballast is love and truth to my master. But, hark ye, master, it is certainly worth your while to inquire into the business.

Captain. And, hark ye, fellow, if I find you have told me a lie, I'll have no mercy on you. I'll turn you out of doors, to starve in the street.

Bowlin. No, captain, you won't do *that*.

Captain. But I tell you I *will*, though. I *will* do it. And if you say another word, I'll do it *now*.

Bowlin. Well, then, away goes old Jack to the hospital.

Captain. What's that you say? Hospital? Hospital, you rascal! what will you do there?

Bowlin. Die.

Captain. And so you will go and die in a hospital, will you? Why,—why,—you lubber, do you think I can't take care of you after I have turned you out of doors, hey?

Bowlin. Yes, I dare say, you would be willing to pay my board, and take care that I did not want in my old days; but I would sooner beg than pick up money so thrown at me.

Captain. Rather beg! There's a proud rascal!

Bowlin. He that don't love me must not give me money.

Captain. Do you hear that? Is not this enough to give a sound man the gout? You sulky fellow, do you recollect, twenty years ago, when we fell into the clutches of the Algerines? The pirates stripped me of my last jacket; but, you lubber, who was it hid two pieces of gold in his hair? and who was it that, half a year afterward, when we were ransomed,

and turned naked on the world, shared his money and clothes with me? hey, fellow?—and now you would die in a hospital!—

Bowlin. Nay, but, captain,——

Captain. And, when my ship's crew mutinied, at the risk of his life, he disclosed the plot. Have you forgotten *that*, you lubber?——

Bowlin. Well, and didn't you build my old mother a house for it?

Captain. And, when we had boarded the French privateer, and the captain's saber hung over my head, didn't you strike off the arm that was going to split my skull? Have you forgot that, too? Have I built you a house for *that*? Will you die in a hospital now, you ungrateful dog! hey?——

Bowlin. My good old master!

Captain. You would have it set on my tombstone, "Here lies an unthankful hound, who let his preserver and messmate die in a hospital," would you? Tell me, this minute, you will live and die with me, you lubber! Come here, and give me your hand!

Bowlin (going towards him). My noble, noble master.

Captain. Avast,—stand off!—take care of my lame leg! yet I had rather you should hurt that than my heart, my old boy! (*Shakes his hand heartily.*) Now go and bring me the pipe. Stop,—let me lean on you, and I will go down and get it myself, and use it on my birth-day. You would die in a hospital, would you, you unfeeling lubber!

MONEY MAKES THE MARE GO.

DERBY AND SCRAPEWELL.

Derby. Good-morning, neighbor Scrapewell. I have half a dozen miles to ride to-day, and should be extremely obliged to you if you will lend me your gray mare.

Scrapewell. I should be happy, friend Derby, to oblige you ; but I'm under the necessity of going immediately to the mill with three bags of corn. My wife wants the meal this very morning.

Der. Then she must want it still ; for I can assure you the mill does not go to-day. I heard the miller tell Will Davis that the water was too low.

Scrape. You don't say so ? That is bad indeed ; for, in that case I shall be obliged to gallop off to town for the meal. My wife would comb my head for me, if I should neglect it.

Der. I can save you this journey ; for I have plenty of meal at home, and will lend your wife as much as she wants.

Scrape. Ah ! neighbor Derby, I am sure your meal will never suit my wife. You can't conceive how whimsical she is.

Der. If she were ten times more whimsical than she is, I am certain she would like it ; for you sold it to me yourself, and you assured me that it was the best you ever had.

Scrape. Yes, yes, that is true, indeed ; I always have the best of every thing. You know, neighbor Derby, that no one is more ready to oblige a friend than I am ; but I must tell you, the mare this morning refused to eat hay ; and truly I am afraid she will not carry you.

Der. O, never fear, I will feed her well with oats on the road.

Scrape. Oats ! neighbor ? oats are very dear.

Der. Never mind that. When I have a good job in view, I never stand for trifles.

Scrape. But it is very slippery ; and I am really afraid she will fall and break your neck.

Der. Give yourself no uneasiness about that. The mare is certainly sure-footed ; and, beside, you were just now talking of galloping her to town.

Scrape. Well, then, to tell you the plain truth, though I

wish to oblige you with all my heart, my saddle is torn quite in pieces, and I have just sent my bridle to be mended.

Der. Luckily, I have both a bridle and a saddle hanging up at home.

Scrape. Ah! that may be; but I am sure that your saddle will never fit my mare.

Der. Why, then I'll borrow neighbor Clodpole's.

Scrape. Clodpole's! his will no more fit than yours will.

Der. At the worst, then, I will go to my friend 'Squire Jones. He has half a score of them; and I am sure he will lend me one that will fit her.

Scrape. You know, friend Derby, that no one is more willing to oblige his neighbors than I am. I do assure you, the beast should be at your service, with all my heart; but she has not been curried, I believe, for three weeks past. Her foretop and mane want combing and cutting very much. If any one should see her, in her present plight, it would ruin the sale of her.

Der. O! a horse is soon curried, and my son Sam shall dispatch her at once.

Scrape. Yes, very likely; but I this moment recollect the creature has no shoes on.

Der. Well, is there not a blacksmith hard by?

Scrape. What! that tinker of a Dobson? I would not trust such a bungler to shoe a goat. No, no; none but uncle Tom Thumper is capable of shoeing my mare.

Der. As good luck would have it, then, I shall pass right by his door.

Scrape (calling to his son). Timothy! Timothy! Here's neighbor Derby, who wants the loan of the gray mare, to ride to town to-day. You know the skin was rubbed off her back last week, a hand's breadth or more. (*He gives Tim a wink.*) However, I believe she is well enough by this time. You know, Tim, how ready I am to oblige my neighbors. And,

indeed, we ought to do all the good we can in this world. We must certainly let neighbor Derby have her, if she will possibly answer his purpose. Yes, yes; I see plainly, by Tim's countenance, neighbor Derby, that he is disposed to oblige you. I would not have refused you the mare for the worth of her. If I had, I should have expected you would have refused me in your turn. None of my neighbors can accuse me of being backward in doing them a kindness. Come, Timothy, what do you say?

Tim. What do I say, father? Why, I say, sir, that I am no less ready than you are to do a neighborly kindness. But the mare is by no means capable of performing the journey. About a hand's-breadth did you say, sir? Why, the skin is torn from the poor creature's back, of the bigness of your broad-brimmed hat. And, beside, I have promised her, as soon as she is able to travel, to Ned Saunders, to carry a load of apples to the market.

Scrape. Do you hear that, neighbor? I am very sorry matters turn out thus. I would not have disoblged you for the price of two such mares. Believe me, neighbor Derby, I am really sorry, for your sake, that matters turn out thus.

Der. And I as much for yours, neighbor Scrapewell; for, to tell you the truth, I received a letter this morning from Mr. Griffin, who tells me, if I will be in town this day, he will give me the refusal of all that lot of timber which he is about cutting down upon the back of Cobblehill; and I intended you should have shared half of it, which would have been not less than fifty dollars in your pocket. But, as your,—

Scrape. Fifty dollars, did you say?

Der. Ay, truly, did I; but as your mare is out of order, I'll go and see if I can get old Roan, the blacksmith's horse.

Scrape. Old Roan! My mare is at your service, neighbor. Here, Tim, tell Ned Saunders he can't have the mare. Neigh-

bor Derby wants her ; and I won't refuse so good a friend any thing he asks for.

Der. But what are you to do for meal ?

Scrape. My wife can do without it this fortnight, if you want the mare so long.

Der. But then your saddle is all in pieces !

Scrape. I meant the old one. I have bought a new one since, and you shall have the first use of it.

Der. And you would have me call at Thumper's, and get her shod ?

Scrape. No, no ; I had forgotten to tell you, that I let neighbor Dobson shoe her last week, by way of trial ; and, to do him justice, I must own, he shoes extremely well.

Der. But, if the poor creature has lost so much skin from off her back,—

Scrape. Poh ! poh ! That is just one of our Tim's large stories. I do assure you, it was not at first bigger than my thumb-nail ; and I am certain it has not grown any since.

Der. At least, however, let her have something she will eat, since she refuses hay.

Scrape. She did, indeed, refuse hay this morning ; but the only reason was, that she was crammed full of oats. You have nothing to fear, neighbor ; the mare is in perfect trim ; and she will skim you over the ground like a bird. I wish you a good journey and a profitable job. [Berquin.

THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

KING — MILLER — COURTIER.

King. (*Enters alone wrapped in a cloak.*) No, no ; this can be no public road, that's certain. I have lost my way, undoubtedly. Of what advantage is it now to be a king ? Night shows me no respect ; I can not see better, nor walk so

well as another man. When a king is lost in a wood, what is he more than *other* men? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at, and the beggar himself would not bow to his greatness. And yet how often are we puffed up with these false attributes. Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. But, hark! somebody sure is near. What is it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

Enter the Miller.

Miller. I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

King. No rogue, I assure you.

Miller. Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

King. Not *I*, indeed.

Miller. You lie, I believe.

King (aside). Lie, lie! how strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style. (*Aloud.*) Upon my word I don't sir.

Miller. Come, come, sir, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, *haven't* you?

King. No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard the report of a gun, to be sure, and was afraid some robbers might have been near.

Miller. I am not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

King. Name?

Miller. Name! ay, name. You have a name, haven't you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

King. These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

Miller. May be so; but they are questions no honest man would be afraid to answer; so if you can give no better

account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

King. With *you*! What authority have *you* to,—

Miller. The king's authority, if I must give you an account. Sir, I am John Cockle, the miller of Mansfield, one of his Majesty's keepers in the forest of Sherwood, and I will let no suspicious fellow pass this way, unless he can give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

King. Very well, sir; I am very glad to hear the king has so good an officer; and, since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favor to hear it.

Miller. You don't *deserve* it, I believe; but let me hear what you can *say* for yourself.

King. I have the honor to belong to the king, as well as you, and perhaps should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest, and the chase leading us, to-day, a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

Miller. This does not sound well; if you have been a hunting, pray where is your horse?

King. I have tired my horse so that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

Miller. If I thought I might believe this, now.

King. I am not accustomed to lie, honest man.

Miller. What, do you live at court, and not lie! That's a likely story, indeed!

King. Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you; and to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, or give me a night's lodging in your house, here is something to pay you for your trouble (*offering money*) and, if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you, in the morning, to your utmost desire.

Miller. Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier ; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath. Here, take it again ; John Cockle is no courtier. He can do what he ought, without a bribe.

King. Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must confess, and I should be glad, methinks, to be further acquainted with thee.

Miller. I pray thee, don't *thee* and *thou* me, at this rate. I suppose I am as good a man as yourself, at least.

King. Sir, I beg pardon.

Miller. Nay, I am not angry, friend ; only I don't love to be too familiar with you, until I am satisfied as to your honesty.

King. You are right. But what am I to do ?

Miller. You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through this thick wood ; but, if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road and direct you the best I can ; or, if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

King. And can not you go with me to-night ?

Miller. I would not go with you to-night, if you were the king himself.

King. Then I must go with you, I think.

(*Enter a courtier in haste.*)

Courtier. Ah ! is your majesty safe ? We have hunted the forest over to find you.

Miller. How ! Are you the king ? (*Kneels.*) Your Majesty will pardon the ill-usage you have received. (*The king draws his sword.*) His Majesty surely will not kill a servant for doing his duty too faithfully !

King. No, my good fellow. So far from having any thing

to pardon, I am much your debtor. I can not think but so good and honest a man will make a worthy and honorable knight. Rise, Sir John Cockle, and receive this sword as a badge of knighthood, and a pledge of my protection ; and to support your nobility, and in some measure requite you for the pleasure you have done us, a thousand crowns a year shall be your revenue !

THE SICK IN HIS OWN DESPITE.

Volatile. Your humble servant, sir ; walk in, sir ; sit down, sir. (*Bringing a chair.*) My master will wait on you in a moment, sir ; he's busy dispatching some patients, sir. I'll tell him you are here, sir. Be back in a twinkling, sir.

Sinclair. No, no. I only wish to inquire,——

Volatile. Right, sir ; you could not have applied to a more able physician. My master understands physic as fundamentally as I do my mother tongue, sir.

Sinclair. He appears to have an able advocate in you.

Volatile. I do not say this, sir, because he is my master ; but 't is really a pleasure to be his patient, and I would rather die by his medicines, than be cured by those of any other ; for, whatever happens, a man may be certain that he has been *regularly* treated ; and should he die under the operation, his heirs would have nothing to reproach him for.

Sinclair. That's a mighty comfort to a dead man.

Volatile. To be sure, sir ; who would not wish to die methodically ? Besides, he's not one of those doctors who husband the disease of their patients. He loves to dispatch business ; and if they are to die, he lends them a helping hand.

Sinclair. There's nothing like dispatch in business.

Volatile. That's true, sir. What is the use of so much

hemming and hawing, and beating round the bush? I like to know the long and short of a distemper at once.

Sinclair. Right, undoubtedly.

Volatile. Right! Why, there were three of my children, whose illness he did me the honor to take care of, who all died in less than four days, when, in another's hands, they would have languished as many months.

(*Enter Doctor.*)

Volatile. Sir, this gentleman is desirous of consulting,——

Doctor. I perceive it, sir; he is a dying man. Do you eat well, sir?

Sinclair. Eat! yes, sir, perfectly well.

Doctor. Bad, very bad; the epigastric region must be shockingly disordered. How do you drink, sir?

Sinclair. Nobody drinks better, sir.

Doctor. So much the worse. The great appetite of frigid and humid, is an indication of the great heat and aridity within. Do you sleep soundly?

Sinclair. Yes, always.

Doctor. This indicates a dreadful torpidity of the system; and, sir, I pronounce you a dead man. After considering the diagnostic and prognostic symptoms, I pronounce you attacked, affected, possessed, and disordered by that species of mania termed hypochondria.

Volatile. Undoubtedly, sir. My master never mistakes, sir.

Doctor. But, for an incontestable diagnostic, you may perceive his distempered ratiocination, and other pathog-no-mon-ic symptoms of this disorder.

Volatile. What will you order him, sir?

Doctor. First, a thorough salivation.

Volatile. But should this have no effect?

Doctor. We shall then know the disease does not proceed from the humors.

Volatile. What shall we try next, sir ?

Doctor. Bleeding, ten or fifteen times, twice a day.

Volatile. If he grows worse and worse, what then ?

Doctor. It will prove the disease is not in his blood.

Volatile. What application would you then recommend ?

Doctor. My infallible sudorific. Sweat him off five pounds a day, and his case can not long remain doubtful. This, you know, is my *regular* course, and never fails to kill or cure.

Volatile. I congratulate the gentleman upon falling into your hands, sir. He must consider himself happy in having his senses disordered, that he may experience the efficacy and gentleness of the remedies you have proposed.

Sinclair. What does all this mean, gentlemen ? I do not understand your gibberish and nonsense.

Doctor. Such injurious language is a diagnostic we wanted to confirm our opinion of his distemper.

Sinclair. Are you crazy, gentlemen ? (*Spits in his hand, and raises his cane.*)

Doctor. Another diagnostic !—frequent sputation.

Sinclair. You had better be done, and make off.

Doctor. Another diagnostic !—anxiety to change place. We will fix you, sir. Your disease,—

Sinclair. I have no disease, sir.

Doctor. A bad symptom when a patient is insensible of his illness.

Sinclair. I am well, sir, I assure you ; and, having lost my way, only called to inquire after the most direct route to the city. Show it to me this instant, or, by Hippocrates ! I'll break every bone in your skin !

IRISH COURTESY.

STRANGER AND O'CALLAGHAN.

Stranger. I have lost my way, good friend. Can you assist me in finding it ?

O'Callaghan. Assist you in finding it, is't? Ay, by my faith and troth, and that I will, if it was to the world's end.

Str. I wish to return, by the shortest route, to the Black Rock.

O' C. *Indade*, and you will, so *plase* your honor's honor,—and O'Callaghan's own self will show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you know.

Str. I would not give you that trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O' C. It is never a trouble, so *plase* your honor, for an Irishman to do his duty. (*Bowing.*)

Str. Whither do you travel, friend?

O' C. To Dublin, so *plase* your honor.—Sure, all the world knows that Judy O'Flannaghan will be married to-morrow, God willing, to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster-brother,—because why?—we had but one nurse *betwane* us, and that was my own mother; but she died one day,—the Lord rest her *swate* soul!—and left me an orphan; for my father married again, and his new wife was the divil's own child, and did nothing but *bate* me from morning till night.

Str. But what reason could she have for treating you so unmercifully?

O' C. Ah, your honor, and sure enough, there are always *rasons* as plenty as potatoes for being hard-hearted; so I hopped the twig, and parted old Nick's darling. Och! may the divil find her wherever she goes! But here I am, alive and *lapeing*, and going to see Pat married;—and faith, to do him justice, he's an honest lad as any within ten miles of us, and no disparagement neither.

Str. Your miles in Ireland are longer than ours?

O' C. *Indade*, and you may *belave* that, your honor,—because why?—St. Patrick measured them in his coach, you know.

Str. Pray, how does the bride appear?

O' C. Och! by my soul, your honor, she's a *nate* article; and then she will be rigged out as gay as a lark, and as fine

as a *pacock*,—because why?—she has a great lady for her godmother,—long life and success to her!—who has given Judy two milch cows, and five pounds in hard money. And Pat has taken as *dacent* apartments as any in Dublin,—a *note*, comely parlor as you 'd wish to see, just six *fate* under ground, with a nice, beautiful ladther to go down,—and all so *complate*, and *gentale*, and comfortable, as a body may say,——

Str. Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O' C. Faith, and you may say that, your honor. (*Rubbing his hands.*) Comfort is comfort, says I to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all *sated* so cleverly around a great big turf fire, as merry as grigs, with the dear little grunthers snoring so *swately* in the corner, defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to *slape* upon,——

Str. A good conscience makes a soft pillow.

O' C. Och! jewel, sure it is not the best beds that make the best *slapers*; for there's Cathleen and myself can *slape* like two great big tops; and our bed is none of the softest,—because why?—we *slape* on the ground and have no bed at all at all.

Str. It is a pity, my honest fellow, that you should ever want one. There (*giving him a guinea*). Good-by, Mr. O'Callaghan.

O' C. I'll drink your honor's health, that I will! and may God and the blessed Virgin bless you and yours, as long as grass grows and water runs.

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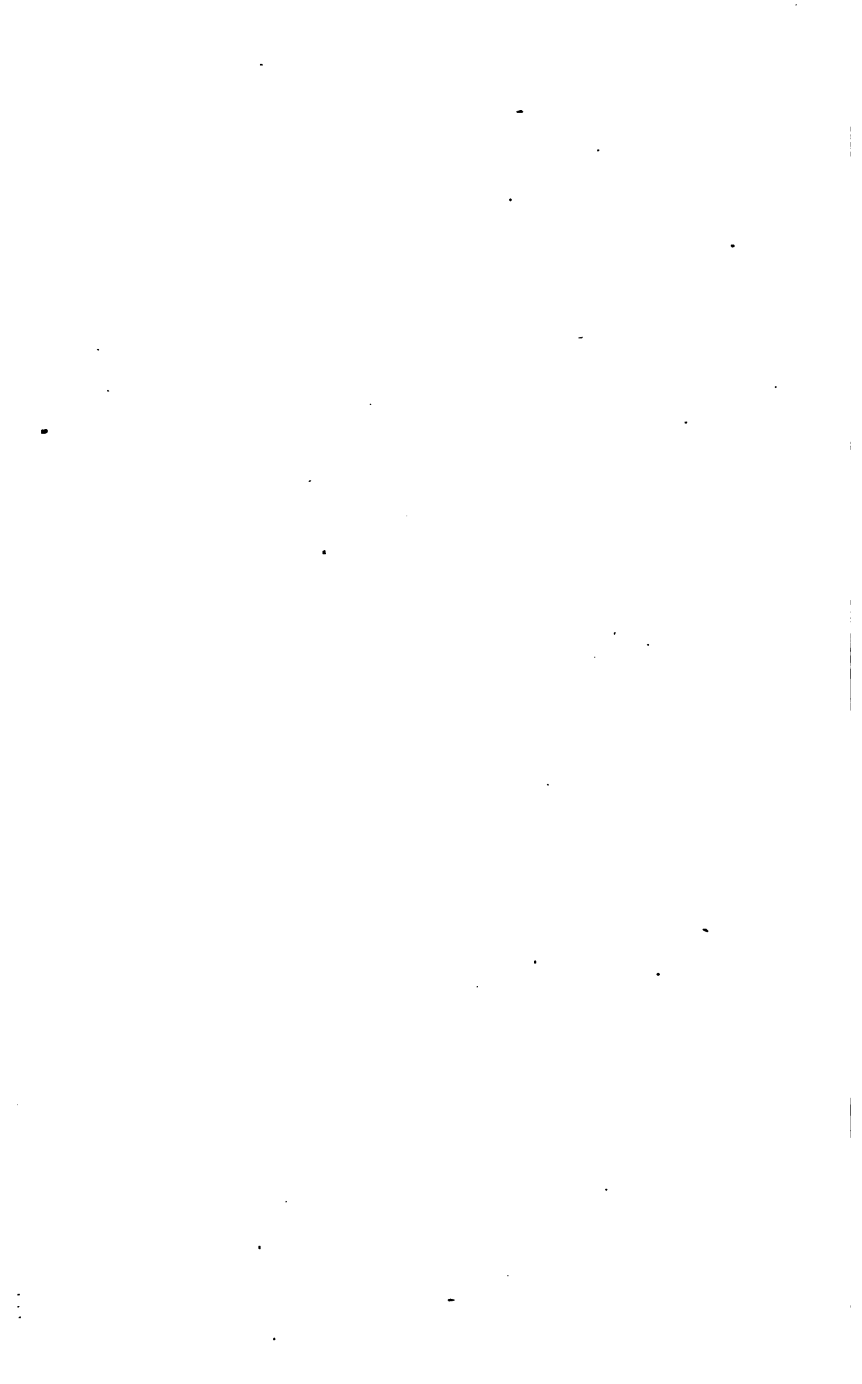
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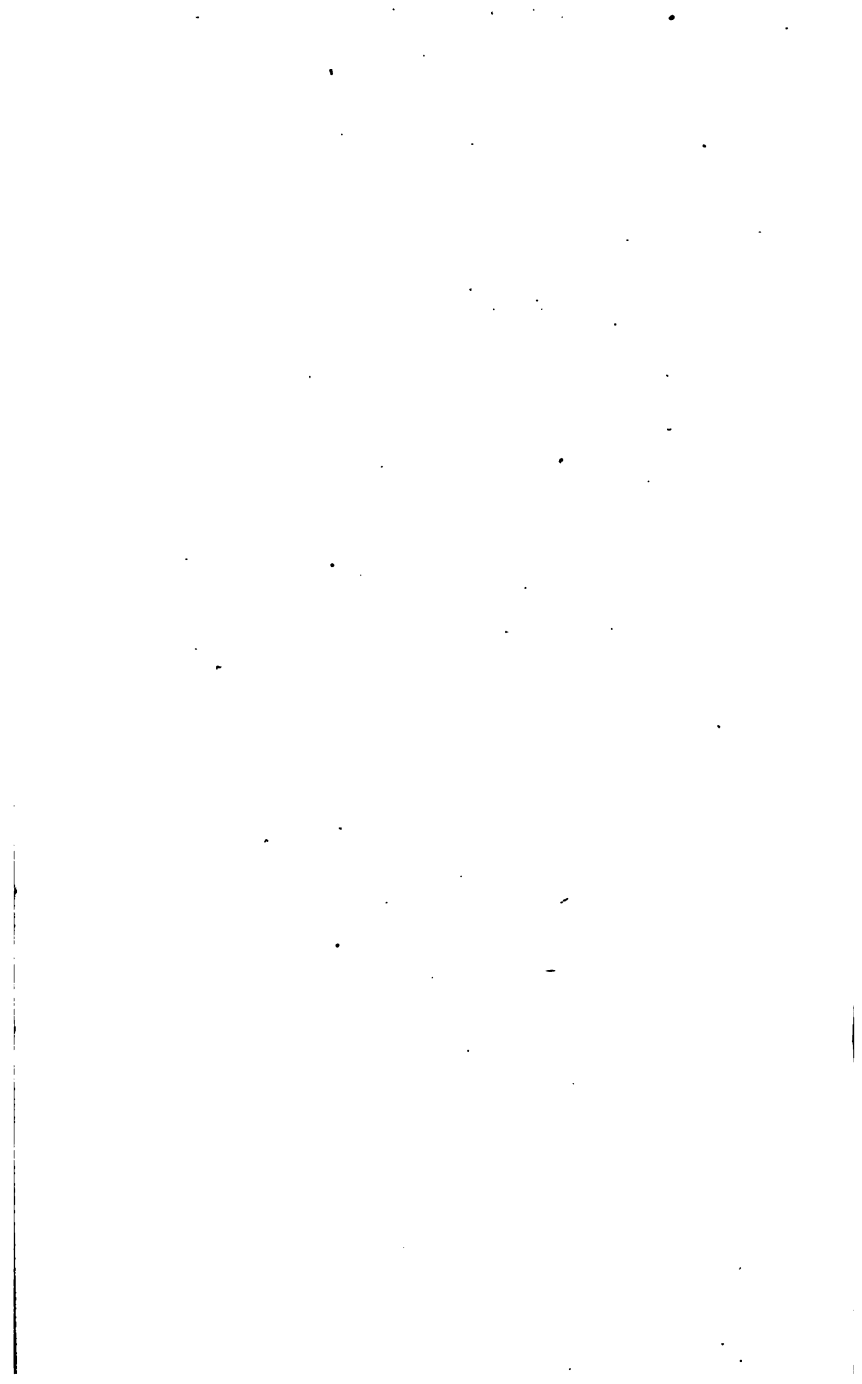
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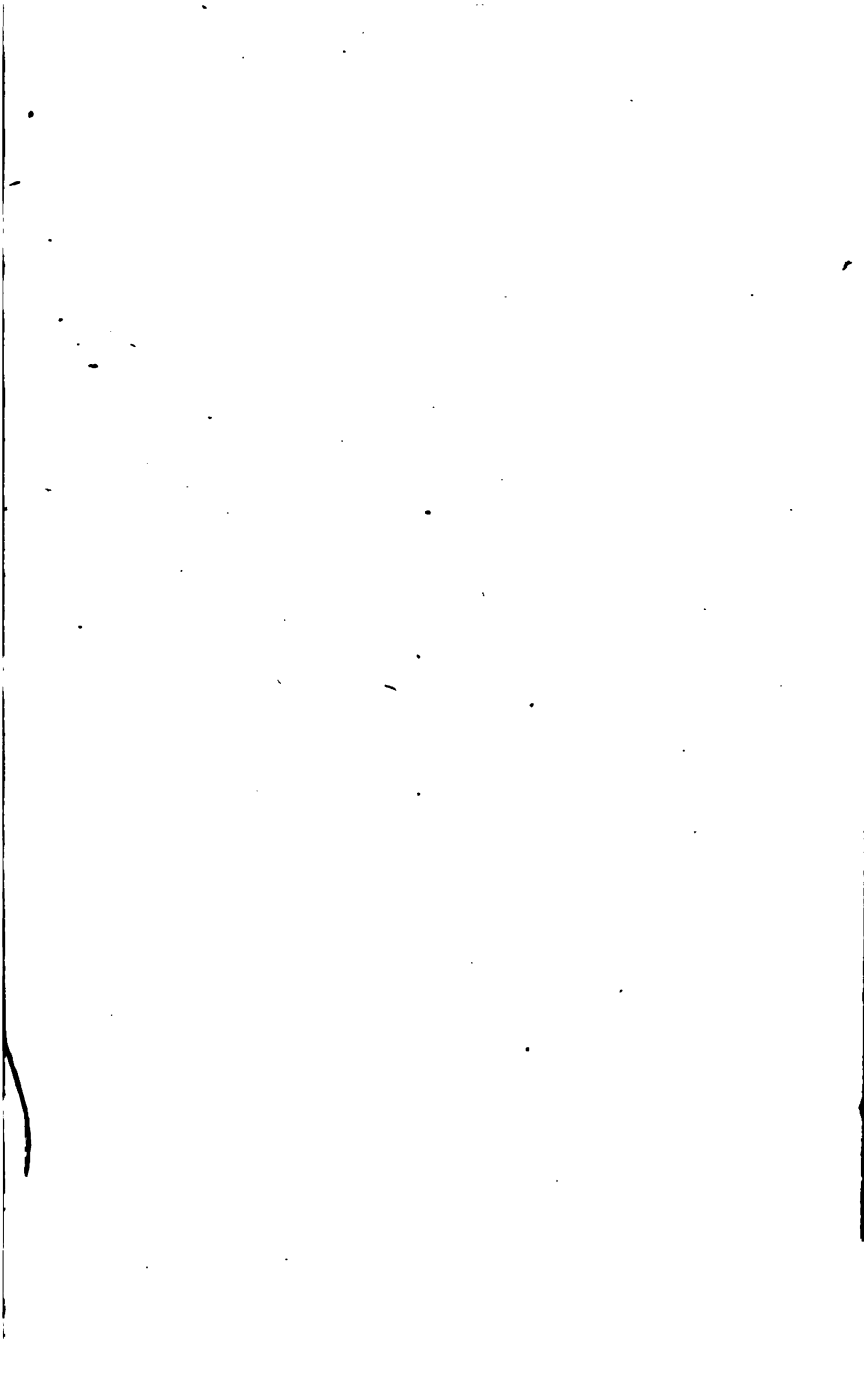
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Shelch.

And touched me on the shoulder. See it
grows

As when mounted toward the pearly gates.
I knew the way! I trod it once before,
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one! Methinks my soul
Can join it now. But who are these who

crowd
The shining way? Say!—joy! 'tis the
eleven.

With Peter first! How eagerly he looks!
How bright the smiles are beaming on
James' face!

I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather around the Paschal feast. My
place

Shall surely tell me
And in God's house
I shall be glad

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